THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 200, Number 23

DEC. 3, 1927

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CHRISTMAS

Norman Rockwell

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Here it is—juicy-ripe, mellow, luscious! Hawaiian—and the best of Hawaiian! Always the finest—when you specify DEL MONTE!

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No wonder more women ask for DEL MONTE Pineapple than any other brand of pineapple on the market! No wonder DEL MONTE is the largest selling brand of canned fruits in the world. When you say DEL MONTE, you are always sure of quality—*before you buy.*

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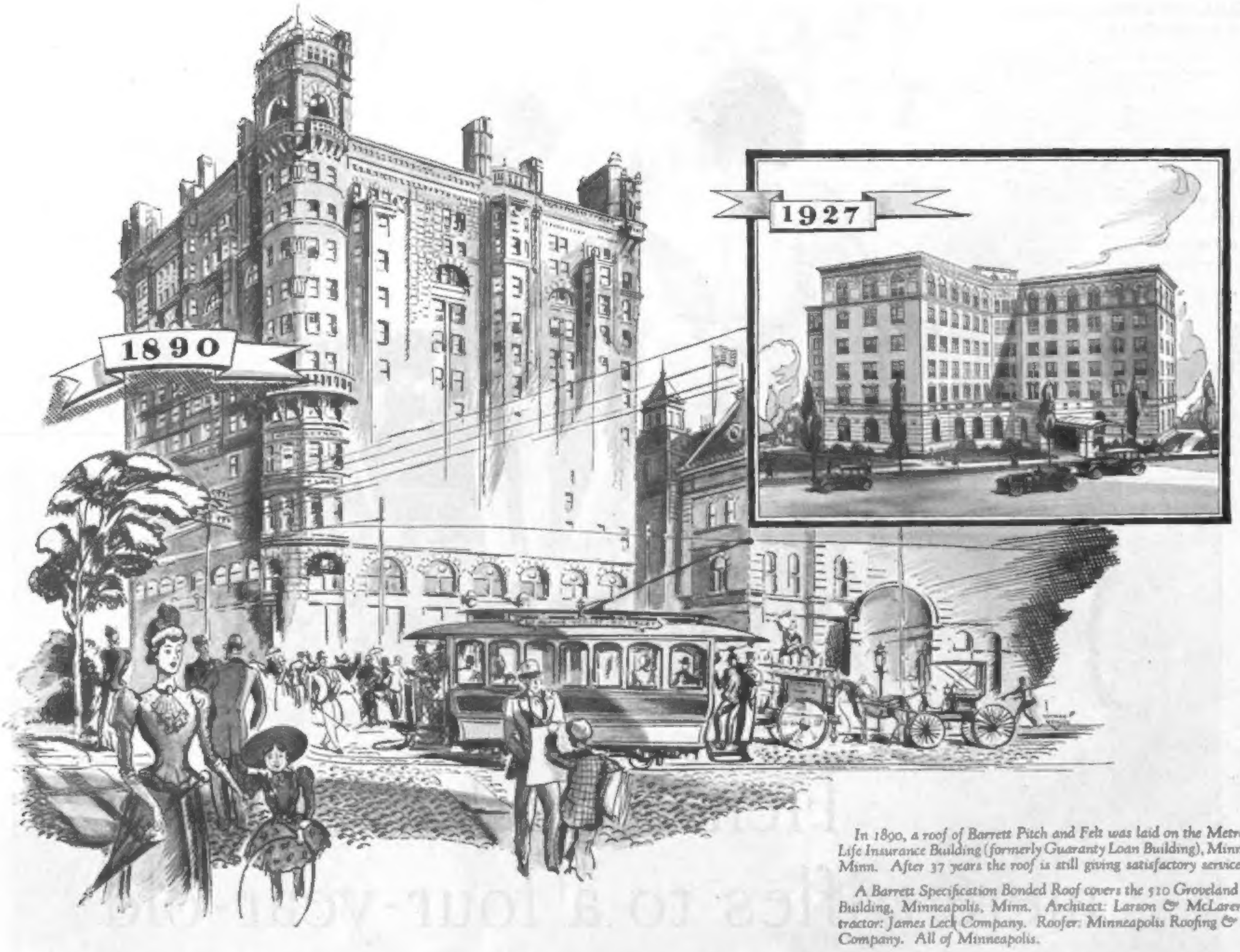

In 1890, a roof of Barrett Pitch and Felt was laid on the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building (formerly Guaranty Loan Building), Minneapolis, Minn. After 37 years the roof is still giving satisfactory service.

A Barrett Specification Bonded Roof covers the 510 Groveland Avenue Building, Minneapolis, Minn. Architect: Larson & McLaren. Contractor: James Leck Company. Roofer: Minneapolis Roofing & Cornice Company. All of Minneapolis.

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* * *

American building records covering the last three-quarters of a century offer the most impressive proof of the durability of pitch and felt built-up roofs. Many of these roofs can be seen still giving weather-tight protection after 40 or more years of service. Today, you will discover that a great number of our finest buildings are protected with The Barrett Specification Roof—a pitch and felt roof acknowledged to be the highest type of permanent roof construction.

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When the roof is laid all work must be done by an experienced roofer who is approved by The Barrett Company—a Barrett Inspector supervising each step of the job to see that The Barrett Specification is followed every inch of the way.

Directly after the roof is down the Barrett Inspector makes the famous "cut test." And not until this test is made does his O.K. release the Surety Bond.

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Little wonder that Barrett Specification Roofs give dependable service many years after the 20-year guarantee has run out. For complete information about these trouble-free roofs, dictate a brief note to us.

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Throughout the United States and Canada a limited number of roofing contractors have been approved by Barrett to lay The Barrett Specification Bonded Roof. These men have earned a reputation for doing efficient work—a name for absolute dependability.

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ACTUAL VISITS TO
P & G HOMES No. 11

French frocks? mere trifles to a four-year-old

who doesn't have to think about washing problems

IT was a brief affair to be called a frock, but then you see it came from Paris. We saw it one day when we were out asking women here and there about laundry soap.

"Won't you come in?" said a pretty young woman when we explained our visit to her. And there in her living-room we saw the frock. Its sturdy four-year-old wearer was sitting on the floor—*quite* careless of handkerchief-linen elegance—cutting out paper dolls.

"Clothes are nothing to Jane," smiled our pleasant hostess, " . . . even the French dresses her aunt sends her from Paris. And I just don't ask her to keep them clean . . . not when she's happier on the floor and the dresses are so easy to launder with P and G."

"You do use P and G?" we asked—quite pleased, of course.

"I began using it when I was married," said Jane's mother. "I really didn't know much about housekeeping then and the first time I ordered soap, I told my grocer that I wished somebody would make a nice *white* laundry soap. You see I remembered visiting my grandmother as a child, and noticing the awful color of the home-made soap she used. My grocer said, 'I'll send you the best laundry soap there is.' He sent me P and G and, except for trying other soaps now and then, I've used it ever since.

"P and G is so fine and white," she went on, "and gives the clothes such a clean, fresh smell. My laundress likes it too, because she can get Jane's underwear white without a lot of rubbing. And when I wash the dresses myself, as I do now and then, I'm delighted to be able to get suds in lukewarm, or even cold water."

P and G is a good soap, as millions of women have discovered. It gives fine, quick, rich suds in any kind of water—hard or soft, hot or cold. It gets clothes clean without hard rubbing, and keeps their colors bright. Do you wonder that it is the largest-selling soap in the world? Don't you think that it should be helping you with your washing and cleaning too?

FREE—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* "How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a postcard to Dept. NE-11, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, O.

P and G became popular because it is such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price lower, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.

The largest-selling soap in the world

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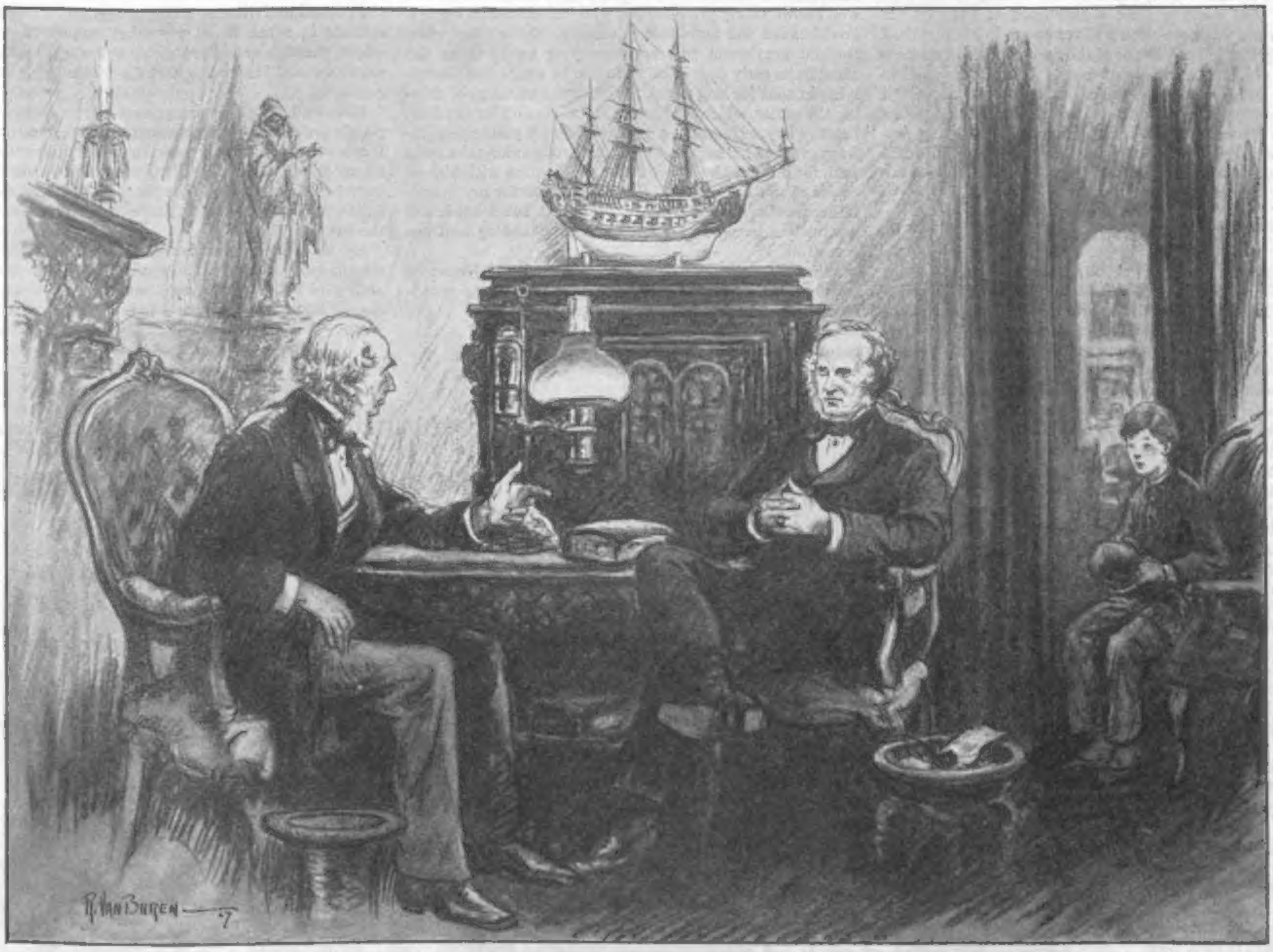
I HAD A HUNCH



I Liked the Free and Easy Flow of Technical Language as Much, I Guess, as Most Boys of My Age Would Have Enjoyed the Gossip of Childhood

By Arthur E. Stilwell and James R. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

IN THE jungle only one rule of life obtains: The fittest survive. The strong beasts devour one another with relish and lick their chops with keener relish over the meal more easily gained—the carcasses of those whom Nature has left unarmored for the fight.

Forty years ago the sphere of American business and finance was a jungle infested with lions and tigers and wolves and wildcats in human guise. There were various codes of conduct, but the chief of them was: The fittest survive. The strong, too crafty in this jungle to spend their energy in exhausting battles with the strong, consumed the weak. Against the peace-loving giraffes and sheep and deer their raids were no contest.

Courageous beast tamers went forth and cleared the jungle of its man-eaters. Theirs was a glorious battle. Their deeds were grim and fearless and joyous, inspired by all the best there is in man. To them we owe the great blessing which has come to the world of American business and finance—the benefaction of decency and honesty and human consideration. And because I love the joyous things of life, it is of them I shall speak principally in relating my own story of nearly half a century of contact with big business and close association with the country's leading financiers, railroad men and merchants, with a deviation just now and then to bring home the contrast.

My whole business life was molded from an inspiration of youth. My goal was to build railroads to save the farmers of the Middle West from an unjust tax imposed on them by the transportation companies. I achieved this ambition with approximately 2300 miles of line; more railroad miles—and I refer to this fact with no thought of self-praise—than the total built by any other living man. I organized forty-one companies of different kinds, representing a combined investment of $60,000,000, and I have lived to see them pay out in excess of $160,000,000 in dividends and profits. In this long span of years the man-eating pack was often at my heels. Once or twice they caught

up to me and sank their fangs into me, and even my best friends were ready to send flowers, believing I was wounded beyond mortal aid. But the flowers were never sent, and here I am now, at sixty-eight, alive and vigorous, to tell the story of what seems to me the most turbulent period in business history; the most vicious and treacherous and brutal, and yet the most beautiful in the light it sheds upon the staunchness and dependability of character of such men as the late George M. Pullman, my dearest friend, and of the venerable William Waterall of Philadelphia and August Heckscher of New York. I mention these three men particularly, but there were numerous others.

A favorite American expression is: "Times have changed."

Whenever anyone utters it in my presence I say, "Yes, times have changed, thank God."

Every now and then I come across a picture of myself and a brief sketch of my career, forming a part of a magazine or newspaper article, telling of a group of men who rose from poor boys to railroad presidents. In my own case emphasis is laid on the fact that I was a poor boy who became head of a great transportation system at thirty-two. This is only a half truth. I was a railroad president at thirty-two, but I do not classify as one who reached that position from a childhood of poverty. If ever anyone was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, I was. My birthplace was one of the finest houses in Rochester and my family was prosperous. Later, I am glad to say, the silver spoon was taken out of my mouth; for if it had not been, I am quite sure I should have gone on through life with all the smug complacency of being possessed of a rich father. As few boys who start life this way amount to anything, there seems to be a decided advantage in being born in a hut.

The Ambition of Boyhood

MY FAMILY was of English and Dutch origin, having been in this country at that time for about six generations. Hamblin Stilwell, my grandfather, was one of the builders of the Erie Canal, built a portion of the New York Central Railroad, was one of the founders of the Western Union Telegraph Company, laid out a beautiful cemetery in Rochester, known as Mount Hope, was a founder of the Monroe County Savings Bank and the fourth mayor of Rochester. When I was born he was considered one of the wealthy men of the city. My father and uncle, being the sons of a rich man, had been educated at Columbia University and in their youth had been given all the money they needed. They were therefore exactly what this indulgence was likely to make them—exceedingly poor business men. My father was Charles H. Stilwell, owner of the leading jewelry store of Rochester, a business which had been established for forty years and which he inherited from his father.

In childhood I was extremely delicate and had to be carried around on pillows until I was about seven years of age, so that my education was necessarily neglected. Eventually I reached the fourth grade in school and, as it turned out, this was as far as I ever went. My grandfather was very fond of me; I was his first grandchild and his pet. When I became strong enough to move around I spent a great deal of time in his company. Often he would have to go to New York to see Commodore Vanderbilt on business, and he would usually take me along with him on these trips. We stopped at the old Astor House in lower Broadway, a wonder place in those days. The regular routine was to call on Commodore Vanderbilt at either his office or home, where my grandfather and the New York Central chief would enter into long discussions about railroads, mileage, costs and other technical subjects, while I would sit stiffly on a near-by chair listening to their conversation. When I say I listened, I mean that I did listen. Their talk interested me. Though I was only eleven and didn't know a thing in the world about railway construction, these moments were far from dull. I liked the free and easy flow of technical language as much, I guess, as most boys of my age would have enjoyed the customary gossip of childhood.

One day after a long-drawn-out call on Commodore Vanderbilt, my grandfather and I were having dinner at the Astor when he said to me, "What is my little man going to do when he grows up?"

"I'm going West and build a railroad," his little man answered promptly.

He smiled at my precocity, but said nothing. I never realized that he had given my remark a second thought until I heard him repeating it time and again to his friends. His mood when relating the incident was always rather jubilant, so I was quite sure it appealed to him. In later years the whole episode assumed a vital significance to me. I am strongly of the opinion that the impression my grandfather's obvious exuberance registered in my mind, then in a highly formative state, was one of the things which shaped my entire destiny.

One more side light on Hamblin Stilwell which had a most important bearing on my future: One of his intimate friends was the father of George M. Pullman, maker of parlor cars. The elder Pullman was the inventor of a machine for raising and moving buildings, an expedient of construction work then much in use. Young George was well known to my grandfather, who had sized him up as a level-headed and ambitious youngster. Quite often when the old gentleman was accompanying boats along the canal in its early days of construction he would find George lying in wait for him to ask shyly for the privilege of driving the mules, which was an ecstatic diversion for any live, healthy boy. Hamblin, a great hand with youngsters, always granted his request and would trudge along the mule path for miles with George Pullman, chatting with him on topics of mutual interest. A genuine love for my grandfather was born in that youthful heart—a heart which was destined to become so large and understanding and unforgetful.

When George was nineteen his father died. He wrote to his venerable companion of the mule paths—my grandfather—for advice regarding his own future.

"Come to Rochester and I will give you work raising the buildings along the route of the canal and moving them back where we are broadening the waterway for basins," Hamblin Stilwell replied.

George accepted the offer and became even more closely associated with my grandfather than his father had been. Later, when the forty-niner rush for the gold fields got under way, Hamblin saw the opportunity for an enterprising young man to make capital out of this incident. On his advice George Pullman went to Omaha and started an overland convoy system for the pioneers moving westward in this great pilgrimage. He remained thus engaged until he migrated to Chicago, where he again utilized his father's invention as a means of livelihood before the vagaries of fate carried him into the car-manufacturing business, out of which he was to build the tremendous Pullman fortunes.

The Mysterious Sixth Sense

I WAS twelve when my grandfather died, and it was along about this time that my parents began to take more than passing notice of a pronounced sense of intuition which had begun to show itself in me. I was a dreamy sort of kid. My imagination always seemed to be running away with me. Cut off through ill health from many of the normal activities of a boy of my age, I had plenty of solitude in which to let my mind ramble off whither it might, through unexplored fields and along byways which were new and fascinating and for which there was no accounting.

It was all a little uncanny, as much so to me as to the people around me who observed it and commented on it. I can see quite plainly now that the interest displayed by my elders in this side of my nature had a definite tendency to accentuate it. The more they would talk about it, the more eager I was to prove to them they were not on the wrong track.

By the time I was nearly fifteen and still going to school, my parents had so much respect for this curious ability of mine that when I remarked to them one day that I had seen the young lady whom I should marry four years later, they were positive I was making a statement of fact.

"Where did you see her?" they asked.

"In school."

"What is her name?"

"I don't know."

(Continued on Page 161)

"You Look Like a Pretty Smart Young Man. Guess My Age," I Answered, With Nothing in My Tone to Indicate That I Was Being Evasive, But With Everything to Indicate That I Was Making an Honest Test of His Perspicacity

ALFRED THE GREAT

By Mary Lowrey Ross

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

MR. AND MRS. J. ALFRED HARKNESS, in evening clothes, sat in the Harkness pew, listening to the Passion of Saint Matthew. It was a distinguished gathering, grave, decorous, with that air of quiet intellectual awareness which comes of opulence and leisure—a Bach audience. The city's best people went to hear the Passion of Saint Matthew. And its very best went in evening clothes, pointing the ecclesiastical dignity of the occasion with a touch of secular formality.

Mrs. Harkness sat with her hands lying loose in her lap, her gaze wandering idly over the audience. She liked Bach, but after the first hour not intensely or devoutly. And there had been two hours of it now, with Part One just completed. Still aware of the lovely passionate drama of sound about her, she was no longer deeply touched by it. The music wove in and out in long waves through her irrelevant thoughts. The first soprano had a voice like a violin; that instant sheer escape to the very top of the scale. But what in the world had induced Judas Iscariot to dress himself up in a bat-wing tie?

J. Alfred Harkness sat very erect, his head thoughtfully inclined. He held his program open on his knee and at intervals he turned a leaf very carefully and ran his eye over the remainder of Part Two. Then he turned it back and resumed his attitude of dignified attention. Once he blew his nose with a stately and decorous sound. Occasionally he coughed discreetly and shifted knees. And Mrs. Harkness, sitting motionless beside him, smiled faintly and did not turn her head.

At half past twelve the last chorus was sung. Submission, the languor of old grief, the withdrawal, one by one, of shrouded figures down a dark hillside; all were there in that long lovely farewell, repeated over and over until the last watcher had gone, and night had fallen and the tomb stood alone, with the stone against the door, under the mysterious sky. Wholly held at last by that spectacle of ancient grief, Mrs. Harkness sat with her hands folded tightly in her lap, her program fallen from her knee to the floor. But Mr. Harkness folded his very carefully, creasing it between thumb and forefinger, and felt reverently under the seat for his hat.

In the aisle they came face to face with Mrs. Allister Perley.

"How do you do, Mrs. Harkness?" she said with a bright nod. But she laid her hand impulsively on Mr. Harkness' arm.

"Wasn't it glorious?" she said. "That last chorus ——" And she hummed over the opening bars softly. "It's so lovely it makes me cry like a baby."

There were indeed tears in her eyes. They were lovely eyes, dark and widely set, and from childhood had given her a reputation, not strictly merited, for beauty. She had a way of opening them very wide and bringing them very close, which women sometimes ridiculed. But she really was fond of Bach.

"It was very fine," said Mr. Harkness in a deep voice. "Very, very fine."

The three moved along the aisle to the door.

"I presume you have your car," said Mr. Harkness.

Mrs. Perley shook her head.

"It's being painted," she said. "I've been using taxis. It's perfectly ruinous."

"Then, may I—may we have the pleasure of driving you home?"

Mrs. Perley raised her head and widened her eyes. "Really, it's awfully kind of you."

"Not at all. We will be only too delighted," said Mr. Harkness gallantly.

Mrs. Harkness walked along serenely, saying nothing. How Alfred loved these elegant punctilios of speech: "May we have the pleasure?" "We will be only too delighted!" By the time he was seventy-five, she was thinking, he would have captured the manner completely; there would be less gesture to his grace, and debutantes would say he was sweet, but avoid being left to talk to him. Seventy-five!

They reached the church doorway. It had been raining, and an arch of drops hung from the leaves of the chestnut trees, bright against the street lights. Cars moved slowly up and down, their tires hissing softly against the wet pavement. The air smelled of new wet leaves.

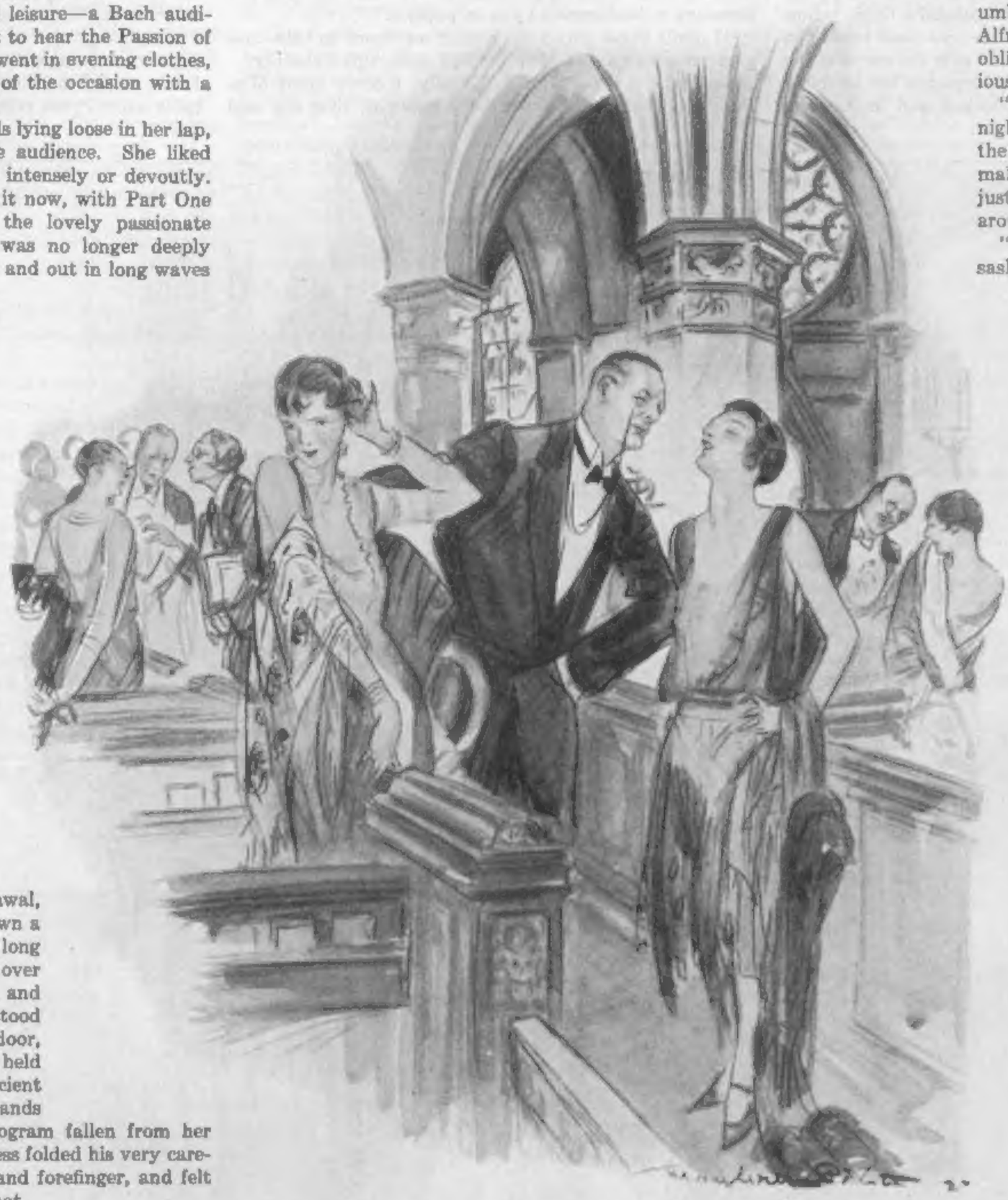
"Pardon me a moment. I left my car around the corner," said Mr. Harkness. He raised his hat, turned up his coat collar, and went down the steps into the darkness, leaving the two women alone together.

With his withdrawal, they became instantly, defensively aware of each other. There was a moment's silence. Then Mrs. Perley said thoughtfully:

"You know, I do think it is encouraging that in a city this size, and a wet night too, such a large group of people should have been willing to come out and listen to Bach for four hours."

Mrs. Harkness said, "The Saint Matthew Passion is getting to be quite smart."

She thought: "I mustn't be rude to her; she'll be sure to misunderstand." But she couldn't help it. Mrs. Perley had set her awry from the beginning; instantly, instinctively, across a whole roomful of people. Alfred hadn't come into it at all.



"It's So Lovely It Makes Me Cry Like a Baby"

She watched Alfred turning the corner under the street light; striding majestically along, holding his umbrella well aloft, with something of the nobility of gesture of Liberty Enlightening the World. The man who first thought of umbrellas must have been very like Alfred; the same solemn sense of public obligation, the same admirable obliviousness to playful shapes and ideas.

"I do love the streets on a wet night," murmured Mrs. Perley, "with the lights shining down on them. It makes me think of Venice. Can't you just imagine a gondola coming gliding around the corner?"

"With Alfred in the back in a red sash," said Mrs. Harkness. "Wouldn't he be magnificent? Only I'm afraid he wouldn't be very good at barcaroles. He hasn't a particle of ear."

"Really? You can't mean it!" said Mrs. Perley. She gave a polite little laugh. "Now I know you are joking," she said.

And then Alfred himself did come about the corner. For a moment the light shone on him, erect behind the wheel. Then he drew up at the curb and, emerging, umbrella first, came toward them.

"I hope you'll trust yourself to my driving," he said. "I let my man off for the evening."

And, "Isn't it a beautiful car?" cried Mrs. Perley, her hand through his arm, as they went down the steps. "I've always loved a Fisher Eight better than any other kind of car. You're quite sure I won't crowd you?"

Mrs. Harkness sat silent in the corner, her eyes half closed, watching the thin spindrift of rain dancing past the light of the head lamps. She did not join in the conversation, remaining not so much ignored as contentedly aloof. Here before her eyes was Alfred falling in love, majestically, regardlessly, as his own Fisher Eight might roll, with throttles magnificently wide, down a steep place into the sea. Or perhaps not into the sea; maybe only into a new and sunnily congenial countryside. It was curious that the situation could arouse in her nothing more than a speculative amusement; for there had been a time when she had loved Alfred with tenderness and passion. All gone, all vanished so utterly that, stir the ashes how she might, she could not catch the faintest reflection of the color of old fires.

With the simple ardor that marked her feeling for the best things, the best people, Mrs. Perley had taken up the cause of the Russian émigrés. They were giving a bazaar for them next week at the Hellas Club.

"I do hope it will help to bring in orders for them," said Mrs. Perley. "When you think of those people! Countess Radzinoff has told me so often about their home in Poland—one of those wonderful old feudal estates with dozens of servants that had grown up on the place. Like something out of Tolstoy. And now to think of her having to do cross-stitch and smocking for a living! Of course, they're artists to their finger tips!"

"It takes generations to produce that type," said Alfred solemnly.

"Oh, generations!" echoed Mrs. Perley. She faced toward him so that had Mrs. Harkness turned—but she did not turn—she would have seen only an excluding shoulder, the concealing curve of a dark hat.

"They really are marvelous people," said Mrs. Perley. "Simply indomitable. There are the Yvanoffs. He was decorated by the Czar, and her mother has a gold brooch with the Romanoff crest on it. Her grandmother—that is,

her mother's mother—was lady in waiting at the Imperial Court."

"Gad, is that a fact?" said Alfred. And loudly, commandingly he sounded his horn at a shabby little car in front, which leaped forward with a nervous skip as though it had been haughtily kicked in the rear.

Mrs. Harkness smiled, saying nothing. She felt as casually amused, as little disposed to join in the conversation as though the two beside her had been strangers in a street car. And presently her attention slid away from them again, wandering idly from point to point in the dimly lighted darkness about her: Alfred's thick yellow gloves on the wheel, the gleam of the cut-steel buckle on Mrs. Perley's shoe, the trickle of rain over the curve of the radiator hood. . . . Had Freda forgotten her latchkey again? Better leave the door unlocked and let her slip upstairs without disturbing her father.

"You'd enjoy the old chap," Alfred was saying. "He's like a character out of Dickens—old skullcap and a moth-eaten vest and never shaves. He's always shuffling out and wanting me to come into the back of the shop and see some darned old treasure that he wouldn't sell for anything in the world."

"Just a real book lover," said Mrs. Perley softly. "There are so few of them nowadays. And of course he knows that you understand and appreciate. I often think that really means more to people of that kind than actually to sell something ——"

And now she remembered Mrs. Harkness and turned back to her.

"I suppose you buy books there too," she said.

"I never heard of him till this minute," said Mrs. Harkness. She turned toward them with a faintly malicious smile. "One hears so much about people that look like characters out of Dickens," she said. "The only character out of Dickens I ever met was a laundress I used to have who looked like the Death of Little Nell."

"Really?" Mrs. Perley, her eyebrows just faintly lifted, allowed her gaze to rest for a moment on Mrs. Harkness' shadowed face, then turned away. The silence grew and grew, turning to reproach for the moment of understanding ruthlessly slain. They ran past half a dozen blocks without a word. Then Mrs. Perley turned back to Alfred.

"I Presume That as Parents We are Entitled to a Certain Amount of Interest in Your Movements After Midnight," He Said

"You know, I've been thinking quite a lot about what you were saying the other day," she said, "about politics in civilized countries really being a gentleman's game."

The shoulder was definitely excluding now. Mrs. Perley went on talking, on a note of eager seriousness. She had heard that Mr. Harkness was being spoken of in certain very influential circles as promising material for the next federal campaign. She hoped—it wasn't her affair, she knew, but she couldn't help hoping just the same—that he would think about it seriously. She had felt, for years really, ever since she had begun to take a serious interest in politics, that what was needed in the federal government was a few really strong men who were willing to enter public life for something more than political rewards.

"I know that our best women—I mean to say, the women who feel a serious responsibility about our public affairs—would be ready to stand behind you," she said earnestly. "I can name half a dozen organizations ——"

The car drew up at Mrs. Perley's little green gate. Alfred got out and helped her to alight. Holding his umbrella carefully above her, he went up the flagged walk beside her.

There was a moment's murmured colloquy, and then he came back and climbed into the car.

They drove away, Alfred grimly wordless at the wheel. Mrs. Harkness sat back, her eyes half closed, struggling to resist—never yet had she resisted it—the impulse to prick with some sharp sly comment the majestic surface of his silence.

"It looks as if Mrs. Perley had a rather busy season ahead of her," she said presently, "between setting up her Russians in business and you in politics."

"I don't know why you think it necessary to take that particular tone about Mrs. Perley," said Alfred sharply.

She gave a little laugh. "Really, I don't mind Mrs. Perley." There was silence for a moment, then she said thoughtfully, "What a lot of people the Czar seems to have decorated!"

"The Yvanoffs," said Alfred, unsmiling, "are very charming and well-bred people." He shot the car angrily forward, and a cat which had been trotting placidly across the street leaped from under the very wheels and fled into the shadows.

"And naturally well-bred people don't refuse the decorations when they are being passed," said Mrs. Harkness gayly. She leaned forward and rolled down the window, and a cold, light spray of rain beat against her face. She thought: "I won't exasperate him; it's rotten of me."

"Anyway I'm glad you didn't kill pussy," she said. "When you think what a lot of generations it took to produce him!"

Freda was home after all. She was just crossing the hall as they came in.

"Well, Freda, it's extremely gratifying to come home one night in the week and find you here first," said her father.

"Is it?" said Freda. "Why?"

He looked annoyed.

"I presume that as parents we are entitled to a certain amount of interest in your movements after midnight," he said, marching off with his hat and coat to the little hall in the rear.

Freda looked after him solemnly, then raised her right hand and slowly spread the fingers.

"Darling!" said the mother, and pulled the hand down. But her eyes were laughing.

"It isn't really bad unless you do it with both hands," said Freda. "Come on and have something to eat, Katie. I'm starving."

"I'm not hungry," said Mrs. Harkness. But she followed Freda out to the kitchen and sat on the porcelain-topped table while Freda rummaged through the refrigerator.

She brought out a spiced ham, some tomatoes, a bottle of ginger ale.

"I didn't stop for any dinner. I was taking Tony Vecchari out to the asylum."

Her mother wrinkled her brows.

"Is that the one you were telling me about?" she said. "I didn't know he was insane."

"Everybody's insane," said Freda, bringing out the butter, "and he is more than most people. He has hallucinations of persecution and half a dozen kinds of psychosis. Anyway, he's quite keen to go—it isn't an old-fashioned asylum, you know; it's really a modern sanitarium. And Mrs. Tony gets a government allowance. So everything's lovely. 'Ave a piece of 'am, Katie."

Kate accepted the ham, doubled it over and ate it thoughtfully. As usual, she found herself faintly appalled by Freda's calm directness, her terrible innocence of life. Freda knew her sociology—the relation of a trade depression to the birth rate, housing and promiscuity, procreation and desertion—all that sort of thing—and confronted by the staggering problems of life in the Fortner Street district, she simply squared her facts to her theories in the most businesslike way, without the slightest sense of spiritual impropriety. And the astonishing part was that she was quite frequently right. She had her father's passion for domination, thought Kate, and something else—a sort of witty insensitiveness that sent her out to mix with the destinies of Fortner Street, protected like a goddess by a cloud.

Freda was experimenting with a series of kitchen forks on a bottle of gherkins. She abandoned them, tried her forefinger and finally tipped the bottle up and murmured "Damn!" as the vinegar trickled down toward her elbow.

"And what were you doing out till after midnight?" she inquired. "I presume that, as your child, I have a right to inquire."

"We took Mrs. Perley home," said Kate. "Her car was being"—she tipped back her head and artlessly widened her eyes—"painted."

Freda laughed delightedly.

"My word, that woman!"

"She's the sort of woman men like," said Kate.

"She's the sort of woman they like if they're the sort of man that likes that sort of woman," retorted Freda, cutting off a slice of bread and handing it over on the tip of the carving knife.

Kate accepted the bread and began to spread it with butter.

"Your father likes her," she said.

Freda picked up a whole slice of bread and butter, and bit into it slowly, looking at her mother over the edge of it like a shrewd and candid child.

"It's a crime," she said, "with your looks ——"

"Oh, looks!" answered Kate, and was silent, struggling with a sudden overwhelming desire to tell Freda everything, to shrive herself of the exasperation, the sense of indolence and futility that were eating the very substance of her life. But she couldn't do it. Not here, not in this cold, hard-surfaced, brightly lighted room.

"With a good smart haircut and some stunning clothes ——" said Freda thoughtfully. "I've always thought—quite apart from your being my mother—that you were the best-looking person I ever saw."

Kate shook her head, half smiling.

"Oh, Freddie, you've got it all wrong. I'm abandoning him. Leaving him in a hamper on her doorstep!"

"Oh," said Freda, and finished the bread and butter in silence. Then: "I think you're making a mistake," she said.

Kate shrugged. "Perhaps I am. It's very difficult not to make mistakes in an affair of this sort. It's like a moving-picture comic; no matter how carefully you come about the corners, Fate is waiting to deflect the custard pie."

"Bunkum. There hasn't been a custard pie deflected in the movies since 1917."

Kate smiled and said nothing; simply sat with her cheek laid against the palm of her hand watching with a familiar pleasure Freda's alert always newly charming little face with its dark eyes under their beautiful straight dark brows.

"I suppose we've both been sort of a disappointment to poor father," said Freda, slowly pouring out a glass of ginger ale. "He'd have adored it if I'd joined the Junior League and got married the year after I came out. To someone with a swell name like they name the collars after in the street cars—Van Clyte or Stoodleigh or something like that. I never could understand how you came to marry anyone as high-hat as father."

Kate did not reply—only turned her glass about and about, watching the light strike down through its amber depths. Those early years—the passion they had squandered, believing, like the first two lovers in the world, that its sources were inexhaustible; Freda's birth and their young delight in her; the intolerable pain of their first estrangements.

"What would you do if you left him, Katie?" Freda asked.

"Oh, I'd get a little dog and a little cat and we'd all live together in a little crooked house," said Kate lightly, "and you could come and see us and we'd eat off the linoleum."

A little rough-cast house somewhere—meals at all hours—the few careless, thriftless, derisive friends she had known years ago and still touched hands with occasionally across the wall that wealth and security had built around her.

"Poor old Katie!" murmured Freda. "I don't care what they do to each other as long as they don't worry you."

"They aren't worrying me," said Kate.

Freda finished her glass and set it down on the table.

"Your type and his could never hit it off," she said.

Kate wondered. If passion hadn't taken the wrong turning, if he had understood her simplicities better and she had been content to understand his less; for after all, even in later years, their marriage had had its moments.

She got up and began to put the things back into the refrigerator.

"When we were young we didn't have any Keyserlings or Havelock Ellises to go by," she said. "We just had Darwin and natural selection, and went it blind."

"Now you're talking as though you were my mother," said Freda reproachfully.

"So I am," said Kate. She stooped over, the spiced ham in one hand, the plate of butter in the other, and kissed Freda lovingly on the top of her smooth brown head. Was it true, she wondered, that experience betrays as often as it teaches? Here she was—thirty-nine; married at eighteen, with a baby at nineteen; restless, critical, forever thrusting fingers into the curious machinery of life. And here was Freda—cool, virginal, aloof, with her textbook knowledge of life that seemed so pitifully unrelated to its fantastic and irreconcilable truth. "And yet Freda scarcely ever makes mistakes," she thought, "and I never make anything else."

II

THEY had been invited to a dinner at Mrs. Perley's—"an informal little dinner, with some bridge afterward." Kate sat next to a Mr. Fisher, a bald agreeable man with a genially chiding manner with the ladies; and opposite the old silver wine cooler filled with pale roses sat Alfred—Alfred in evening clothes, with his eyeglass on a broad black ribbon; Alfred being dexterous with the salt and pepper; Alfred talking about Empire.

"You want to try the Valleyview Course," said Mr. Fisher. "That's a wonderful course they have there for ladies. You want to make that husband of yours take you out there for a couple of games a week."

Kate suppressed a yawn with such difficulty that the tears actually stood in her eyes. There wasn't the slightest use in telling Mr. Fisher that she could never learn golf, because he would simply say, "You want to get a few lessons from a good professional." And if she were to explain that she had already had a number of lessons from a good professional, with no effect whatever on her game, he would say, "You want to try a set of left-hand clubs." He would pursue her with his terrible tenacity of enthusiasm from position to position—she had had him for a dinner partner before—until from sheer exhaustion she was willing to promise anything—to fix up a nice little putting green in the garden, to rig up a blanket and practice driving into it an hour every morning—anything, anything if he would only let her alone.

"You entertained Sir Justin Wyndham, didn't you?" said Mrs. Perley, turning to Alfred. "Do tell us. He is charming, isn't he?"

Alfred nodded gravely.

"A gentleman of the old school," he said. "It takes generations ——" He checked himself and thoughtfully poured a little mound of salt on his plate. "Sir Justin is one of the most interesting personalities I have ever met."

Kate leaned forward with sudden gayety.

"I'm afraid his visit with us was rather spoiled," she said, "You see, he came to this country with only one pair of boots—a rough country, you know, and one doesn't need an extensive wardrobe. They were shockingly old, so when he put them out to be cleaned, Myrtle, the upstairs maid, misunderstood and took them down and, in a burst of charity, gave them to a one-armed man selling cards of safety pins. It was safety pins, wasn't it, Alfred?"

"I don't remember," said Alfred shortly. He had hated that undignified incident, had declared that it was just that sort of thing that made Europeans think us a nation of barbarians, had wanted Myrtle dismissed on the spot.

"How dreadful!" murmured Mrs. Perley. "Whatever did you do?"

"Scoured the neighborhood while Sir Justin shut himself up in his room in his stocking feet," answered Kate. "He couldn't very well meet the All-American Bar in his Pullman slippers. And he wouldn't consider sending out for a new pair. I think he made them a symbol of his political principles in a new land. The sacred rights of ownership, the superiority of the past, the madness of risking innovations ——"

"You mustn't take Mrs. Harkness too seriously," said Mrs. Perley, turning smilingly to Mr. Butt, the parliamentarian. "She really is as good a conservative as any of us at heart, I'm sure."

Kate shook her head.

"No, I'm afraid I'm not. I haven't a particle of political sense. I don't even know who is the member in my own riding." She turned to Mr. Butt. "Who is the member in my riding?" she asked.

"I am," replied Mr. Butt, with a touch of severity.

"And a very excellent one too," said Mrs. Perley, whose discretion hovered like an invisible presence over guests and table. She turned to Alfred.

"Do have some more of the chestnut dressing," she said.

Kate's lip twitched faintly. How exactly the sort of thing Alfred would have said! Really they were meant for each other. They felt precisely the same way about everything; about Empire, about proper table service, about public duty, about chestnut dressing—that these things represented heaven knows what majestic ideal which it was their privilege solemnly and reverently to serve.

"My Dear Man, You Can Have Your Freedom!" She Cried. "Good Heavens, You Don't Want It Before Breakfast!"

(Continued on Page 58)

WHERE IS RADIO GOING?

By Senatore Guglielmo Marconi, G.C.V.O., D.Sc.

An Interview by Frank Parker Stockbridge

THIRTY-TWO years ago I began to experiment in methods of generating, transmitting and receiving the electrical impulses known as Hertzian waves. The result was what we at first called wireless telegraphy, or simply wireless, which is now known to the whole world as radio. In these thirty-two years great progress has been made, both in scientific knowledge of the principles involved and in the art of applying those principles commercially.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Senatore Marconi

Since 1901, when I first succeeded in transmitting intelligible signals across the Atlantic, much of the knowledge which we thought we had on the subject has had to be revised and nearly all the methods then in use have been discarded. A few examples will illustrate the changes which have come about, and possibly help to make the present status of radio and its possibilities for the future more clear to the nontechnical reader.

Radio transmission, as everybody knows, was formerly much better at night than in the daytime. This has been changed by the most modern methods, so that the exact reverse is now true.

Formerly the radio worked better in the high latitudes; the modern radio is more effectively operated in the tropics.

Wireless in Reverse Gear

ONCE radio transmission was better over sea than over land; now the most efficient long-distance radio communications, extending halfway around the earth, are chiefly over land, while much shorter distances over sea offer greater obstacles.

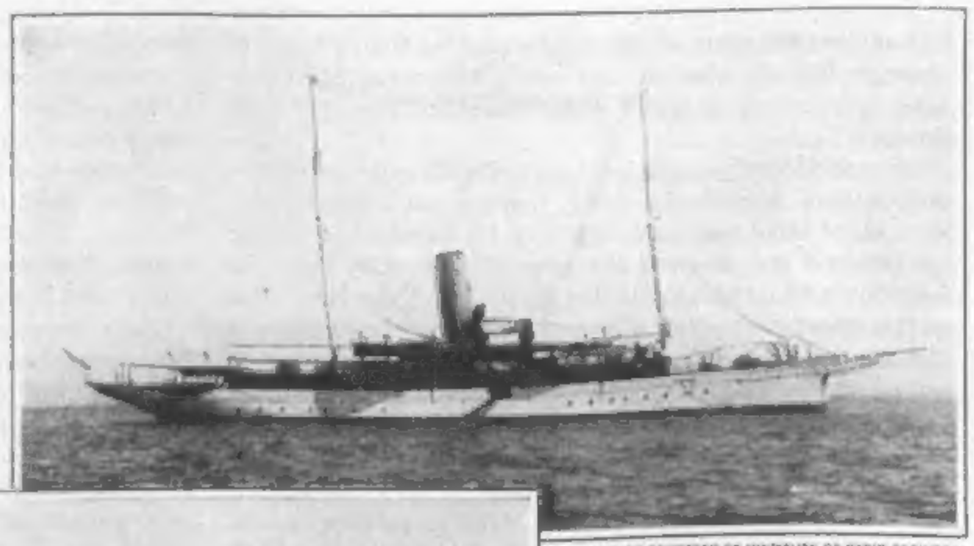
In the early stages of development radio transmission over short distances was easier and simpler than at long range; now long-distance transmission is the easier and less expensive.

"Wireless has gone into reverse gear," said an American friend the other day, "and we don't know what it is going to back into."

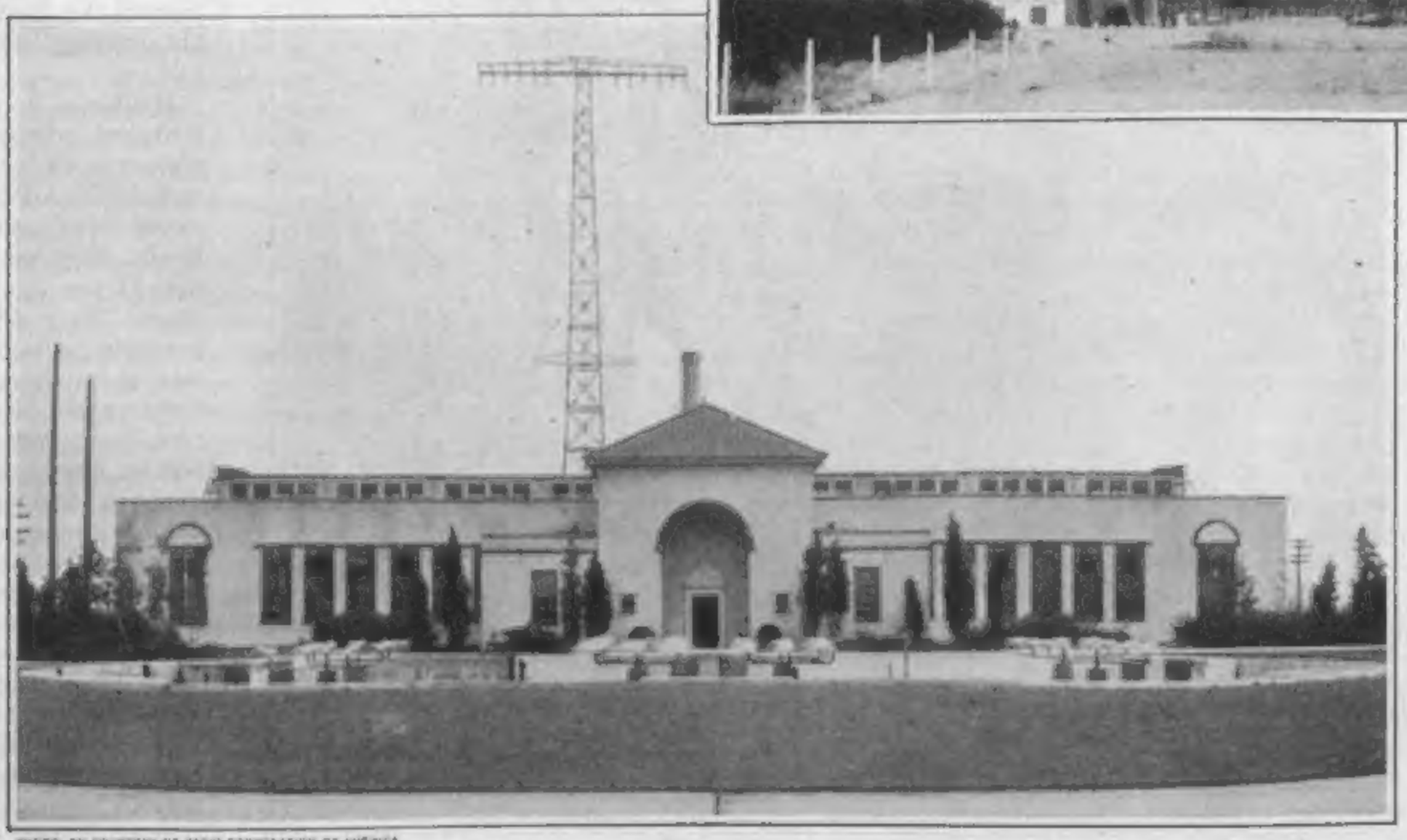
We can tell, however, by the direction in which it is going, the nature of some of its future manifestations if we do not try to look too far ahead. Long-range predictions are always hazardous, especially when they deal with a development so dynamic as that of radio. I have had my share of ridicule for forecasts which I made in the infancy of the art, although I have always tried to be conservative in the rôle of prophet, and those early predictions have since become realities.

On my recent visit to America, in October, 1927, I had the sad yet proud privilege of laying a wreath upon the cenotaph erected in Battery Park, New York, to the memory of radio operators who have given their lives to save those of others. To the younger generation it may sound incredible that general skepticism, on the part of both the scientific world and the general public, greeted my prediction that eventually every ship would be equipped with wireless and that thereby such disasters as the sinking of the French liner Bourgogne, with the loss of almost every soul on board, would be averted. That was ten years before Jack Binns won deserved renown by summoning aid by radio to the sinking Republic, fourteen years before the heroic Phillips went down at his post on board the Titanic, sounding his S O S to the very last. It is a great satisfaction to us who took part in the development of wireless, not so much to have triumphed over that early skepticism as to have provided the means whereby thousands of lives have been saved at sea.

The public mind today in respect to radio is the reverse of skeptical. Whereas at first it expected nothing, now the tendency is to expect too much. Having seen so many marvels accomplished, it is easy for people to believe in the imminent advent of such miracles as death rays able to slay their victims at a distance, to mention but one of the popular beliefs. I would hesitate to say that any of the expected miracles is impossible; that is a word which must be used cautiously in discussing any phase of man's command of the physical forces of Nature. I would simply say that many things which the public is ready to accept as among the possibilities of wireless are not yet within the range of the engineer's mental vision, seeking to translate the intangible into practical reality; but I may point out some of the developments to which, I believe, we may confidently look forward before long, which are themselves sufficiently interesting and important for the time being.



PHOTOS, BY COURTESY OF INSTITUTE OF RADIO ENGINEERS
Senatore Marconi's Steam Yacht Elettra on Which His Short-Wave Experiments Were Made. At Left—Masts Supporting the Short-Wave Radio Reflector for Communication With South Africa, at Bodmin



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Sending Station for Transatlantic Directed Short-Wave Radio, at Rocky Point, Long Island

New Uses for Radio

THE prime use of radio has always been, still is and is likely to continue to be, as a means of communication between individuals or groups otherwise widely separated. At first this communication was indirect, through the medium of the Morse code—wireless telegraphy. Later it was found that the human voice could be transmitted as well by radio as over a wire, and wireless telephony was developed, establishing a more direct communication. From this discovery sprang broadcasting, whereby the individual communicates simultaneously not with one person alone but with millions.

Broadcasting was the first achievement of radio—if we except communication between ship and shore—which

could not be duplicated by the use of wires, although at immensely greater cost. Direction finding at sea and in the air, the control of mechanism and the ignition of explosives at a distance have been proved feasible, as has the transmission of drawings, photographs and writing in facsimile. In all these functions of radio, development and improvement are constantly going on in directions which I shall indicate.

I look forward, moreover, to certain radically new uses of radio. I refer to television and to the transmission of power. Before going further into these possibilities, however, it is necessary to describe the recent advance in the earliest of all applications of radio, the wireless telegraph, for it is upon these developments that the expectations of the future are based.

Short Steps for Great Distance

THESE developments consist of, first, the utilization of short electrical waves, very much shorter than those in general use up to a few months ago; and, second, the adoption of devices in the nature of reflectors whereby these short waves are transmitted in one principal direction, in a beam which diverges at but a slight angle from the focal point at which the waves are generated. This directed short-wave system—or beam system, as it is also called—is now in service between England and the British dominions of Canada, South Africa, Australia and India, the installations of these services having been made in November, 1926, and March, May and August, 1927, respectively. In October, 1927, wireless communication between England and the United States was established by the directed short-wave, or beam, system.

PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF INSTITUTE OF RADIO ENGINEERS

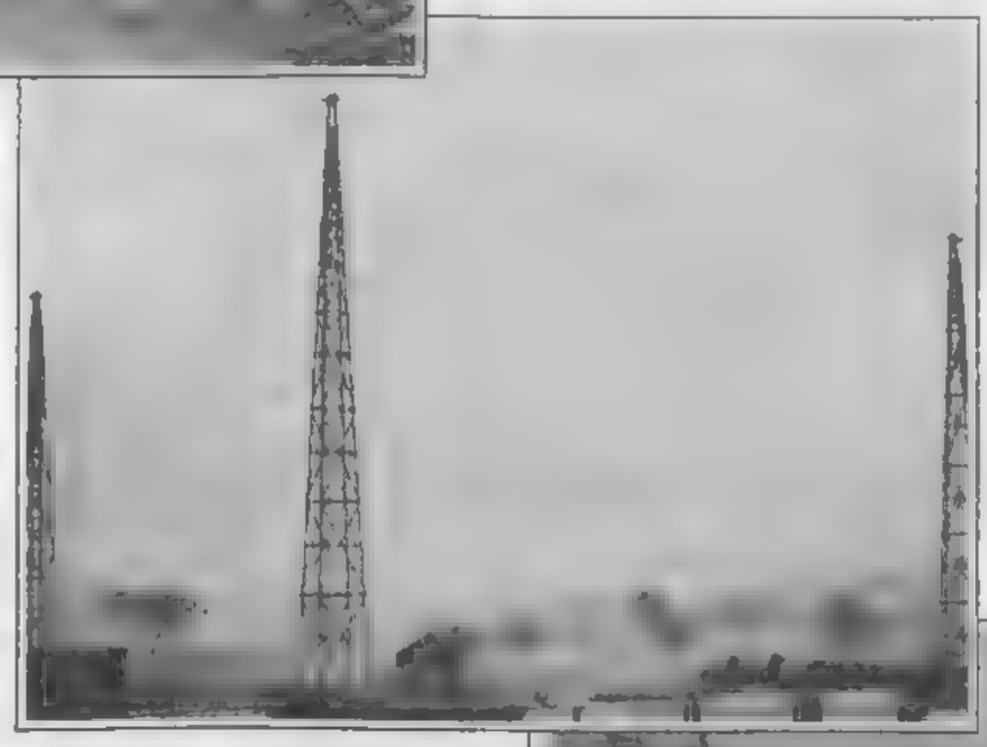
A Revolving Radio Reflector at South Foreland, England. At Right—The Parabolic Radio Reflector at Hendon

By short waves I mean impulses having a wave length of less than 100 meters. Practically all American broadcasting stations use waves of from 200 to more than 600 meters in length; commercial radio telegraph systems for long-distance operations, such as communications between ship and shore or across the sea, use waves of much greater length, up to 3000 meters or more. The tendency until recently has been toward increasing the wave length in the effort to gain distance.

This tendency has been completely reversed. Much greater accuracy, higher speed and more efficient operation, all at very much lower cost of installation and operation, are now achieved by the use of directed short waves over the longest possible terrestrial distance, which is halfway around the earth. Between England and Australia communications are now conducted on a wave length of only twenty-six meters—slightly shorter than that, to be accurate. The services to Canada, South Africa and India use wave lengths of sixteen and a fraction meters, or between thirty-two and thirty-five meters, the choice being determined by technical considerations which need not be gone into here. The point is that it has been found that very much shorter waves than were in current practical use a year ago are now found to give far more satisfactory radio operation over immense distances than long waves give.

The development of the short wave is, in fact, a return to the original experiments of Hertz, upon which all wireless communications are based. Hertz used only short waves in his classical research. In my own earliest experiments, thirty-one years ago, I discovered that with a wave of only one meter in length, properly directed, I could get intelligible signals at a greater distance than I could by means of the antenna, or elevated-wire, system using much longer waves. But those experiments were only over short distances—less than two miles. In the effort to communicate over longer distances recourse was had to longer waves, beginning with 150 meters, and the progress made as wave lengths were increased was so rapid and spectacular that the possibilities inherent in the short waves were entirely overlooked for many years. Research along that line did not appear promising enough to warrant its undertaking.

It was not until 1916 that I began to feel that we perhaps had got into a rut, and commenced experiments anew with short waves, with the able assistance of my engineering associate, Mr. C. S. Franklin. These experiments were continued until 1922, when I made the first public announcement of our conclusions. Those conclusions were that very short waves, properly directed, possessed properties which made them superior to long waves in certain respects. Working with very small power and with waves from two to fifteen meters in length, over ranges up to about 100 miles, it was found that the energy received, when suitable reflectors were used at both the transmitting and receiving ends, could be 200 times that of the energy received when no reflectors were employed!



It may be easier to understand the radical difference between the use of the directed short waves—or the radio beam, as I prefer to term it—and the earlier and still generally used method, by pointing out the analogy between these electrical impulses, or waves, and light. Hertz demonstrated clearly that these waves are

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Signora Marconi

subject to the same laws as the waves of light in regard to reflection, refraction, defraction, interference and speed of propagation. A source of light set up in an open space radiates its light rays with equal intensity in all directions.

The same is true of a source of electric waves; hence the term "radio," which has largely superseded "wireless" in common parlance. But if one puts a reflector behind the source of light, the light rays are reflected or turned back so that the angle over which they are visible is materially less than that of the complete circle, dependent upon the curvature of the face of the reflector. If the reflector be made in the shape of a parabola, with the source of light in the precise focus of the curve, then the light rays will be projected in parallel lines to the axis of the parabola. This parabolic reflection is a matter of everyday observation in the headlights of automobiles; the full intensity of the light is thrown in a beam ahead of the car.

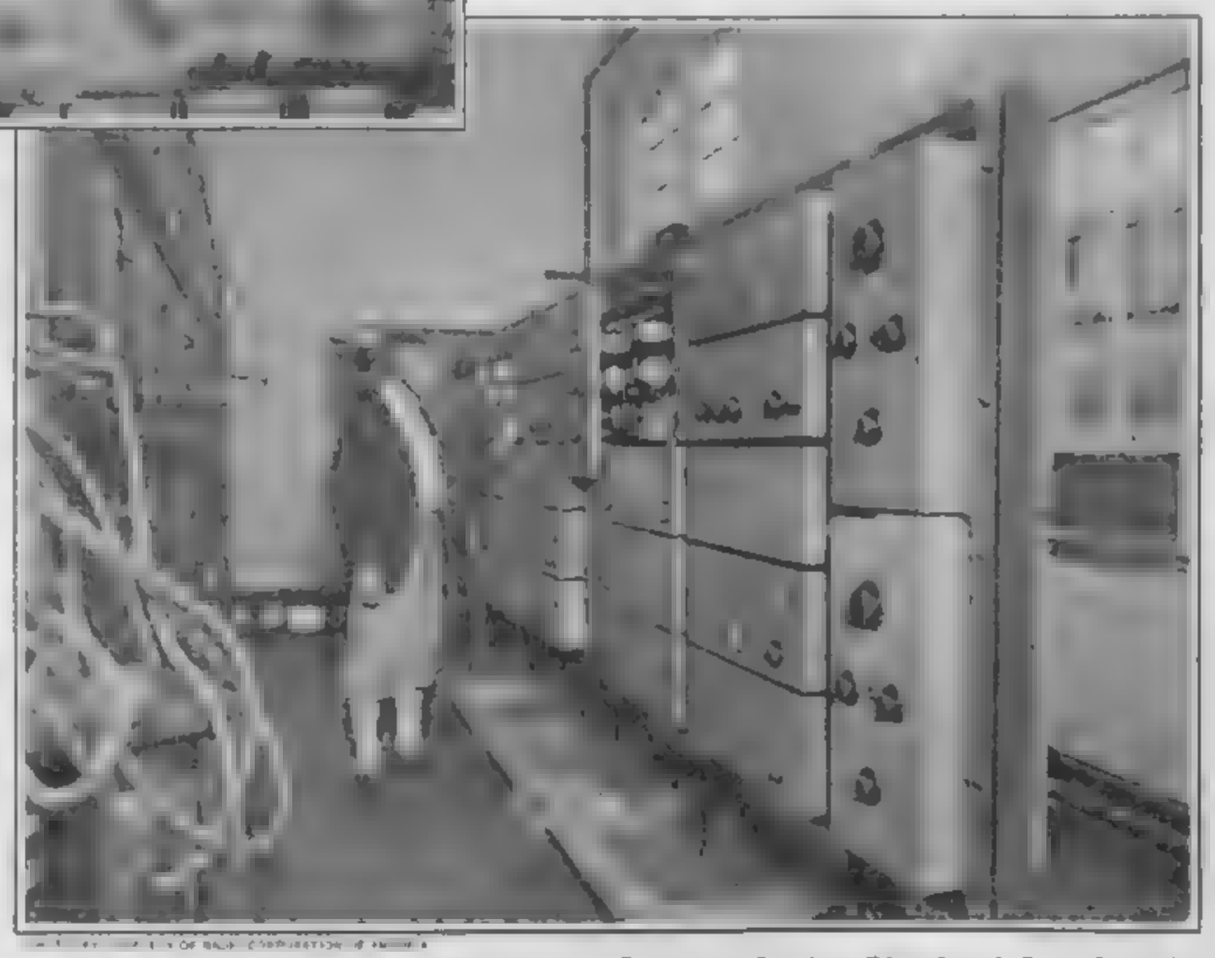
A Reflector for Electric Waves

FROM behind, the light is invisible except as reflected upon a building or a tree; laterally, the observer sees only a diffused or refracted illumination of no great strength. A light of very small candle power, so reflected that all its rays flow in one direction, will naturally give far greater illumination within the angle of radiation than when its beams are diffused throughout the circle.

Our purpose then was to discover means of reflecting the electric waves, and for this we had recourse to the parabola. Instead of a mirror we used vertical wires, hung in a parabolic curve around a vertical antenna placed precisely in the focus of the parabola. To avoid recurrence to the subject again, I may say here that this parabolic form has been superseded by a reflector consisting of wires hung in a straight line, parallel to the antennæ, so that the two sets of wires constitute grids parallel to each other, but by means of a method developed by Mr. Franklin the phases of oscillation in the reflector wires are so arranged as to give the same reflection effect as if they were arranged in a parabola. Similar reflectors are used at both the sending and receiving ends of the beam system. The reflectors, we found, must always have an aperture directly related in size to the length of the wave used; those now in use are ten times the wave length.

Utilizing a small experimental transmitting station at Poldhu, on the Cornish coast, and a receiving

(Continued on Page 44)



The Interior of Beam Radio Long-Distance Receiving Station, Riverhead, Long Island

"FOR ONE DOLLAR AND——"

"No!" Cried the Trupp Brothers. "Ours is the Biggest 'n' Ours is the Oldest. He's Goin' to Pay Ours First. If He Don't, We'll Have the Law on Him"

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THE cold dawn of an autumn morning was just breaking as a man stumbled across the ties of a railroad yard and, passing the darkened station, went out into the street, and so to a main thoroughfare that he could see at a little distance. This last, the man observed, was long and cheerless, its high buildings darkened and lifeless, their fronts dripping with the streaming rain. Not a trolley car rattled, not a taxi was in sight, no milkman, even, was there to break the terrible solitude of that black canyon of buildings. Ah, but there was another there, a guardian of the law sheltering himself in a doorway. The stranger directed his steps in that direction.

"Pardon me," said he to the guardian, "could you tell me—that is, did you ever hear of a place called Messkit?"

"No," said the guardian. "What part the country is it in?"

"It's in Oklahoma. They ——"

"Well, this is Kansas."

"Yes, I know," said the stranger. "They told me in St. Louis to go as far as Kansas City and then ask again."

"Well, you better go on to Oklahoma an' then ask some more."

The stranger sighed. "How can a guy get to Oklahoma?" he asked.

"That," said the guardian, "I can tell yuh. Go to the Midland Valley depot an' take a train."

"And the Midland Valley depot is where?"

"On the other side o' town." The guardian folded himself in his rubber cape and leaned once more against the doorway.

The stranger took a long look at the trolley-less and taxi-less street. The rain fell without remorse, straight down, like the stream from a shower bath.

"And I left the army for this," muttered the stranger. He went away without thanking the guardian.

Curtis found, at last, the Midland Valley depot on the opposite side of the city. A truck delivering the morning papers had providentially been going that way and its driver, in answer to Curtis' inquiry, had offered him a ride. A train with steam up waited before the station, and in a restaurant opposite, Curtis found the train crew getting their breakfast.

He ordered ham and eggs and coffee for himself and then drew near to a man who wore the word Brakeman on his hat.

"Did you ever hear of a town called Messkit?" asked Curtis.

"Huh? No. . . . Ever hear o' Messkit, Joe?" he asked, turning to the fireman next him.

"Sure. It's somethin' yuh eat out of in the army."

"No, no," exclaimed Curtis. "It's a town. It's in Oklahoma."

"Never heard of it," said the brakeman, attacking a piece of pie.

"Come to think of it, I have heard of it," said the fireman. "It's a oil town. One o' them mushroomers. Don't know where it is though."

"Oil town?" echoed the brakeman. "Sure it ain't in Texas? There's a big oil field in Texas. If it's in Oklahoma it ain't on steel or I'd know it."

"What's this you're talkin' about?" asked the conductor. They explained.

"Messkit?" said he. "Sure. Down near Bartlesville somewhere. Where they done all the drillin' last summer."

"That's right," said the fourth member of the crew—the engineer. "I've heard of Messkit too. Sorry town. But I'd say it was nearer to Nowata than it was to Bartlesville. I think he oughta take the Nickel Plate."

"I ain't so sure it ain't on the Katy," mused the conductor, taking a bite of tobacco to settle his breakfast. "Seems like I've heard talk o' some new town like that over near Pawhuska."

"Oh, man," cried Curtis, "this country is dry, and in Kansas I can't even smoke a cigarette! What have I got to do—spend a month in this neck o' the woods to find this town? All I've got is a telegram that a man named Manners is dead in Oklahoma, in a place called Messkit. That shows there must be such a place!"

"Oklahoma's a big state," observed the conductor dubiously. "You could hide one o' them oil towns down a holler an' go right by it without seein' it."

"Well, now, I wouldn't say that," interrupted the brakeman, sipping his coffee. "Take Shidler now. There's a town two months old got thirty thousand people in it. An' it ain't on steel neither."

"Not thirty thousand!" protested the engineer. "There ain't that many folks west o' the Ozarks!"

"Give me a couple ham-and-egg sandwiches to go," said Curtis patiently. "I'll have my lunch anyway, wherever I land."

They debated among themselves awhile longer and at train time the consensus of opinion was that Curtis should get on the train, proceed with it to Oklahoma, and thereafter inquire diligently at way stations, grade crossings and

water tanks until someone should be found who could direct him to Messkit.

Things changed for the better almost immediately. The rain stopped falling and Curtis, interested at first in the oil derricks that he began to see above the horizon, and then the booted, high-heeled and big-hatted men that met the train at its various stops, easily passed what would have been otherwise a very monotonous five hours. And then suddenly the train stopped at a town that consisted of a railroad station, a post office and a hitching rack. Apparently it was called Corcoran. The hitching rack held four ponies—cow ponies, for Curtis had seen such beasts in the movies—and beyond were four rusty, muddy automobiles of the same popular make. One of them bore a sign, Messkit Stage. Curtis descended from the train and hailed the man in the automobile.

"You go to Messkit?"

"Sure do."

"There a company there called the Gopher?"

"Yup. Buildin' a tank farm. They ain't hirin' though. They're layin' off right now."

"Never mind; I got some business with 'em. When are you going out?"

"Right away. Quick's the train leaves. Hop in if you're goin'. I'll just go get the mail an' then we'll migrate."

Shortly thereafter the driver unhooked his sign, wound up the motor and, catching on the fly a light sack of mail as he passed the store platform, they bumped down the muddy road. A hundred yards or so farther the road suddenly stopped, but to Curtis' horror, the auto kept right on, out over the grass and across the prairie.

"Hey!" said Curtis. "You know you're off the road?"

"Road don't run but to the edge o' town. We don't study about roads out here."

They went down a slope, which, being wet, was exceeding slippery, so that the car turned around twice and Curtis was almost thrown out.

"Ride 'im straight up," advised the driver. "Grip with your knees an' leave alone o' the pommel." By pommel he probably meant the dashboard, to which Curtis clung with a death grip. So they went on, fifteen long miles, now up, now down, until they came out upon a wide plateau, whence they could see in the distance a line of indistinct objects that filled the horizon

"Messkit," said the driver

It was a town such as Curtis had read of in his boyhood, or seen in the more lurid type of moving picture that portrayed the red-blooded days of the old frontier. A long, muddy, rutted main street, lined with board sidewalks and cheap stores, but that was graced with two brick buildings—a bank and a department store. Off the main street there seemed to be other streets, but ill defined. Houses—light portable affairs like those of a summer resort—tents and board shacks covered the landscape. This was no cow town, but a young city. The taxi rattled into the muddy street and Curtis saw the reason for the city's being. Southward was a young forest of oil derricks, thick packed.

"This is an oil town," decided Curtis.

"'Twas," said the driver, expectorating brown liquid, "but the wells is all capped. This here town is broke, an' will be till January, when the new leases is let out. Yessir, this here was a town a month ago. Ain't no account now."

"Where's a good hotel?"

"Ain't but one. Run by a girl named Manners. Pretty Manners they calls her. Lost her brother a week ago. Blowed up by dynamite."

Ah! So! Curtis was once more the alert adjuster. The company had done well to send him out here on this job! First he had found the unfindable town. Now he was going to get some information—as every good adjuster should on the case in hand before it was known that he, Curtis, was interested therein in a pecuniary fashion. And the local taxi driver is one of the best sources of such information.

"Blown up by dynamite!" exclaimed Curtis. "How did it happen?"

"Nobody knows. It was in the mornin', early. He was carryin' a box o' dynamite an' it went off. They found his cap, so they say. I dunno. . . . Here's the hotel."

Curtis took his bag, paid the driver and went in. There was a girl behind the counter in the corner, and to her Curtis addressed himself.

"Could I have a room here?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir," said the girl, almost eagerly. She was not pretty, he noted thankfully. It was tough doing a case with a pretty girl. They probably called her Pretty from courtesy. She had gray eyes and dark hair and was probably on the wrong side of twenty-five

"Are you Miss Manners?" he went on.

"Yes," said she.

He had known it anyway, but it always paid to make sure. People often wore black for other reasons than mourning. Curtis felt a sinking of the heart for some unknown reason. The dead man had been this girl's brother, and she would be the one with whom he would have to adjust the case. She was so frail and her big gray eyes so soft. He began to realize why they called her Pretty now. A real girl. Yes, he could have some dinner.

Curtis went in to the cold dining room, where he was fed pork steak and fried potatoes. He meditated on the case. If this soft-eyed girl was the only relative things were going to be heartbreaking. Why should she bother him that way? She was not handsome. Ah, the jury! If she once turned those great gray eyes on a male jury—and suppose they swam a little bit—yeh, that would be the end! Oklahoma's Workman's Compensation Act does not cover death cases, which therefore have not the four-thousand-dollar limit that applies in other states, but have no limit to a verdict but the generosity of the jury. But now it must first be proved that the claimants were dependent upon the deceased. Otherwise no jack. And was this girl dependent upon Jethro? H'm. The chances were that she was. The jury would say so anyway. But need it get to the jury?

"That'll be my job," muttered Curtis. If he couldn't get a release out of this little homely girl, then he had better try for a job selling papers. "But I won't be too hard on her," he assured himself. "She's only a kid. What the hell!

Continued on Page 72

"It's Sunday," Replied Curtis, "and Not a Store is Open. I Didn't Agree to Clothe the City of Messkit"

Between Exodus and Leviticus

"Och, Yes, I Will Marry Him, But Not Behind Your Back Anyhow." The Young Man Behind Her Rested His Sorely Distraught Eyes Upon Grandsire Tudt

By OMA ALMONA DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

EBEN drove carefully lest Grandfather Tudt should bounce off the high wagon seat and go billowing about in the light spring breeze. Nor was this precautional measure due entirely to Grandsire Tudt's bantam-weight frame, but rather to a specific lightness, a buoyancy within the frame which set him to bobbing on and off the seat as his eager old eyes lit upon this and that familiar scene. Grandsire Tudt did not turn upon his axis as heavier bodies are wont to do; the rusty spike of a beard which skewered together his soft, loosely woven features first drove toward the object of interest, then Grandsire Tudt himself, body, mind and spirit, seemed to hop after it. Indeed, the entire journey from the river landing had consisted largely of hops on the part of grandsire and clutches on the part of grandson.

"But the changes it makes!" squeaked Grandsire Tudt. "It is now wonderful the changes. Ain't that there a new barn ag'in, by Tobias Kochensparger? And Eli Klingelhutz had got him a new barn. And what is that ag'in now? Ain't that one them stylish fences running around Conrad Schubkegel with a wire at? Och, my, it's a plenty to make a body verhuddled, the last the world goes around. To be sure, though, it is four years a'ready that I ain't here in Buthouse County."

Eben's face reddened. His large foot plowed unnecessarily toward the brake. "It ain't that we wasn't wanting you long a'ready. Idy she's said a many a time ——"

"Yes, I know. And I guess Grampop Misenhelder's been a-plaguin' you to leave me come too."

Eben shot a swift perturbed glance toward his ancestor and encountered a sly eye upon him. They both laughed.

"You do take the cakes, grampop! It's fur no use to put the wool onto your eyes, fur whiles a feller was doing it you would be gapin' at him from behind the corners."

"I been eighty-six years a-learning myself how to git the best of my eyesight," observed Grandsire Tudt complacently. "Misenhelder now he ain't but eighty-four and he has got to wear him the spectikkles always, ain't? And it wouldn't wonder me none if the old mackerel wasn't getting some deef," he speculated hopefully. "Ain't not?"

Eben started to shake his head, glimpsed the pleased expectancy in the other's eyes, and an imp of mischief capered into the tail of his own. "I ain't saying but what he might be." The imp began to dance riotously now. "You might try it anyhow, speakin' up loud to him."

"Old dang fool," chuckled Grandsire Tudt. "I guess it will spite him some, ain't, when he sees that I have got by me both my eyes and both my ears yet. . . . But what's that ag'in?" He spiked toward a tree-girt knoll. "Was that aiming to be a new house or whatever? Who's that making with his hand at you?"

Eben waved toward the young man who sat astride the roof peak brandishing a hammer aloft. "It's young Dave Krenz a'ready."

"Young Dave? I should guess he was young a'ready. Ain't out from knee pants yet, was he? What does he want him a house fur?"

"He's close behind twenty," said Eben with something of defiance in his voice, and added musingly, "The Krenzes was always good people."

"But what was he making him a house fur? Was the little feist going to git married or what?"

"He says so," said Eben shortly, and gazed with eye suddenly distraught upon the road ahead.

"Says so? What fur kind of speech is that? If he says oncet he's gitting married, ain't he gitting married?"

"I don't know," murmured Eben. "I don't know."

Grandsire Tudt spiked vigorously. "This here gemeration ain't what it was whiles I was a young single. Them days if we said we was gitting a girl, we up and got her. Look at me oncet. Sarah's pop wouldn't give me dare fur the reason I couldn't buy her a new kitchen stove. Well, did I git her or ain't I?"

"Here's me," laughed his grandson—"here's me to prove it. But that stove now," he turned mischievous eyes upon his ancestor, "it was twenty years or such before you ever got her that stove, it seems like I am hearing."

As always when huffed, Grandsire Tudt grasped his spike and rammed it upward. "Dumb wit! If ever you keep your woman as good as what I ——"

"Och, grampop," hastened Eben, abashed, "I know a'ready no woman was ever happier than ——"

"Dumb wit! And what about your woman anyway? Would you ever of got her if I wouldn't of took my hands with it? Here you was, a-leavin' your own twin git her off you. If I wouldn't of packed both you and both her into my own house and fetched the preacher at you ——"

"There's Idy now"—Eben hastily pointed with his whip—"a-coming the gate out."

"And who's the woman alongside?"

Eben chuckled. "That ain't no woman. That's Zeldie."

"I mean that there tall one. Huh—Zeldie?" The visitor hopped and Eben clutched. "Zeldie a'ready? But she couldn't be growned that fur."

"As tall as her mom," Eben prided.

The girl was indeed as tall as her mother, and her eyes were as blue and her hair was even deeper in tint—in the shadows it lay amber. Seen from the wagon, the two little figures at the gate might have been a pair of flaxen dolls, so gold and pink and white they were.

But there was a difference, intangible, undefinable; one sensed only that the girl had about her a quality of stillness which the mother did not possess; one might guess that in time of stress the one would be quiet, the other would not. Even as the wagon stopped before the gate, Ida's little hands flustered in her apron, and in the midst of her cries of welcome she glanced distractedly backward at the stolid figure of Grandsire Misenhelder upon the porch. Zelda, with her pleased eyes upon the visitor, went steadily forward and with her firm young arms assisted him over the wheel. Eben sat for a moment, his eye shifting from the merry group to the scornful figure upon the porch. Then he swung down with a frown and tossed the small leather trunk to his shoulder.

His wife broke toward him, calamity in her eyes. "Och, elend, what will happen us now?" she murmured.

"Ain't he spoke nothing yet?" demanded Eben.

"Not a word has he put out of him; and it's two days back since you were telling him grampop was coming. Och, my, the nerves it gives me!"

The imp suddenly hopped again into Eben's eyes. He swung recklessly toward the gate. "I'll make him speak sumpin!" he flung back.

Grandsire Misenhelder, a granite pillar topped with eternal snows, did not deign to turn as Eben's step slowed beside him. "Well, Grampop Tudt's here a'ready," Eben ventured with assumed cheerfulness, and added, "Mebbe you would better speak up pretty loud at him." With a quick, boyish movement he bolted within the door, whence he watched with something of guilty concern Grandsire Tudt advancing lightly toward his doom.

Grandfather Tudt sprang up the steps and capered toward the middle of the porch. He poised upon his toes for an instant, threw his thin neck forward and back and emitted in lusty crow: "Well, here you was yet. And how was you anyway?"

There was the sound of rending granite as Grandsire Misenhelder ground slowly about.

"I guess you ain't nothing so well," screeched Grandsire Tudt, "now your ears has went back of you."

The granite broke entirely. One chunk of it crashed loudly as Grandsire Misenhelder's jaw fell open. "Ears

oncet? What's a matter of my ears? Take notice to your own ears, you deef little adder!"

The women slanted together in tense astonishment, then whisked into the house.

"My ears! My ears a'ready?" danced Grandsire Tudt. "You old shoutin' feist! Can't see nothin' - can't hear nothin'—and then you up and say insults at a - "

"Let that bellerin', you mouthful of squirt! You jumpin' turkletop! You ——"

Both women fled to the rear porch. Eben followed. "He's speakin' somepin anyhow," he proffered with uneasy mirth.

"It is more awful among them than I ever could have thought!" Ida covered her ears with her little hands. "So near the swearing like what they are, they could be losing their souls ower it. It wonders me if Grampop Tudt wouldn't better be packing himself off pretty quick."

"No," said Eben shortly. "It was owing to us fur long a'ready that we should be taking our turn with him. I give him dare to stop by us as long as he feels fur."

"But that's it." Ida's fingers flustered at her bosom. "He can't be feeling fur it so wery long if it is going to make like this. His visit will be all spoiled through. And here's somepin else ag'in"—tragedy rode her gaze as she turned toward the girl—"if Grampop Misenhelder would git to feeling any more hard towards us, well ——"

Eben also turned toward his daughter. She looked from one to the other. She flushed and walked to the edge of the porch. "Leave him change off his will." Her still eyes brooded upon the distance. "If he don't feel fur inheriting his money to me, I don't feel fur wanting it neither. And Dave he gives me right on it."

"What fur kind of talk is this?" cried Eben. "What does it make, what you and Dave feel fur? Ain't grampop the head fur this family? If he ain't giving his dare fur you to marry Krenz you' ain't marrying him, and that's all to it."

"I give you right there," agreed Ida valiantly. "It's plenty fellers you kin marry with, but it's only one farm you kin git inherited with. Dave ain't ever gitting nothing inherited to him; you know that. With nine children a'ready in family and his mom still a steady perducer—one or how many every two years."

"Money ain't marrying and marrying ain't money," said the girl steadily, "and you can't ever go up-mixing them." Her arms suddenly racked as at invisible chains "What's Dave ever done him anyway? It's just that we're fur him, that's all. Grampop can't ever be fur nothing anybody else is. It's somepin wrong here. It's somepin wrong when one person in a house kin live everybody's life fur them." Flags of bright rebellion flew in her cheeks. Eben and his wife stared at their offspring for a moment as though they had never before seen her.

Eben blustered forward. "In my life I ain't ever hearing such dumb foolishness! But we won't argy no more words. If you ain't put it plain to Dave that he's to stop off from here, you march yourself quick and do it. And you speak it out plain, too, what grampop says last night a'ready, that if ever he is ketching him here ag'in onto these premises he will go to work and change off that will."

"Och, yes, the will," shivered Ida. "Between Exodus and Lewiticus it is still. I seen it here yesterday whiles I was dusting away the marble top. But you have told Dave a'ready, ain't?"

Zelda sat down. She almost smiled. "I told him a'ready," she said quietly.

A chair crashed backward upon the front porch. Ida clapped hands over ears. "Och, my souls, they are still at it! How could they of got the awful notion about the deefness anyhow? Come oncet—where was our manners anyway? Poor Grampop Tudt!"

Eben swung upon guilty heel toward the barn. "Grampop will take care of hisself," he muttered.

In this surmise it would appear that he was correct. Grandsire Tudt's demeanor as he stepped jauntily across the barnyard a few minutes later was reminiscent of one who still retains the lightweight championship.

"Old cheap sorrel!" he squeaked. "Saying insults at a feller's ears! He has jealous, the old deef monkey!"

"Now listen oncet, grampop," confessed Eben, abashed. "I just says he might mebbe be deef. I ain't saying he was deef. But I was always too much fur my jokes."

Grandsire Tudt considered him brightly. "Jokes oncet?" he meditated. He clapped his thin knee. "It's a good one! It's a dang good one! And I'll keep on a-hollerin'."

"But that's the point," implored Eben earnestly; "you ain't to keep on a-hollerin', fur he ain't deef."

"I'm a-goin' to keep on a-hollerin'," retorted Grandsire Tudt cabalistically, "fur the reason he ain't deef. Och, dopple! What do you guess I come a-visiting here fur? To set by you and Idy? Not anyways. I come fur to see how you was fetching up that little Zeldie and I come fur to match hoofs with that old sore rump."

"Well, now you matched a'ready ——"

"I ain't beginning ——"

"Now listen and leave me tell you somepin," pleaded Eben. "You make your claim always that Zeldie is your favorite grandchild, ain't? Well, it kin go awful bad fur her if you git him any more down on us towards what he is."

"It's easy seen you're leaving that overripe punkin sqush around ower you," scorned Grandsire Tudt. "Working his farm fur him yet, I make no doubt."

A lash of red whipped Eben's cheek. His eyes hardened as much as soft blue eyes can harden. "It comes to this," he said shortly: "If Zeldie ain't gitting from him she ain't gitting from nobody."

Grandfather Tudt had been pricked upon his one tender spot. His eyes veered mistily; he spiked feebly twice, but said nothing. Eben's arm flew wide in instant contrition. "But it's this way, grampop," he hastened; "she ain't wanting nothing else. This here big farm of Misenhelder's—my own hunert acres—why, anything else might spoil her through."

Grandfather Tudt, gazing down the long vista of his buoyant, unaccumulative years at the hither end of which close, close to him stood this little golden creature almost too beautiful to be real, still said nothing.

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"Och, Why Don't You Git You a Feller Where is a Feller? Somebody You Ain't Afraid to Marry With?"

SINCE THE BEANS WERE SPILLED

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

As a Bean Spiller the Honorable Calvin Coolidge Has Few Equals and No Superior

IT MUST be admitted that as a bean spiller the Honorable Calvin Coolidge has few equals and no superior. Up until the hour of twelve noon, on August second last, we all observed the great, opulent and somewhat snooty Republican Party on its prosperous way toward another presidential election with the candidate all decided upon, the preliminaries all arranged and the election of said candidate in the bag, as the sporting men are wont to say about those predetermined contests concerning the outcome of which there has been no slightest doubt in the minds of the promoters for a month or so prior to the events themselves.

The only cloud upon the Republican sky, on that eventful August second, was a little third-term nimbus here and there, but all the wise old meteorologists of the outfit, skilled in political sky gazing by years and years of practice, made light of these, saying they would amount to nothing and that for nomination day in June, 1928, and election day in the November following, everything would be bright and fair. It was all set by the Republican leaders for one of those joyous elective occasions that prove the great American people, possessed of the free and untrammeled ballot down to almost the last moron of either sex, know what is good for them politically and—which is more to the political point—what is good for their reigning house of politicians, the same being responsible for the setting, it seems almost unnecessary to state. Our Republican political masters had it all arranged. Then out stepped the instrument of all this anticipatory joy, the medium for all this smugly happy satisfaction, with a large pan in his capable Yankee hands containing every Republican bean there was, and spilled the said and calamitous beans all over the place.

At the moment the place was Rapid City, South Dakota; but by virtue of telegraph, telephone, radio, wigwag, thought transference, air mail, carrier pigeon, smoke signal and loud and despairing cries of "What the hell?" the locale was almost immediately made national, and it took on an international character soon thereafter.

It was at that historic moment, as may be recalled, that Mr. Coolidge—not having previously contributed to the vernacular after the manner of various of his predecessors as President, never having enriched the American tongue with a "strenuous life," or a "big stick" or an "innocuous desuetude" or a "normalcy" or a "too proud to fight"—considered it opportune to add the phrase, "I do not choose," to our national linguistic scheme, greatly to the delight of vaudeville monologists, wisecrackers, newspaper-column conductors, after-dinner speakers and the very considerable element of our population who write things on Ford cars, but much to the distress of the wheel horses, lead horses and just plain horses of the Republican political contingent who were looking forward—and not without reason—to four more years of Coolidge in the White House; a view not without its tinge of regret in certain quarters—certain Old Guard quarters, and halves also, let us say—but everywhere held with that patriotic resignation that marks the consideration of the politician who finds he must take his medicine or lose his job.

There is no hyperbole in the statement that all was excitement and that a large and raucous furor prevailed. Personally, I happened to be at a place wherein were two potential candidates for the Republican nomination, in case Mr. Coolidge meant what he said, and observed their reactions when the twelve words of the announcement fell upon their eager ears. The metamorphosis was instant. Two Republican statesmen, who had been going their submissive ways as spokes in the political wheel, immediately became balloon tires, got out adjustment kits and went to work to make the change. Not a moment was lost. Those boys shifted from passivity to activity in the twinkling of an eye.

Immediately, also, interpretative squads wheeled into action in all parts of the country. The President's twelve words were taken apart, letter by letter, and subjected to every known test for ulteriors, hidden meanings, clews, cryptograms, clarifications and nonapparent significances. Assuming our population to be 120,000,000, there were 119,999,999 interpreters instantly at work. The remaining individual felt no call to interpret. He was the original promulgator and he knew what he meant. The whole country churned itself into a fever over that "I do not choose."

What would have happened if the President had selected that other New England negation, "I would not wish," and had said "I would not wish to run" instead of "I do not choose to run," causes imagination to skid violently on its accustomed highways. In that case most of the politicians and political editorial writers would have been in psychopathic wards in a week's time.

Turning Down a New Lease

PRESENTLY the boys came out of it to some extent and then began telegraphing, telephoning and hurrying to Rapid City to find out precisely what sort of bug was concealed so artfully beneath the presidential chip. They all thought there was something artful about it. On the face of it, the thing was preposterous. Here was a popular tenant of the most desirable residence, from the point of power and eminence, in the world—the White House—with an unrestricted lease for another four years right in his pocket, practically refusing to accept that lease, turning it down cold, with one abrupt sentence of twelve abrupt words. It was against all reason. It was giving the Grand Old Party a smack in the eye. It was outside the regular order. It was unprecedented, unpolitical and unexpected. It couldn't be true, but if it was true, it must have a string tied to it. That was certain.

Then, as time wore on, it began to seep into the consciousnesses of such as retained any of that inestimable quality that when a native of Plymouth, Vermont, says he does not choose to do a thing, he bally well means he is not going to do that thing. Wave after wave of great politicians, great business men, great statesmen and lads who knew the President in the old days and could unerringly get the dope—watch them—broke upon Rapid City and were shattered into incoherence on the flinty cliffs of that "I do not choose." There it was. There it remained, with nothing added and nothing subtracted, and they ebbed

sadly back to the busy marts of trade and the busier marts of politics, abashed and abandoned and articulate only to the extent of the pathetic query: "Now what we goin' to do?" And there was no satisfactory or plausible answer at hand.

It was tough, boys, tough. In they went to plead, protest, persuade:

"Now, Mr. President, it is all right, of course, for you to say that, but think of the country, think of the party—think of us! We repeat, think of us! Everything is all set to renominate you. It is a cinch you will be elected. Surely you are not final—you do not mean it—you can be induced—you ——"

"One moment," came in stern tones from the President. "Evidently you have not seen my statement. I will have my secretary mail you a copy. . . . Good morning."

Out! Another chilled and chattering persuader tottered into the thin air of Rapid City, frozen to the marrow by the gelid finality of Chief Leading Eagle of the Ogallala Sioux.

Considerable water has passed over the political dam from that time to this—and some under it, also—and the spillways, as well as the crawfish holes, will be full from now on until nominating time. Ultimately the inevitability of the situation began to weigh down the politicians and demand both consideration and action. Here and there remained a doubter. Here and there moved a politician who felt that the issue could be forced. Notably, the Honorable William Butler, senator from Massachusetts and chairman of the Republican National Committee, who came into public life when Mr. Coolidge attained the presidency and evidently was filled with apprehension that he might leave it when his discoverer relinquished the job. Mr. Butler originated a draft-the-President movement—make him run—the interests of the party are paramount. Possibly the interests of Mr. Butler also, albeit that contingency was not mentioned in the prospectus. This movement, so the story goes, attained some momentum in Massachusetts and New England and received due mention in the newspapers.

A Bumper Crop of Shrinking Violets

THEN one morning, in his mail, Mr. Butler received a clipping from a Boston newspaper, in a White House envelope, and written across the clipping in unmistakable chirography were these words: "I want this stopped." There was no signature, but none was necessary, and the draft-the-President movement made a low, gurgling sound, shuddered convulsively thrice and fell dead at the feet of its perturbed father.

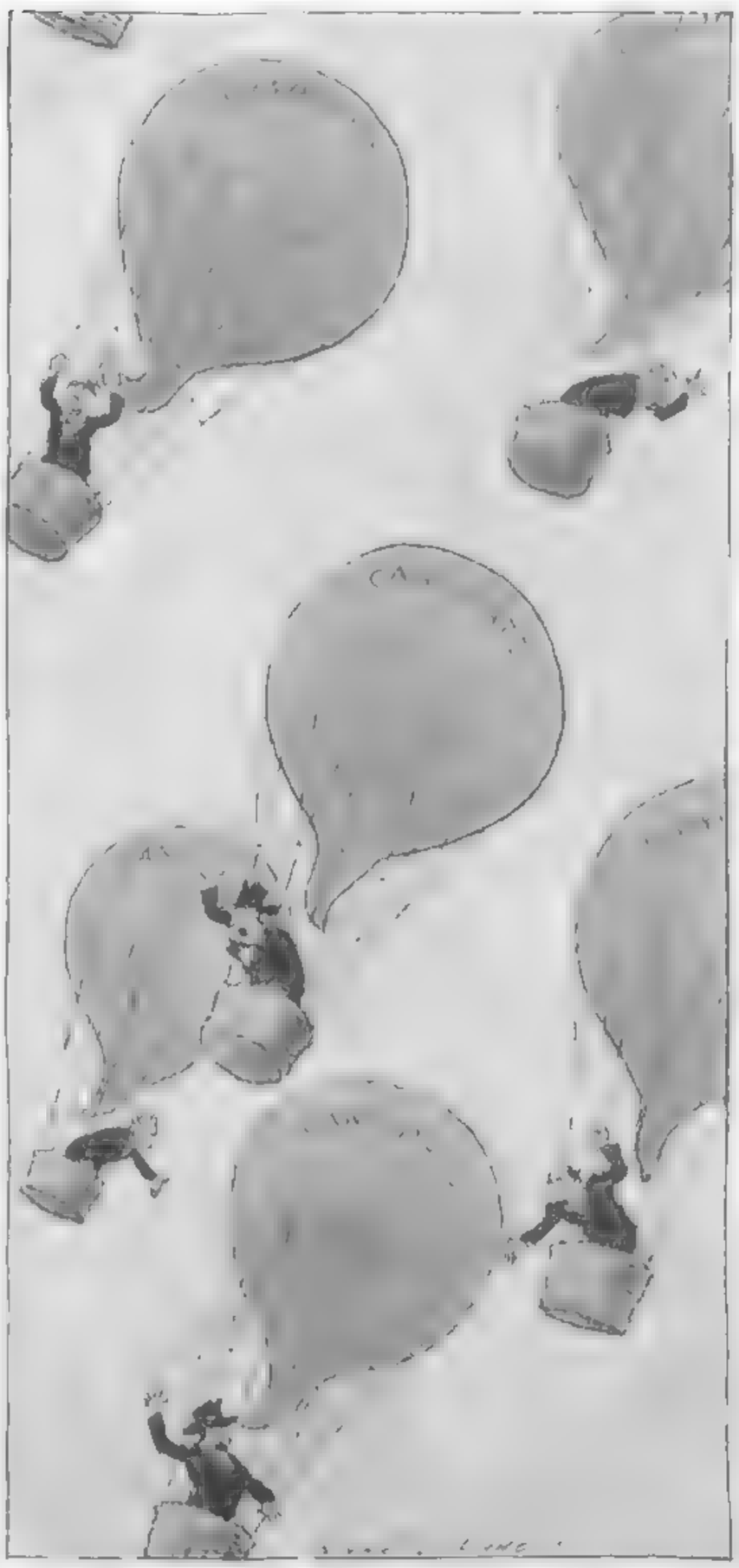
Eventually came the dawn. The light broke slowly, but it broke. There must be a Republican National Convention, there must be a Republican presidential nominee, there must be a campaign. All considerations of a pleasant Coolidge ratification meeting must be abandoned. Naturally, the most important consideration was the candidate—not a candidate, but the candidate. No crisis of this sort fails to develop plenty of candidates. Indeed, it does not take a crisis to develop them. The merest hint that there may be a chance brings them out of the high grass in platoons.

Observe, for example, the United States Senate. The wispiest whisper of opportunity becomes a roar of demand in the ears of the ninety-six statesmen assembled there. Every American-born one of them has surpassing qualifications. He may be the only one who recognizes and appreciates these, but that suffices. There is no law that prohibits any man who is thirty-five years of age and American-born from becoming a candidate for a presidential nomination. There should be, of course, but there isn't.

The development of a candidacy for a presidential nomination is often interesting in its results and always simple in its inception. It begins with the ambitious statesman's self-directed question: "Why not?" and ends with the national convention's searching query: "Why?" Often the answers to both questions are absurd, but every nation needs a certain quantity of political absurdity to keep it balanced. If we did not have our politics, we would be dependent largely on the movies, and no people deserves a punishment like that.

The ideal hypothesis of politics is that the office should seek the man, but the practical American idea is that the man who wants the office will fare much better if he does a reasonable amount of seeking himself. However, it developed at the beginning of what is now going on politically throughout the country that the better politics seemed to be to substitute the ideal method for the practical for the time being, and we observed in the Republican Party, after a fair degree of rationality had returned to those eminent therein, that certain citizens of availability—conceded by themselves, at any rate—proceeded in a dignified and orderly manner to get into good, accessible positions in order that the office, on a seeking expedition, might have little or no difficulty in finding them.

They all had the same thought. Far be it from them to remain in hiding, or even in partial concealment, but farther be it from them to appear to be either active or anxious. The style of those boys was considerably cramped. Of course the President meant what he said but —— That was a harassing but. It hung heavy over the heads of all of them. Should the situation change, all of them put together could not prevent the renomination of Coolidge. And they knew how silly they would look in trying. So, beyond a few preliminary announcements—attended to by their press agents, but, of course, without their knowledge—they contented themselves at the start with holding fast to the idea and, aside from indicating by various flares, signposts and signal smokes where they could be found, waited more or less impatiently for the advent of the seeking office, stood a few paces to the front in order that they might easily be found.



Far be it From Them to Remain in Hiding, or Even in Partial Concealment

That was the situation during August and September; but now, at the time of writing, which is mid-October, there has been a slight but appreciable change, as the doctors say. Modesty still prevails, and a most commendable—and unusual—lack of self-assertion and self-exploitation, both tempered, however, with the self-protective determination that the other fellows shall not get any better breaks in the way of publicity, which is the reason why a number of skillful political press agents who hadn't much to do before August second last now have excellent jobs. Nothing blatant. Inspired in each instance by a handful of friends of those prominently mentioned after Mr. Coolidge withdrew as available for the kind favors of the national convention, friends who seek to see to it, in purely friendly manner, that such prominent mention remains prominent instead of being crowded out of the great newspaper tribunes of the people by the crime, divorce, aviation, movie and sporting news, to say nothing of the comic strips.

The Root of All Political Evil

MONEY? Hush! Do not speak that vile word. It is a term not now current in polite politics. At the mere mention of money, at the least whisper of the dreaded dough, at the most remote intimation of political expenditure—every candidatorial hand goes up in repellent horror, every candidate backs shudderingly away, every aspirant becomes virtuously indignant. Not a dime! Not a nickel! Nothing, in fact, and even less than that. Each is, and will so remain, purer than the driven snow so far as spending anything to get the nomination is concerned.

It isn't done. Those days are past. What with the poignant memories of the millions spent to no avail in the 1920 preliminaries, what with the recollection of Newberry and the looming shadows of Smith and Vare, what with the Reed Committee and the stuff that is coming out here, there and almost everywhere concerning the use of political mazuma for the getting delegates, packing primaries and all this and that—this is the season of political purity and impeccability. Even the elastic expense account has vanished.

No, sir-ree! You will not find any candidate personally interested in or personal purveyor of a political dollar. They are all standing aloof and making the sternest efforts to remain immune. It will take somebody smarter than Jim Reed and his smartest sleuths to tie a nickel of political expenditure to any statesman who is making a serious set for the presidential nomination. The delegates must come of their own free will and accord, must rally round because of the high character, great attainments and surpassing availability of their choice, and not for or because of any financial inducements whatsoever. All that stuff is off—so far as the candidates are concerned. There they are, each on an appropriate pedestal, unsullied and unsullicable by any contact of any sort with the contaminating dough.

Of course there are legitimate expenses, but even those are pushed aside, left to the maintenance of friends and well-wishers. Every candidate has friends, some of them wealthy. What is more natural than the banding together of these friends in a purely friendly manner and the raising of a jack pot in order that the country may be informed properly as to the extreme desirability of the nomination of the eminent friend of these solicitous friends? What is more natural and more explainable when investigating committees come around? No stain or attainder can attach to the candidate, because he did not participate in what was done and had only friendly knowledge of it. It was a tribute, not a taint.

Well, brethren, that is how things stand in a monetary manner. This is a campaign wherein the candidates have locked their purses, sewed up their pockets and burned their check books. It may be—indeed, it is quite possible—that money has been spent and will be spent in the preconvention activities of this campaign, but you can lay

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THE CRASHER

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

WHY are there no seats on Broadway? It's the greatest show on earth. No drama in any of its theaters compares with the comedy-tragedy-farce-melodrama that plays all night and day on its sidewalks. No plot, perhaps. But has life a plot?

Now and then I go to a little office which looks down on Broadway in the upper Forties. From it I can watch the stage of the street and listen to Honest John Rooney talk. It's his office. He's called "Honest John," according to legend, because once, in a distant day when Times Square was considered way uptown and theaters were not cathedrals, he found a glass eye belonging to a stranger and returned it at once.

Honest John is a man of affairs. He guides the destinies of two pachydermous Turks who rove the land and indulge in wrestling matches here and there. They're advertised as "grudge matches."

First Ike wins. Next time Mike wins. Everybody is satisfied, including Honest John, who receives a third of their takings.

He owns a quarter interest in the Flappers and Widows road show; he acts as managing director to one Busy Izzy Blum, who would be a better heavyweight if he could remember to duck; he moves with a proprietary air about the premises of the Chesterfield Chess Club from which, one night, a stranger from Scranton was incontinently hurled by Billy, the bartender, for trying to play chess. In one way and another Honest John manages to keep himself in silk shirts—his only vice.

Sitting in his window one afternoon, half listening to one of his sagas, which have no beginning, middle or end, I beheld a motor car glide up to the curb. It was a very impressive car, conceived on a grand and gaudy scale. Its body was a glowing orange, and it had fiery red wheels. It had bright nickel spotlights in at least seven places. The name of its owner was inscribed on the side in letters big enough for me to read them from my window without difficulty:

LEO SPELLACY

I heard at my elbow a grunt. It was Honest John's method of expressing that he, as a philosopher, sometimes was forced to pause and wonder at the mystery of life.

"Ain't it enough," he remarked, "to make you go home and rob your own flat, and then call yourself up on the telephone and confess?"

"What is?"

"The way things happen," he said. "Just listen to this one."

Everybody called him the Rubber-nosed Duck—said Honest John. If he had any other name, nobody knew it. Maybe he didn't know it himself. He belonged on Broadway like brass buttons on a cop's uniform. Claimed he was born in the Times Square Subway Station. Maybe he was. Anyhow, Broadway was his nursery. No folks. He just ran wild.

I remember seeing him first as an undersized runt of a kid with a low-comedy pan, peddling papers at the corner of Forty-third. I bought one and handed him a dime. Papers was two cents in those days.

"Haven't any change," he said.

"That's an old gag, son," I told him. "Don't try to pull it on the man who invented it."

He grinned; and he had a grin that took in his whole face.

"It usually works," he said. "But seeing you're a wise guy, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll flip up and if it comes heads you get the paper for nothing. Are you on?"

"It's a damp break you're giving me," I said, "but I'll go you."

He flipped the coin into the air and it fell right through one of those sidewalk gratings.

"We're both outa luck," he said. "Here, sport, take your paper. I'll make change for this one."

I took the paper and went off, and around the corner I opened it up to see who won the third race at Belmont. It says Dixie Daisy won, and I couldn't get that because she wasn't entered. Then I tumbled. It was yesterday's paper.

Now, Broadway is the greatest sucker street in the world, but they squawk louder here when they get burnt than anywheres else. I hate to be gypped and I don't claim a patent on that. So I walked back to the young merchant's pitch just in time to see him fishing my dime up out of the grating with a piece of chewing gum on the end of a string.

He grins when he sees me. Is he scared or ashamed or anything? Not a bit of it. "Money cheerfully refunded," the Duck chirps and hands me a dime.

"Young Fella," I Said, "With Your Nerve and Conscience You'll End Up Either Rich, or in Jail, or Both"

"How about another paper?" I say. "Today's preferred."

He hunts through his papers, pulls one out and hands it to me. It was today's paper all right, but it was all mussed up.

"It looks secondhand," I said.

"It reads the same as the brand-new ones," he said.

"Young fella," I said, "with your nerve and conscience you'll end up either rich, or in jail, or both."

But I took the used paper just the same.

"Listen, sport," said the Duck—he looked fourteen, and was actually eight or nine, and he talked like he was forty—"I got to have my cakes and coffee the same as you, and in this man's town cows don't give milk—you gotta take it away from them. Some guys start with a shoe string and make a pile, but I ain't even got a shoe string."

Which was true enough. He was wearing an old pair of woman's high button shoes, three sizes too big for him, and most of the buttons off.

"I'll bet you expect to make a pile just the same," I said.

"You said something that time," he said. "Jack in the bank, that's me. Plenty. I'll make it and I'll spend it. I'll live high."

"I don't doubt it," I said "But how are you going to get along in the meanwhile."

"Oh, I don't do so bad," he said. "I sleep in a stable over near Tenth Avenue. The big stiff who owns the dump doesn't know it yet. For food I play the automats. You'd be surprised how many guys walk out leaving half a sandwich on their plate and some Java in their mug. I get my papers by slipping into the Subway with the crowd and gathering up the throw-aways."

"H'm," I said. "You seem to have solved the problem of how to live on nothing a year."

"Well," he said, speaking like my grandfather, "I've seen a lot of people in my time and I ain't met one yet that wasn't trying to get something for nothing."

That was my first meeting with the Rubber-nosed Duck. They called him that because what little nose he had to start with was flattened in a scrap with another newsy. That night I stopped for a shine and when I tried to slip the Greek the dime the kid had given me, Nick lets out a roar. It wasn't my original dime at all. It's a phony.

After that, from time to time I'd run across the Duck. He was always fairly dirty and his clothes had belonged to a couple of other people before they got to him, but he always had a grin that wouldn't rub off and he seemed to be getting a lot of fun out of being alive.

Well, time shoots by in this town, and the first thing I knew I had sprouted a second chin and the Duck was a weedy young fellow with his first derby hat. I spot him leaning against a building, his only visible means of support. He's not hawking extras now.

"Where'd you get the kelly, Duck?" I asked.

He winked. "Six-day bicycle race," he said.

"What you doing these days?"

For once he spoke serious. "I got a profession," he said.

"Getting rich?"

"Nope. But I'm the best in my line, just the same."

A ham stepped up to touch me for a ten-spot just then and I didn't have a chance to find out what the Duck's profession was. A bit later I found out. The Duck was a gate crasher.

I guess maybe you'd hardly call that a profession. There's no dough in it, only the kick. The Duck was right, too, when he admitted he was good at it. He led his league, all right.

Now here's just one more funny thing about human nature. We're all different—that is, we got different kinds of necks and like different kinds of chow and get dizzy about some dame in different ways—but one thing we all have in common: At heart we're all gate crashers. Mooching a free look ain't exactly a modern invention either. I'll bet the first time they had one of those martyr-eating contests in Rome some guy tried to get in without paying by claiming he was a personal friend of one of the lions.

Any newspaperman will tell you cases where some near friend with plenty of frog skins of his own has pestered and soft-soaped him for days and blown him to fancy feeds, and all for what? Just to work him for a free pass to the circus! A worthy onion will spend ten dollars in cash, twenty in time and fifty in gravy to graft a three-thirty ducat for a bum show. A lad you couldn't bribe with a grand will stand on his head and wag his ears for an Annie Oakley. So think fast, captain, before you high-hat the Duck.

Yes, people have been trying to get in for nothing ever since Eve crashed the Garden of Eden. But the Rubber-nosed Duck was the first to raise gate crashing to a fine

"My Newspaper Friends Will be Amused to Hear About This," the Duck Would Say

art. It was his life work, see. It was his big tingle. There have been and there are other pretty clever gate crashers, but the Duck was the Old Master. The others were carbon copies who stole his stuff. The Duck was original and he had more brass than a seventy-piece band. Why, he'd have marched up to the Pearly Gates and crashed by Saint Peter by claiming he was a barber the angels had sent for to trim their wings. For years the Duck saw everything there was to see and he never paid a cent. He began to build up a rep, and he was puffed up about it. He'd have cut off his ears sooner than pay for a ticket to anything on earth. Then something happened—but we'll come to that.

Naturally, gatekeepers—and they're a hard-boiled tribe—began to be on the lookout for the Duck. That didn't wrinkle his brow none. The harder the gate, the more wallop he got out of crashing it. It was a sport, see, like popping over lions.

They nearly had him stopped at the Dempsey-Willard thing in Toledo. But just before the gong rang the Duck comes staggering up to one of the gates with a big cake of ice on his shoulder, bawling, "Gangway! Gangway! Ice for the fighters!" He saw the scrap from the ringside, sitting on his cake of ice.

Before they got wise he saw most of the shows in town by dressing in an old cutaway and trick Vandyke beard, and rushing up to the ticket taker with a black satchel in his hand just after the curtain went up, and yelling:

"Where's the sick lady? I'm the doctor they sent for."

When the ticket men got suspicious and took to yanking at the real whiskers of perfectly good doctors, the Duck had to drop this racket and think up a new one.

He pulled this one out of his bag. If he wanted to catch a show some night, he breezed up to the reservation window early and said in a loud, firm voice:

"Seats for Mr. Smith."

Now, with all the Smiths in the world, there was a good chance that some Smith had ordered seats for that night. The Duck snared them. Of course he was too smart to sit in the seats. Once in, he aimed to stay in. That was part of the game. So he'd stand up until after the first act and then spot an empty.

Sometimes the box-office man would say, "Smith? What initial?"

"J," the Duck would say.

Again the law of averages was with him. A good many of the Smiths are J. Smiths. You'd think old man Smith would show a little class and name his sons Hippopotamus Smith or Prussic-acid Smith or something catchy like that. If the Duck was out of luck at the first show shop, he'd buzz down the line, and what with all the theaters and all the Smiths, he generally caught something. If all the Smiths were staying home that night, the Duck would start all over again, trying "Cohen." If they asked him what Cohen, he'd pipe, "Max." Now I know personally seventeen Max Cohens, and they're all spenders. Figure out the Duck's chances.

If Cohen didn't pan out, the Duck didn't give up. He still had Jones, Williams and Levy. After a time and a lot of rows, the theater people got hep, and if you said you were Max Cohen they made you prove it.

So the Duck got himself some cards printed. Some of them read:

MR. C. BASIL BUCKINGHAM
LEADING MAN
THE DEVONSHIRE PLAYERS

He'd doll up in a winged collar, spats and a cane, and slip a card through the ticket window and murmur in what he thought was an English accent, but which they'd have shot him for in London:

"I say, old thing, you're passing the profession, what?"

If they weren't passing the profession, he'd turn up later with another card:

BARLOW JAMES HARRIS
DRAMATIC CRITIC
THE DAILY BANNER

His make-up for this was a frowsy slouch hat, eyeglasses on a black ribbon, and a nasty, sour look.

He'd say, very upstage and superior:

"Al"—or Lee or Flo or Charlie, as the case might be—"said I'd be taken care of."

Now theater managers ain't exactly in love with the newspapers, but at the same time they ain't slipping poison in their gin—unless they're sure they won't get caught at it. The birds in the box office never heard of the Daily Banner, since most of 'em read nothing but Variety and the Daily Running Horse, but they weren't taking chances of getting panned, so the Duck got by fine with this spiel till he tried it on Georgie White, who sits in his own box office at the Scandals, and Georgie tipped all the other managers to the Duck's newest dodge.

The managers weren't sore at the Duck. They enjoy a game of wits themselves. Besides, you couldn't get very sore at the Duck. He was always so good-natured. Besides, I guess show people and fight promoters have a sort of brotherly feeling for a slicker.

The Duck didn't really care much about shows. He crashed 'em just to keep in practice. What he was really keen on were the big sporting events—the champeenship fights, the important football games and the World Seriouses. He never missed one.

Take that serious when the Yanks were playing the Giants. The Duck would slide up to one of the gatekeepers who didn't know him, and pulling a sinister look, would whisper:

"Has a fat man in a blue shirt gone through?"

Well, half the men in New York are fat men in blue shirts, so the gateman would probably say, "Yeah What about it?"

"That," the Duck would whisper, "must be Denver Dan Skinner, wanted for murder. I'm Detective McNab. I want that man."

Then the Duck would flip back his coat and give the gateman a quick flash at a badge pinned on his vest. Badges scare most folks. This one read:

HONORARY DEPUTY SHERIFF OF CATTARAUGUS COUNTY

The Duck had picked it up in a hock shop for two bits. That badge got the Duck into many a ball game and fight before some fast-eyed sharpshooter recognized the Duck and took it away from him.

Other gate crashers claim this next one for their own, but it was the Duck who really invented it.

He tried to crash the Army-Navy football game one year. He got bounced back time and again. They somehow wouldn't believe that he was Colonel Carter of the Marines

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"You'll Get 10 Per Cent," He Says. "Now Get in There and Fight"

GRATITUDE

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

Tift Shook His Head With Decision. "No. I Wouldn't Want You to Cross Her, Habe. Sooner Lose Your Trade Than Have You Do That"

THE twins were sacking oats in the granary when Flora came out with her grocery list. There was no very great physical resemblance between them, although both were big and deeply sunbrowned, and each had inherited an honest share of Lester Gannon's regularity of feature. Their twinship expressed itself chiefly in a similarity of movement, in their trick of team play, each one choosing, without debate or hesitation, his share of this as of any other task that confronted them. Without words, Herbert held the sack while Arthur swung the scoop shovel; the filled sack, carried between them, was deposited in the wagon box by a concerted swing of shoulder invariably agreed as to timing and direction. There was no waste of strength or movement, and the deliberate tempo accomplished a good deal more in a given time than its pace suggested.

They were not at once aware of their stepmother's presence beside the doorway, and she watched them, her lips compressed and an upright line between her definite eyebrows, a look in which affection and impatience were simultaneous without blending. "Don't use that sack, Herbert. Don't you see the hole in it?"

The speech issued from her in a spurt of words expelled as if by inner pressure. The two men swung about to face her, moving seemingly in unison. Their vague facial resemblance became instantly more distinct, the same expression sufficing to offset differences of feature.

"I can stuff some hay in the hole," said Herbert. He spoke with an effect of effort, his words shaped neatly and spaced as if he chose them one by one, like a man dealing with an alien tongue. Arthur, without speech, reached out to the mow and pulled a handful of timothy from its overhanging fringe. Flora Gannon sighed; she moved forward with her characteristic darting, birdlike gait and took the torn bag from Herbert with the kindly decision of one who impounds a dangerous plaything from a child.

"I'll bring you down a good one," she said. Her gaze surveyed the gaping rent. "I'll have to patch this; it's too big to darn. You've used it this way two or three times, haven't you?" She paused briefly, but went on without waiting for admission: "If you'd only bring them in to be mended as soon as you find the very smallest hole it would save me work, Herbert, and the bags would wear longer too."

"Yes, ma'am." They spoke in chorus, Arthur manifestly including himself in the gentle rebuke. Submission disarmed her; the upright line vanished and there was only affection now in the reluctant softening of her firm mouth. She turned abruptly; her steps rustled briskly in the litter of the barn floor. The twins exchanged a mildly accusing glance.

"I told you," began Herbert.

His brother, stooping to fill the scoop, grunted defensively. "Pa used to stuff hay in the holes," he said. "You've seen him do it a hundred times."

"I know." Herbert spoke now with a diction slightly less precise than the labored manner of his word in Flora's presence. "But it was slipshod, all the same. And she always found out, sooner or later, same as this time." He shook down the grain in the half-filled sack and slipped its mouth neatly over the lip of the rising scoop. "She works hard enough, Op. We ——"

Flora's step gave him pause. He observed that at least a dozen empty sacks hung in the bend of her arm.

"I found a good many with holes in them," she said, only her tone suggesting reproach. "Here's a good one, though." She handed it to Herbert. "And here's the list." Her face changed slightly as she gave him the slip, covered with her neat, firm script. "I'm afraid you'll have to go to Spinner's. It's just hopeless, trying to trade at Tift's. I've tried to be patient, but I'm not going to pay out good money for stale groceries and I'm sick and tired of telling Sam Tift so."

"Yes, ma'am." Herbert folded and pocketed the paper. She stood by, watching while the process of sacking was resumed; her presence somehow accelerated its rhythm. The last bag was heaved up to the wagon box and the spring seat placed above it. The twins climbed up over opposite hubs, Herbert inevitably taking the lines.

"It's so silly for you both to go," she said. "Herbert's perfectly able to handle those oats alone, and you could be cutting the brush along the fence, Arthur. But I suppose I'm just wasting breath when I say so."

It was an old issue, harking back to the dawn of their acquaintance, when Les Gannon had startled the Glen by persuading Flora Dutton to drop her school-teaching right in the middle of the term and work her fingers to the bone for him and the twin babies poor Belle had left along with the tumble-down house and decaying farm she had heired from old Matt Hingham. From the very beginning Flora had been able to do with the twins as she saw fit in all respects save one; not even her resolute discipline had succeeded in resigning them to separation.

It had been her one defeat, and she still accepted it, after twenty years, as but temporary, a working compromise subject to change at any moment she might elect. She hadn't given in. As long as there was work to be done, discipline or no, she sensibly acquiesced in the only method of getting it accomplished, just as she had submitted, when the boys were three, and her attempt to make Herbert pick peas while Arthur helped her in the kitchen had wasted the better part of a day without result in peas or housework. Together, from the beginning, they toiled docilely at any task she set, coördinating smoothly like one pair of hands instead of two. Separated, each gave himself over single-mindedly to the vital business of getting back to his brother.

A common expression of purpose again deepened the resemblance between them now. "I want Op to help me unload," said Herbert.

"Arthur," she corrected. He nodded acceptance; their baby nicknames had been the first target of Flora's reforming genius. Habe and Op! Not once had either of the slovenly distortions found unchidden utterance in Flora's hearing, and addressing each other thus in safe privacy, both the twins spoke, by habit, in a tone discreetly lowered.

"Yes, ma'am. I meant to say Arthur." He lifted the lines. "We'll tackle the weeds when we get back—first thing."

"Dick's shoes need setting," she called as the wagon backed away from her. "You'd better have the team shod all around while you're at it."

"Yes, ma'am," they promised in chorus. The tire scraped dismally against the iron strap at the base of the wagon box; the horses, headed now toward the adventure of the open road, surged into their ridiculous, gigantic trot. Flora called sharply against the clatter of the loose wheels, and, as if in answer to her protest, Herbert pulled the team down to a walk. Flora had proved long ago that you made better speed with Clydesdales if you kept them rigorously to their normal plodding gait.

The twins drew in their breath and exchanged glances singularly alike. Each, with exactly the same gesture, moved his hand to a pocket and produced a cob pipe. It was only after they had turned the corner, however, and were invisible from the house, that these were filled and lighted. Flora held exceedingly definite views as to the harmfulness and extravagance of tobacco, but it had come to be tacitly agreed that if there was no smoking on the farm there would be no serious reproaches about the smell of it that came home with Habe and Op from absences like this.

Habe's conscience troubled him dimly, however, as he puffed in time with Op. He shook his head vaguely and spoke along the pipestem. "Always feel kind of mean,

crossing her about anything," he said. "Worked herself half to death for us, she has."

His speech, away from Flora's alertly critical ear, became the thrifty, elliptic jargon of the Glen, dispensing with superfluous nominative pronouns and comfortably slurring final consonants.

"It's all her," he continued meditatively. "Carried the heft of the place on her neck ever since pa married her."

"Great hand to work, though, pa was," said Op. "Be alive right now if he'd taken things easier. Guess he did his share, all right."

"Uh-huh." Habe reflected deliberately. "He worked, all right, but she was back of him every minute, same as she's back of us now." He wagged his head. "Slipshod, pa was, if he had his way. Might's well admit that. Easy-going, kind of—leave the self-binder stand out in the barnyard all winter sooner'n take the trouble to back it under the shed. Everlastingly at him, she was. Got to own up, Op. If it hadn't been for her the place wouldn't be worth working. Remember when it wasn't much better'n Joe Dodd's is right now—barn about ready to fall in, fences all rotted down, weeds everywhere. She kept after pa till he fixed it up. No use trying to pretend he'd 've done it if she hadn't."

"House too." Op's tone matched Habe's, the tone of one who invites his own attention, rather than that of another listener, to facts not in dispute but for some ungiven reason demanding restatement. "Only three rooms to it when she married pa."

"Yes, and about ready to cave in, according to the way pa always talked." Habe's tone did not suggest that he was giving information; it was like Op's, the voice of one who rehearses familiar matters. "No use talking, she's a wonder. It's all her doing, Op—every bit of it. Pa always said so."

There was a brief silence before Op went on: "Beats me why she did it. Look at how she was raised. Used to having things easy—gas stoves and a bathtub and everything, and she throws up good pay, teaching school, to go and marry pa and work herself to death for the three of us."

Habe pondered. "Pa must have had a kind of way with him when he was young," he suggested. "He was just a hired hand, working by the day, when he married ma; and then when he had us two on his hands, he went and got a wonder like Flora for his second. Yes, sir, he must have had a way with him those days."

There was a silence while each regarded the mental portrait of Les Gannon in his later aspect, trying to reconcile the lean, stoop-shouldered drudge with the quality implicit in Habe's hypothesis. They had never achieved any very close acquaintance with their father; Flora had somehow stood between, keeping them with her in and about the house till they were old enough to be useful in the fields, and contriving somehow to remain spiritually present when they began to help Les Gannon on the land, so that his tongue had always lain under some measure of the restraint that kept it stilled and awkward when Flora was within hearing.

That sense of her presence in the field had not been altogether imaginary; she had a dismaying genius for knowing what went on all over the farm, especially if anything went wrong. Let a carelessly built load of hay slide off the wagon in the upper pasture, half a mile from the house, and it would turn out, at dinnertime, that Flora had just happened to go up to the berry patch in time to see it; she'd know, too, why it happened and how to avoid its happening again; not just a fool woman's notion that she knew, but the reasoned, unanswerable certainty of competence.

Even when they were in the woodlot, clear at the upper edge of the place, Lester Gannon always spoke as if Flora might be listening, and the twins themselves shared in that uneasy sense of her invisible presence.

"I guess we'd better take and chop up the brush. Makes first-rate stove wood."

And they would bundle even twigs into fagots accordingly, all three aware that it was done as if by Flora's immediate bidding. It was her idea to use brush in the cookstove and leave just so much more hickory and maple to be sold—a cheeseparing, puttering notion against which decent masculine instinct rebelled, but which, like all Flora's rulings, couldn't be disputed.

She had the figures on her side—not that either Gannon or the twins ever would have challenged her to quote them; she marshaled them voluntarily in support of her commands. She wasn't ever arbitrary or unreasonable about anything; she was merely right, and able and willing, unasked, to prove it.

Inevitably the twins formed the habit therefore of thinking past Les Gannon. He taught them, to be sure, the cruder science of his craft—his tricks with horses, for instance, his knack of getting his leg muscles into the heave that swung up a haycock in a single forkful, the twist of the wrist as the splitting ax struck—but it was Flora who ran the farm, and there was never even a courtesy fiction to give Les Gannon credit or responsibility for it. He won a kind of affection from his sons, but it was never tempered by respect or admiration; alive, he had scarcely more importance in their sight as a factor in affairs than now that he was dead. Indeed, it was only after his death that the twins became more than vaguely conscious of him. They had never found it worth while to discuss him while he lived, but afterwards they discovered that he interested them, a riddle of a man, continually prompting them to speculative reminiscence.

"He certainly changed by the time we started to remember him," said Op. "Beats me how he ever made out to get Flora. She's a good-looking woman right now. It stands to reason she was prettier then—must have had other chances—better ones, you'd think."

Habe wagged his head. "Beats me." He lifted the lines as the team drew into the long, level straightaway toward the village huddled in the crooked elbow of the hill. "Get up there, you Dick. Le's see some speed."

"Hadn't better," said Op. "She's bound to notice if they've been sweating."

Habe let the lines go loose and the horses subsided to their wonted plod. "I'd kind of like to let 'em run once in a while," he said, "but I guess you're right."

"Flora's right too," said Op. "You make better time with a heavy team if you keep 'em down to a walk. They're bred and trained to it; trotting takes too much out of 'em. They'll walk a lot slower afterwards."

Habe nodded. The lines lay on the broad backs and the wagon moved on at its drawling pace, a dust cloud keeping step with it. They unloaded the sacked oats and corn at the mill, transmitting a message from Flora to Eb Griscom as he trucked the bags away. It had to do with reshingling the church, a question lying wholly within Griscom's discretion, but Flora's opinion carried visible weight with him.

"You might tell her we'll do it that way," he said. "Much obliged to her for the idea." He wagged his flour-dusted beard. "Smart, your ma is." They nodded agreement. The miller enlarged on the topic. "Lucky thing for you boys you got her looking after you."

Again they nodded. At the blacksmith shop, Dan Yoachum, an admiring eye on the team, remembered that Flora had bought the colts against Doc Laurin's expert counsel and clicked his tongue before the visible vindication of her judgment. The twins shambled away in step, turned into the main street and came presently to an embarrassed pause before Sam Tift, shirt-sleeved and friendly, in the doorway of his grocery store.

"Your ma well, is she?" He spoke, somehow, as if Flora might be listening. "I've been trying to get round to stocking up that baking powder she wanted, but ——"

"Needn't bother about it," said Habe shortly. He liked Sam, and the necessity of bringing him unwelcome news lay darkly on his spirit. "She said for us to trade at Spinner's after this."

Sam's face clouded. "I'm real sorry. Sooner lose any other customer I've got."

The twins shuffled their feet unhappily. "Habe and I'd be glad to keep on trading here," said Op, "but she ——"

"I know." Tift nodded gloomily. "Serves me right, I guess. Had it in mind to order that baking powder for her and clean forgot it." He sighed. "I don't know as I blame your ma for losing her patience, only I got so many things on my mind since pa died. Can't seem to get used to running the store single-handed." He straightened his rounded shoulders and achieved a dismal grin. "Part friends, anyhow," he said. "You be sure and tell her I said so."

"I hate to do it," said Habe slowly. "We've been trading here ever since I can remember." His tone stiffened. "I got a good mind to give you another chance, Sam. You get that baking powder she wants and ——"

Tift shook his head with decision. "No. I wouldn't want you to cross her, Habe. Sooner lose your trade than have you do

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"They'll Take the Farm, and I Can't Stop It! It Isn't Fair!"

EASY COME, EASY GO

As Told by Poker Alice Tubbs to Courtney Ryley Cooper

IN THE bitter high-country January of 1891 four persons made their slow way afoot over the white-and-black mountains of the Colorado Rockies from Del Norte to a place then commonly known as King Solomon's Mines. There was no trail; there was no shelter save overhanging cliffs, reflecting the blazing heat of a tremendous log fire at night; there was only the food that was carried on one's back and the small game that dropped to one's rifle

But, after all, these difficulties mattered little. Gold — and silver — was in the offing: money to be gained from the ground by three miners, and for the fourth member of the party, a woman, the hope of a big stake in the turn of a card or the threat of a stack of chips, shoved to the center of the table at the climactic moment of a game of draw poker. I was that woman, and I was about to add the obvious statement that I was a professional gambler. Perhaps I should have used only the term "professional." Gamblers all, we were in those days. Some played their games with pawns of merchandise or cattle or with the pick and pan in search of gold. I preferred my game to be that of cards.

Poker Alice (in Army Shirt and Hat) Deals a Game of Faro at Deadwood's Days of '76 Celebration. Several of the Men About the Table are Old-Time Characters of the Black Hills; the Bearded Man at the Extreme Right is Grasshopper Jim, a Noted Character of the Bear Butte Region of the Black Hills. The Coatless Man, Opposite Poker Alice, is the Game's Case Keeper; at Her Right, With the Gun, is the Lookout, Whose Duty is to Watch and Pay Bets

Not that this journey to King Solomon's Mines, soon to be known as the magic city of Creede, was my initiation into the West as a woman gambler. Far from it. I had set my poker face and chewed my big black cigar and brought the cards from the faro box in practically every big camp of the West before this time. I simply cite the journey as an instance of what the gambler of the old days—man or woman—would undergo to reach a new camp and to be on the ground floor when the boom really broke.

The Thrill of Bucking the Game

THERE were seven people in Creede when I half ran, half slid down the icy hills into the bottle-shaped canyon which soon was to become one of the wildest camps of the West. Six of them were men, the seventh Mrs. N. C. Creede, wife of the discoverer of the diggings. Little opportunity with this small population for a professional gambler to make a living. But camps grew swiftly in those days. By the time I had snaked my own logs down from the near-by hills upon icy skidways and built my own cabin, the population had increased sufficiently for a woman with quick eyes and a poker face to make a living. It was a way mining camps had in those days, and flush times are the harvest times for a professional gambler.

The term "professional gambler" has a greatly different meaning today from what it possessed forty or more years ago. Then it was not an outlaw practice to live by one's wits and one's ability to outguess the other person in a contest of cards. Dishonesty and crookedness were not the constant companions of games of chance. The gambler played because he loved it for the thrill of the turn of a card or a tight pinch in a contest with persons as sharp as he. Dishonesty hurt the thrill; when crookedness came to gambling, the real professionals quit, leaving the name to be taken by men—and women—who should have been called professional crooks instead.

I am seventy-four years old now. I dealt faro in old Fort Fetterman when the soldiers were there—a fort, incidentally, that has been abandoned now for more than thirty years. I saw Bob Ford killed just as I came off the afternoon faro shift in his gambling hall at Creede. I've won and lost in Alamosa, in Del Norte, in El Paso, in San Marcial; during the boom days of Leadville, Georgetown, Central City, and when miners' money was plentiful in Lead and Deadwood and a score of other camps; but in all that time I handled a cold deck only once, and that for a joke. It was the thrill of it, to buck the game and beat the game; the true gambler was like the proverbial hackman who spent his day off riding on the box of a fellow cab driver. When a dealer in the old days was through with his work he bucked the game at another gambling house. The thrill, in case one may think that I am looking upon memories from afar, never leaves one. As I say, I'm seventy-four years old now. I suppose I should enjoy knitting. But I would rather sit in a game with four or five expert poker players than eat, and though it may sound egotistic, I have never found anyone yet who grew humpbacked carrying away the money he won from me.

Calamity Jane Burke, a Woman Gambler Well-Known in the Mining Camps of the Old West

The vocation of gambling was forced upon me as a matter of home economics Certainly my beginning as the daughter of a master of schools in Sudbury, England, was far from the mining camps and their games of chance. Family fortunes brought my parents to America; further fortune dictated that when I had grown to young womanhood, I should leave my comparatively Eastern home for Lake City, Colorado, as the wife of a young mining engineer.

A Marksman

A TEEMING place was Lake City in those days. One knows it now chiefly as the resting place of the three victims of the man known as Packer, the Colorado Cannibal, convicted in the early days of having lured gold seekers into the high Rockies that he might there kill and devour them. But when I arrived, there were other things to talk about—the gold streaming from the hills. There were dance halls and gambling places where women attended as well as men. A thousand and one exciting events were ever present to attract one possessing curiosity and imagination, and I absorbed it all like the proverbial sponge.

I carried a gun in those days, a .38 on a .45 frame, and knew how to use it. My father had been an excellent marksman and he had passed his knowledge to me. In childhood I had been able to knock a squirrel from a tree at will. Even today, though my eyes are dimmed for reading, I can still see a target perfectly, and the autumn hunting season finds me invariably in the field. I was not afraid. I went everywhere, the faro and stud games of the gambling halls being my chief lure. Where other women liked their cigarros mild and thin—the feminine smokers of today are not a new thing in the world—I took mine thick and black, and still do at seventy-four. Where other women applied feminine rules to their gambling, I preferred the masculine ones, and learned to be as stony faced as the rest of them.

A misfire in the shooting of a dynamite charge in a mine tunnel brought tragedy to me in the death of my husband, leaving me practically upon my own resources. I had made money for diversion by gambling while he lived; now that he was dead, it formed a necessary part of my livelihood. At last I did the inevitable thing—I remarried, this time a man who called himself a gambler. Eventually, however, I wakened to an important fact.

My husband had taken a job, laboring at it in the daytime, and then at night offering his meager earnings before the faro box.

"Look here," I said to him one day as we prepared to leave for Silver City, New Mexico, "when any man has to work in the daytime to gamble at night, there's something wrong. You're a good husband, but a rotten gambler After this, if there's any gambling to be done in this family, I'll do it."

Luck sat on my shoulders. In Silver City, then a boom camp, the faro game held forth its usual lure. While my husband watched, I placed a small bet and won. Then I won again; soon I was betting the limit of twenty-five dollars, the crowd of onlookers about me thickening as the play progressed. Several hours passed, with fortune running first to me, then to the house and finally once more in my direction. At last the dealer leaned back in his chair and turned his hands palm upward.

"The bank's broke," he said. I moved around the table.

"The bank's open again," I announced excitedly. "And the limit's off!"

It was a gambler's hunch—to force my luck. I had won a little more than $900 as a player; perhaps I could do as well or better by banking the game. It seemed that the whole gambling hall surged toward me. Though it was the privilege of a player to take the bank once he had broken the dealer, it was unusual, to say the least, for a woman to believe herself capable of handling the rather intricate work of dealing the game, for faro is not a simple affair.

There is the deal to handle, as the cards are taken from the box, the keeping of cases and the watching of the bets upon the layout, usually accomplished by a lookout; but here I was handling everything. The word spread that a fool woman had taken off the limit and was willing to buck the entire town, and soon enough everyone in the mining camp of Silver City who possessed a gambling instinct had become arrayed against me. It was my first venture as a professional faro dealer and it settled the question of my occupation for many years to come.

The Upper Crust of Gambling Society

WHEN that night's play was over I was the possessor of $6000 and a sudden yearning to take a trip to New York. Well, I took it, but not for an extended stay. Soon I was back in the mining camps with plenty of new clothes, grand memories and an exceedingly lean pocketbook. The latter counted for little. The thrill of gambling was left, and that was all-sufficient.

Besides, I had brought back the main complement of a person of chance, which was an extensive wardrobe. The professional gambler of today may content himself with back rooms and any type of apparel that may please him, but such a condition did not and could not exist for the upper strata of gamblers in the olden, golden days of the West. By the upper strata I mean just that—there were grades of society among gamblers just as there are levels in any other occupation.

The true gambler would no more associate with the tin-horn, the booster, the hanger-on or the white-chip player than he would draw to a pair of deuces with a royal flush against him. He professed to be a gentleman. As a rule, he was educated; he must possess more than ordinary acumen to follow the profession which he had chosen, he was often courtly, and by his dress was his station known.

In fact, a gambler of the olden type was self-advertised by his clothing the moment he stepped from the stage. His top hat, his carefully modeled boots, unmarred by scratch or scurf and polished to mirrorlike brightness, his broadcloth suit with its Prince Albert coat, his flowing necktie—these were the habiliments of the true upper-crust gambler, and he was not properly dressed unless he wore them. A few, like Rube Curry and Curly Bill, added a double breasted brocaded vest to their sartorial spectacle, and of course there was always the heavy gold watch chain, often constructed of solid nuggets connected by small links of gold. The rule for the woman gambler, though her number was vastly smaller, demanded as great care and grooming.

Today an ordinary skirt, an olive-drab shirt obtained from the commissary department of the Army and a military field hat suffice much better for working about my garden and for hunting and fishing excursions, but my gambling days required a far different collection of clothing, mostly of the ballroom style. My wardrobe, for which I had expended much of that $6000 in New York, was therefore a sort of collateral when I returned to the West. A job awaited me at any one of a dozen big gambling halls as a faro dealer. Olden times were no different from the present in a desire for novelty; a feminine handler of cards meant an attraction to any house, and a salary of twenty-five dollars a night awaited me practically wherever I cared to work. This was a high wage, with a good reason behind its payment. Of women gamblers there were indeed few, simply because the average woman, though she is a gambler at heart, hasn't the face for wagering anything but affections. She has too many nerves, too many temptations to display her joy when she has a good hand or her sorrow at a bad one. The true gambler remains the same under all circumstances. I've won just as many big pots on a pair of deuces and a good bluff as I have on a royal flush. But the usual feminine instinct prohibits the poker face, and without a countenance that can remain immobile for hour after hour, professional gambling is useless—except to an opponent. Perhaps half a dozen would encompass the total Western women gamblers. Poker Nell was one, Madame Mustache another; and of all of them, Madame Mustache was the most interesting.

The Deserted Town of Robinson Near Leadville, Colorado, Once a Live Mining Camp on the Calling List of Poker Alice

They called her that for the simple reason that she possessed a mustache—at least, a line of coal-black hair upon her upper lip, enhanced of course by her femininity. Nicknames were no more complimentary for women than they were for men. I remember such delightful cognomens as Airship Annie, China Mary, Haltershanks Eva, Bowlegged Mary, and others equally delicate. One of the most home-loving, quiet women I ever knew was known, owing to her robustness, by the affectionate title of the Iowa Bull. Naming was done wholly in Indian fashion, according to the outstanding features, and in this wise Madame Mustache was Madame because she was French and Mustache for reasons already stated.

A Mining Camp of the Old Days as It Really Appeared. In Oval—Poker Alice's Gambling Face; Attention for the Game But No Other Emotion

The Call of the Cards

A REMARKABLE woman. We knew no more of her than that she had come from France with her husband and almost immediately taken up the profession of gambling, with a leaning toward faro. She was a musician and a linguist, with the ability to speak five languages. I have often found myself wondering what her beginnings might have been and what had led her into the gambling halls. But then I have heard the same things about myself. The love of cards, the thrill of the play—these are reasons enough. And in spite of the general belief that faro is a strictly American game, it was not at all unusual that Madame Mustache should have been an adept at it. It is not American. It is of French beginnings and the name came from "Pharaoh," because on the backs of the French cards with which it originally was played was the picture of an Egyptian king.

There were many such adventurous women as Madame Mustache and myself who were in the West on their own, many a girl who now, in her old age, may be a feminine pillar of a church or the head

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DEER TRACKS IN THE SNOW

By HAL G. EVARTS

DECORATIONS BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IT HAD not been particularly cold during the actual progress of the storm. Sometime during the night the two-day snowfall ceased and the stars blinked forth in the purple vault of the sky. Waking and viewing them through the window, I reflected that the morrow would be cold. Also, if the usual after-storm wind materialized, it would be disagreeable. Shortly after daylight I started out to try my luck on mule deer. The sun was bright and warm on my back as my horse plodded up the mountain in two feet of new snow. After topping out, I rode for something more than a mile round the rims, then turned off through a timbered basin, tied my horse and struck out on foot.

From the crest of the first open ridge I scanned the various sidehills and the open parks for tracks. The white surface of the hills was unscarred, not a trail showing anywhere. This was not surprising. It is customary for game to travel but little during a severe storm and this one had lasted well into the night. A day later the hills would be a network of tracks.

Mule deer were fairly plentiful and it was not a difficult country to hunt. Nevertheless, my efforts were unavailing. Not a deer put in an appearance during a three-hour hike, and I had pretty well pumped myself out wallowing through soft snow. The tracks of two martens, ranging lower than was their custom, and the tracks of a weasel constituted the sum total of evidence that there was life of any variety in the region.

Turning back and peering down into an open bottom, I made out tracks of some sort in a small, thick cluster of trees in its center. The snow all round that clump of trees was unscarred, so it was a certainty that the creature that had made them was still at home in the spot where it had weathered the storm. It was impossible to pass upon the nature of the tracks, as the tree tops broke the view and the only thing to be determined accurately was the fact that the snow had been disturbed in the heart of that cluster of trees.

The prospect of making the long climb back up from that bottom in the snow was not particularly attractive. Still, the creature that was lurking in the tree clump might prove to be a highly desirable prize—lynx, bobcat, wolverine, perhaps even a mountain lion. It wouldn't be a bear, for those creatures had denned earlier in the winter, unless, perchance, one had denned beneath the roots of a blow down and had come out for a last view of the vicinity. It was not likely to be more than a coyote, but there is something irresistible about an unknown track at a distance, and whatever creature inhabited that one patch of timber, with open country all round it, should prove easy prey, so down I went. The wind was right, so there was little difficulty.

When once I had cleared the edge of the timber on the slope and passed into the open bottoms there was no cover. Neither were the tracks visible from that elevation. There was nothing to be done save to advance upon that little thicket of timber, gun at ready and expecting momentarily that some creature would break cover and streak across the open. Nothing stirred. Entering the thicket to investigate, I was deeply chagrined to discover that the tracks had been made by a lowly porcupine. Oddly enough, in my hope for some worthy prey, the thought of a porcupine had not once entered my mind. Several years before, the porcupines had been assailed by some sort of affliction that had almost exterminated them in that particular region. That was the first evidence of one that had come to my notice in more than six months. The hedgehog was roosting in a lodgepole. Incidentally, that porcupine spent a considerable part of the winter in that tree, shifting from one part of it to another for fresh supplies of bark without once again descending to leave its tracks in the snow. I saw it twice again at three-week intervals, on the last occasion when tracking an elk past its retreat.

Ruefully I started on the long climb back up the slope in the deep snow. It had turned very cold. Patches of white fog drifted lazily in the higher pockets of the peaks, and they were descending. For despite the popular belief that fog is a relatively warm-weather phenomenon, never occurring at bitter temperatures, and the positive assertions to the effect that anchor ice—ice that forms on the bottom of swift streams while the surface waters flow on—is a scientific impossibility, both happen to be facts. I have seen both, not once but a hundred times. As a matter of fact—cold fact, one might say—the appearance of those little tufts of white fog in the higher pockets of the peaks in winter is usually indicative of dropping temperatures.

I was not suffering from the cold, however, but the contrary, when the long climb had been completed. And suddenly the fog shut down over that section of the hills. The trees took on the semblance of a ghost forest, trunks standing about and disappearing in vague obscurity ten or twelve feet above the snow. It assailed the face with the prickling sensation of electric needles. It was impossible to see more than twenty feet in any direction. Every detail of that section was familiar ground to me, but within ten minutes I was not at all certain of it. When starting down a slope one could not determine whether it was but the pitch of an intermediate hump or the start of the descent down some one of the main ridges. The same applied to the upgrades.

Presently the fog seemed to lighten. Objects became more perceptible. I stepped from the edge of trees into a narrow open lane on the crest of a ridge. It was less than thirty feet wide, flanked on either side by timber, and there was a rift in the fog that corresponded with the open lane, affording an unobstructed view for a

distance of perhaps a hundred and fifty yards. Then, as if the stage had been set for the purpose, I was treated to a somewhat uncanny experience. Two-thirds of the distance to the far end of that vista, at a point where the open lane between the trees narrowed to a space of less than thirty feet, a buck leaped from the timber, landed once in the center of the opening and with the next leap was carried out of sight in the trees on the far side.

Deer hunting had departed from my immediate concern, my thoughts for the past hour while plodding through a snow-clad, fog-bound forest having been engaged with the problem of reaching my horse and riding home.

Nevertheless, with the hunter's instinctive reaction, my gun had been cocked automatically and tossed to my shoulder even as the buck disappeared. The weapon was lowered again, and the hammer in the process of being lowered when both motions were thrown suddenly into reverse as another deer landed once in the center of that narrow rift and disappeared with the next bound. It was as if the retina of my eyes had hung fire, so to speak, and produced a replica of the first picture. A third phantom—a big doe this time—duplicated the performance, and on this occasion the snowbound silence was shattered by the report of the heavy rifle as I took a snap shot. With the sound, two deer, side by side, took the leap. The gun was tossed up again, just too late, but even as it touched my shoulder still another deer flitted through, and again sounded the report. I remained at ready.

Always Expect the Unexpected

AS IF stirred by the current created by the speeding deer, trailing wisps of fog curled across the open vista, and with the fog dashed graceful spectera, one bound and gone. Twice again the rifle spoke. Then it was over and I was wondering as to the reality of the scene. From ten to twelve deer had appeared as if conjured out of the ether, to disappear as completely, the whole episode requiring less than ninety seconds. The fog closed in again almost instantly, the shades of night accompanying it. The thing seemed unreal. For an instant some unsuspected superstitious cell of me suggested that those flitting shapes had been but the wraiths of deer that had fallen to my marksmanship in the past.

The thing was easily accountable, however. The regular mule-deer migration trail traversed that stretch of country, well-defined only in the more difficult spots. A band of deer, driven from the heights by the heavy snowfall of the past two days, had been on the march, headed for the lower country, probably strung out for several hundred yards, and when the foremost animal winded me and fled, the stragglers leaped along the tracks left by those ahead, declining to alter the course chosen in first panic even by subsequent gunfire.

My self-esteem as a hunter dropped with the temperature. First, I had taken a long, hard jaunt after a stupid porcupine, then, with the Fates arranging the stage, opening a vista in the fog and sending not one deer but a dozen careering through it within easy range, I had stood flat-footed and missed four consecutive shots. And what was still more to be regretted, it was destined to prove something of a feat to find my horse. It was impossible to see twenty feet and everything looked the same. It was certain that I would strike the rims eventually, but whether fifty feet from the point where my in-trail of the morning branched off or two miles from it was not so easily predictable.

Anyway, once on the rims the tracks could be followed to the horse, involving extra travel, but the best and only solution. After perhaps an hour in inky blackness, the fog seeming even to smother the white of the snow, and when I was wondering just how much farther that elusive rim could be, my horse nickered eagerly about a hundred yards to my right and rear. Gladsome sound! Upon reaching the valley late at night it was to learn that the mercury stood at twenty-eight below zero and I had nicely frozen the first joints of two fingers, one on either hand; so it is evident that fog and bitter temperatures are not always strangers.

That occurrence, aside from the coincidence of the lane opening in the fog as the deer appeared, is a fair illustration of what may be expected in hunting; for the unexpected is rather more often than not the rule, even when the snow is on. One starts out from camp, planning to reach some objective from which to start hunting, perhaps five or six miles away, and is suddenly startled by finding game within the first two hundred yards. Or perhaps, after a long and unsuccessful hunt, he finds game waiting for him within sight of the tent as he returns.

Two others and myself started out on a day-old snow that had added another foot to that which already blanketed the hills. In those days, with market hunting and sale of all varieties of game not long in the past throughout the West, hunting was still viewed more as a meat-getting proposition than from any other angle. It was good sport, of course, but meat was the primary objective. It is still viewed in that light throughout Alaska, the Northwest Territories of Canada and in many isolated districts in our Western States. Those residing in the game country seldom shot game during the earlier and warmer part of the season when the town sportsmen did most of their hunting. Instead, they waited until cold weather had set in and meat would keep until spring. When several men started out after meat it was customary for any one of them not only to shoot his own animal but to secure meat for his companions if opportunity offered. Division of meat was usually understood without recourse to worded agreement.

We were no more than fairly started when I saw a track on a timbered sidehill some two hundred yards distant. Only a section some ten feet in length was visible, and even that indistinct. Upon mentioning it to my companions, one of them voiced the opinion that even if it should prove to be a deer track, it was one that had been left by some straggler the previous night, as it was not a likely place for the animals to tarry. They rode on when I decided to investigate.

A Hunt Soon Finished

TYING my horse, I floundered through a stretch of timber in which the snow was almost waist deep. The trees ended on the lip of a miniature canyon some fifty or more feet in depth. Beyond it, the opposite sidehill was heavily forested and a careful survey failed to reveal a single track. There was a good view of some higher country—timbered slopes interspersed by open ridges—and I trained my glasses in that direction to determine what creatures, if any, had crossed them. The wind had come up to lash the tree tops and dislodge the snow that had settled in them. The air was full of scintillating particles and an occasional savage gust transformed deep breathing into a sharp discomfort. Powdered snow rose in wind-lashed clouds from the more exposed spots. It was going to be a bad day to hunt.

Restoring the glasses to their case and bestowing a last casual glance across the little canyon where all had been emptiness five minutes past, it was to observe a young buck, motionless as a statue, facing me. The heavy ball struck him where the throat joined the body, killing him instantly. Even as he fell, a second buck made a single leap that placed him so exactly in the line of my sights that I had only to press the trigger to pile him there beside the first. The hunt, so far as my part in it was concerned, had ended some miles and several hours before I had expected it to start.

Rather the opposite of that experience occurred in the same general country another winter. Two of us started at daybreak one morning after a light skift of new snow had put a fresh frosting of white on the old drifts of preceding storms. The tracks of two martens were encountered round ten o'clock. No other signs greeted us until we had crossed to a ridge where, some two months earlier, we had found the fresh tracks of a cougar and two small

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PROVINCIAL!

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

And of Course I Would Have My Breakfast in Bed, Like Mrs. Selcombe

YOU do seem to have some sense now and then, Bett," a girl whose name I won't mention here, because I don't care to, said to me once. "How do you get that way?"

"It doesn't seem to occur to you, Isabel," I said, "that I've had a great deal to contend with in my family. If I hadn't kept my head I don't know where I'd be today."

"Why, I think your family's perfectly grand!" said she. "What do you mean—a great deal to contend with?"

"They're grand, all right," I said; "but they're embarrassing, Isabel—distinctly embarrassing."

Well, if a girl in an embarrassing family like mine—and it is embarrassing—Heinie himself admits that mother, though she's very clever, of course, and can get around anybody, more or less, when she wants to, would be wiser if she paid more attention sometimes to the way people usually do things—if a girl can carry things off, after all, and make people forget that her family is rather queer and make them see that she is up-to-date, anyway, and knows a little more of the world—why, things may turn out all right, after all. As they certainly have in my case. But why? All because I used a little tact.

Of course I don't say that just tact would do with all mothers. Some are too awful for words, and you can't blame the girls for getting away with murder, you might say. They simply have to, to keep any self-respect at all.

Of course we have nothing like that to contend with, thank heaven. Mother is perfectly reasonable about our private affairs, and often has very good ideas about them, as a matter of fact. And I must admit that though she isn't so sweet and darling as father is when he likes the idea of a thing, she's apt to be more broad-minded about trying a thing out that she doesn't like. But women are more broad-minded about things, I've noticed; men are terribly conservative. It makes you wonder, really, how they ever get anywhere. I'll bet you'll find there's always some woman behind it when they do.

But just because mother doesn't come barging in on a person's private affairs the way some of them do, doesn't say that she hasn't got some very difficult points; not at all. And as I often say to Madgie, the very fact that mother's so sensible and really clever—everybody admits that—makes it that much harder to bear when she simply won't see things. You really expect more of her. And what do you get? A complete washout!

Take, for instance, some of the ways we live at our house. I've already told you about Ellie Lou and Miralda, our crazy darky servants, and how mother simply won't change them or even bring them up to date, just because they've been with us eighteen years—which, as Heinie points out when he's mad at Miralda for telling on him, is just about eighteen years too long—and because Ellie Lou cooks like an angel, which she certainly does.

But, after all, what is cooking? It isn't so much the food, is it, as the way it's served and the way it looks on the table? After all, we're not animals exactly. I'd rather have nice little tight cuffs on a maid, and small aprons, than all the stuffed veal cutlets with mushrooms in the world. Because you can always go to a good tea house and get chocolate cake or waffles if you haven't had enough luncheon.

But mother simply smiles.

"You've never had anything but good cooking in your life, dear," she says, "so you really can't appreciate it. Wait till you get a house of your own, and then you can get one of those stage servants and feast your eyes on her—it's about all you will feast!"

"Absolutely!" says Heinie, with his mouth full—I suppose seventeen is the most loathsome age a boy can be in this world! "Absolutely! The good-lookers are always dumb. Don't ask me to lunch when you're married, Bett."

"Really, I hadn't thought of doing so—unless your table manners have changed considerably by that time," I usually answer rather coldly.

Heinie goes back on you like that all the time, and yet he knows deep down in his heart that he feels just exactly as I do about some of the queer things in our family.

Father's terrible "office," for instance; the most impossible room in our house, with a ghastly stuffed fish on the wall and that old screen that Heinie and I made when we were children, and that broken-down old sofa with a shawl over it—a room that could be made into a stunning library that people could have cocktails in before dinner.

And Miralda and Ellie Lou talking just as if they were intimate friends of the family, and mentioning things that really are not supposed to be mentioned. And the queer people that are always hanging around our house, that seem to have to be asked to stay to meals, and call me Elizabeth and Heinie Henry!

I mean to say, charity is all right, of course, and I know mother has the kindest heart in the world, but why not do it the way Mrs. Selcombe does?

As everybody knows, the Selcombes are terribly rich and have one of the biggest houses on the Hill, if not the biggest. But do you ever see people like Al Toomey, the fishman, in it? You do not. And I'd like to hear anybody call Mrs. Selcombe stingy—they wouldn't dare to. She's on every board and every drive in the town, and runs the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Community Chest and is executive chairman of the Allied Churches' Rummage Sale, just before Christmas. And more than that, she told me once that no matter how much money Mr. Selcombe might make ever, she should insist on their giving one-tenth of his income to charity, as they always had done from the beginning, when they were not rich at all.

"Then," she said, "it's done, and there's no more worrying about it and my conscience is clear. I can give you just ten dollars, dear, for the Junior Revue, because my budget is filled up for this month now, and I don't believe in borrowing over into next month—it's not businesslike."

Now isn't that sensible? And her name comes out on everything. Her secretary, Miss Tuttle, says Mr. Rockefeller himself couldn't be more just and careful. I wish I could be her secretary—I simply adore Lois Tuttle.

I often point out to mother how much more satisfactory it would be if she would only do this, and then we shouldn't have to send off magazines to this one, and books to that one, and have such tiresome people to lunch and dinner, so that they could see if this, that or the other would fit them, "because Lizbuff has really outgrown it" or "Heinie simply can't take care of the mended place."

These things are all organized now, and it's so much better. Why not throw the stuff into the car and take it round to the rummage or the Salvation Army? All the girls take tables at the rummage—we love to. I turned in two hundred and seventeen dollars from the boot-and-shoe table alone one year. And personally, I'd rather have had father's wading boots go there than spend an hour persuading that obstinate boy that earned the Williams scholarship to take them to camp. I wouldn't have had to work very hard persuading Mrs. Liffitsky to take them, let me tell you, and she'd have given me a dollar for them too!

"I know, dear," says mother, "but, you see, Mrs. Liffitsky doesn't need them, and what is the sense of that Riker boy going to the camp, which he really ought to do, if he can't afford the equipment? That's why I wish Henry wouldn't exchange his other sweater for a broken accordion."

Honestly, you'd suppose we lived in the backwoods, or that we were early settlers or something.

In case you are wondering what this story is going to be about, I ought to tell you that I am doing it this way purposely. It's not that I don't know how to write direct narrative; I do. We had it last term for two weeks, and I learned it. I am specializing in English, and so naturally I have to know a good deal about it. But as you may or may not know, direct narrative is going out, more or less, and isn't considered very up-to-date. I mean like Dickens and Thackeray and those old writers, where they just go ahead and tell what happened, beginning at the beginning. It is considered better now to begin in the middle, or even at the end, and sort of make people think for themselves, in a way—if you see what I mean—and throw out hints here and there, and then in the end draw it all together, and suddenly the reader will see that all the details were

"They're Grand, All Right," I Said; "But They're Embarrassing, Isabel—Distinctly Embarrassing"

important, really, all the time. Joseph Conrad wrote like that.

Of course, as I pointed out to Miss Perry, our English teacher, that way seems to work better when it is about sailors and islands, where nobody knows anything about them, mostly; but she said that had nothing to do with the principle, and it could always be done if you had the ideas.

Well, I have ideas enough, goodness knows, but it stands to reason that if you're trying to write atmosphere, which is what this kind of writing is called, it's much easier to write it about strange islands, where nobody has been, than about families, which we all know about. Because, of course, there is no atmosphere about your family—how could there be? I admit that, just as Miss Perry explained to us, when you get through with a Conrad story you have learned a great deal about the characters that he didn't tell you—or didn't seem to tell you. But how could anybody learn anything about my characters that way? Naturally, they couldn't. So I still think that atmosphere is more for islands.

I have often wished I lived on one, myself, and never more strongly than last summer, after about the most embarrassing thing that practically ever happened to me. What made it so sickening was that for the first time in my life, you might say, I had everything planned out the way I wanted it.

It all came from Miralda getting malaria—or what she said was malaria—and then Ellie Lou said she had it, too; and even mother, I'm happy to say, got a little bored with that, and so she sent them both down South to Miralda's stepcousin, Ulysses Grant Jones, to take a rest for the summer. The real reason Miralda acted so tiresome was because she wanted to preach in the church down there, and her stepcousin said she could, if she'd do the housework for him that summer, because his daughter had a chance to sing in a night club in New York. Ellie Lou let that out to Heinie when he came home for his typhoid inoculations. She said she figured that her cooking and Miralda's praying would make it up to the Lord for Jessabel's singing so late at night, 'specially as Miralda could pray a lot better than Jessabel could sing.

"Still," Heinie told her, "the Lord hears a lot of bad music, Ellie Lou. You never can tell!"

Well, with the two of them gone, mother decided to go up to the farm early and close the house, and have father drive out to the farm every evening, and take a good long vacation for once anyway. Heinie was going off to be Solario's secretary again for the summer—he felt too important for words, being, as he said, practically the business manager and booking agent for the second greatest violinist in the world—so he didn't care where the family went, and mother loves the farm, and father wants anything that mother wants; and so there was only me left, and the fact that I was absolutely ready to commit suicide didn't bother anybody, naturally.

If I could have had the car I wouldn't have minded so much, but of course father had to have that. And I know that mother felt she was making it up to me by giving me the car absolutely for August, and letting me have anybody I wanted to visit, and getting Aunt Ju to ask me for two weeks to the shore in July, and jollying father into my having a squirrel coat this winter. I admit all that, and I appreciate it, but it's no use trying to explain to mother how I feel about the farm.

A country place—yes. But the farm is not a country place. And it could be made into one so easily! That's what is so simply maddening. What would it cost to put latticework all over it and a lovely sort of terrace effect in those red tiles, and tear down that terrible old red barn, or make it at least into a real garage, and have a rock garden and a pool? Not very much. And that terrible little graveyard right in the loveliest part of the lawn—or what ought to be the lawn! Just imagine having people—and only five people, too—buried right on your property! Honestly, it simply makes me creep to think how long they've been buried there. And nothing to us at all, any of them!

"Deacon Jeremiah Searles," it says on the front side of the monument, and on each of the other sides is one of his wives—two on one of them, because they were sisters. And long verses out of the Bible under them all, and what do you think is under his?

"Ever faithful!"

Disgusting. But do you think mother would let us put a latticework screen around that graveyard? Never!

"Why, Lizbuff," she says, "it's always been there!"

As if that wasn't a perfectly good reason for taking it away! You'd think she'd see it.

Still, I suppose you could forget the graveyard. But what you could not forget, if you lived to be forty years old, would be Judson Hummydew, mowing the lawn in his terrible shirt sleeves and a derby hat, smoking a cigar. Honestly, that man thinks he is as good as anybody else. I don't mean that, exactly. Perhaps he is, as far as goodness goes, but what I mean is that it is not very nice to have a man in his shirt sleeves, chewing a horrible old cigar, yell out to you, if you come into your own house that he is the gardener of:

"Heyo, Miss Black-Eyes! How does your symptoms 'pear to segashuate today?"

Mother lent him an Uncle Remus book years ago, when we were little, and he thinks it's terribly funny to talk like that. I don't happen to think it is, myself.

And it isn't as if Jud was the only one. Far from it. When I found out that Zuleika Pratt was actually going to wait on the table, and that Miss Mattie Vandermark was going to do the cooking, I give you my word I simply passed out then and there. Actually, I turned pale—I mean, really pale. I know this to be true, because I felt I was pale, somehow, and I jumped up and looked in the glass, and I was. There was no imagination about it—I was.

I simply stared at mother.

"Oh, mother," I said, "you don't really mean that we're not going to have any real servants, all summer? Why, even Miralda and Ellie Lou would be better than those two spooks. At least, they're black."

"Heyo, Miss Black-Eyes! How Does Your Symptoms 'Pear to Segashuate Today?"

I will say for mother that she looked rather embarrassed.

"I was afraid you'd feel that way about it, Lizbuff," she said; "but really, it seemed too good a chance to lose, my dear. It's only for three months, and what is the use of my spending the time breaking in a series of expensive maids who won't stay three weeks in the country—here, anyway—when Zuleika likes us all and knows the house, and Miss Mattie is such a cook and so economical, and is willing to do it if I'll take Zuleika."

"Is she going to wear that striped jumper?" I asked.

"Oh, well, I'll talk to her about it," mother said, in that putting-off way that is perfectly hopeless, "but I just want to remind you, Lizbuff, that you wouldn't find it very amusing, in August, to drive two people to church every Sunday morning, and down to the station whenever they decide that it's too lonely here for them and they prefer the seashore, anyway. And in the intervals you and your guests would have to do a lot of housework, you know."

"My guests!" I answered bitterly. "Gosh, I'm not likely to want to show Zuleika and Jud Hummydew to many guests, mother! I'm not fussy, but this is just a little *too* provincial!"

For it isn't as if we didn't know how things ought to be done—you don't need to live in New York for that. Why, just reading the new novels and the magazines alone will keep a person up-to-date, if they really want to be! And it's not as if mother wasn't clever—she could do anything she wanted to if she'd just put her mind on it. But it seems as if, after you get to a certain age, you don't realize what is really important in this life and what you owe it to yourself to make an effort for. After all, do people get an idea of the kind of person you are, or don't they? And how do they

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"Trust a Feller to Find His Best Girl, Hey?" Al Toomey Said, and He Winked—Actually Winked at Us!

AN ARTIST HAS HIS PRIDE

"Say," He Said in a Voice That Startled Patrons Within a Radius of Five Tables, "am I Going to Talk, or You? Where are Your Manners?"

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THERE was a quiet but definite note of satisfaction in Mr. Kenneth DeLong's manner as he came into the room, and this was very, very unusual, for of recent months Mr. DeLong had been leading, much against his preferences, what practically amounted to a life of shame.

Briefly, he had been clerking. Mr. DeLong was an actor, but he had been clerking. Circumstances had been such—but permit the stark simplicity of the sentence to stand as sufficient. He was an actor, but he had been clerking. If the ghastliness of the situation cannot be gathered from that gaunt and telling statement, then this story might just as well end here with the completion of the second paragraph.

Beginning the third, however, on the optimistic assumption that it is clear, Mr. DeLong's wife, once moderately celebrated as Kitty Kane, of Kane Sisters and Murdocks, glanced up from her magazine and this quiet but definite note of satisfaction was remarkable to her.

"Well?" she demanded.

He did not answer at once. Then, smiling absently as he tossed his hat onto the bed: "Nothing." He chose, for some reason best known to himself, to be mysterious.

Mrs. DeLong laid her magazine down. "Nothing," she repeated. "Then what's the big idea of coming in with that smile all over your pan?"

"Have they passed a law that I can't smile?" he wished to know.

She was silent, but she did not pick up the magazine again, and she continued to study him thoughtfully.

"I suppose," she hazarded, "somebody pointed you out for John Barrymore." Mr. DeLong continued to look nonchalantly out of the window. "Or maybe Peggy Joyce smiled at you. Maybe even," she added, "she laughed at you." He straightened up a little. "Maybe," she continued, "Al Jolson waved to you—by mistake. Maybe ——"

He turned. "Will you wait a minute?" he demanded, glaring at her. "That's all I want to know—will you wait a minute? Just a minute! Will you? Will you wait just a minute? That's all I want to know—will you wait a minute?" He was shouting.

"I was just wondering "

"Will you wait a minute? Just a minute! That's all I'm asking of you—will you just wait just a minute? Just one minute!"

She would. This, in fact, was what she'd been provoking. Now, perhaps, he'd speak without trying to establish a dramatic moment. She shut her mouth, and Mr. DeLong continued to glare coldly at her, simply the better to impress his dominance upon her.

"Now!" he said finally. "Now! Now, maybe we can get somewhere. All I was going to tell you was, it looks to me like I got a chance at the store to show 'em what I got—you might say, something that's more down my alley. They's a job there—I heard about it this afternoon. They're going to put on a big fashion show—men's and women's—and they got to have somebody that knows how to stage it. You know, somebody that's had theatrical experience. Now that's all it is—and that's what you was yelling your head off about. You see?"

"More money?"

He gazed at her in disgust. "Of course not! Say, if I ——" Then words failed him. He could only look at her and shake his head slowly, hopelessly. Such ignorance!

"Well, what do you want it for?"

"What does anybody want anything for?"

The logic of this counter halted her momentarily and then she ventured along another trail:

"Did you get out at lunch? Did you get over to the Lasko office?"

He was tilting himself in a straight chair against the foot of the bed. "Sure." He lighted a cigarette slowly.

"Well, what happened?"

"Nothing." He was blowing rings now, too obviously uninterested by the Lasko office.

"Wasn't the part open?"

"Sure."

"Well—say, can't you talk? Why didn't you get it?"

"I turned it down." He watched the smoke rings rise.

Mrs. DeLong rose impatiently. "I suppose," she said, "it didn't pay ninety dollars."

"It didn't pay ninety dollars," Mr. DeLong replied calmly, "and it wasn't symp'thetic. It wasn't the kind of part I'm known in. I got a name ——"

"What'd it pay?"

"Eighty. But it wasn't symp'thetic. It wasn't a symp'thetic part at all. It wasn't my kind of part. It wasn't symp'thetic ——"

"Look here," she interrupted, "how much longer have I got to live in this dump of a hotel because you got to play the sap and not take parts simply because you ain't getting exactly ninety dollars? Do you know this is the first time I ever was at any hotel except the Astor? What about me?" It was evident that she had been brooding over her misfortunes. "Here you had half a dozen good chances. What do you do? Turn 'em down! And for what? Because you can't get exactly ninety dollars! Would you take an eighty-five-dollar part? Oh, mercy me, no! Not you! You'd rather work in a gents' furnishings at sixty dollars a week and keep me in this dump of a hotel. Me, your own wife, that always lived at the Astor! And you call yourself a good husband ——"

Mr. DeLong's chair settled to the floor with a thump. "Just a minute," he said. "Will you listen to me just a minute? Will you? Will you listen to me for just a minute? Will you?"

"I know what you're going to tell me ——"

"Will you? Will you, for just a minute?" He paused. Then: "Let's get this straight, baby: I don't lower my scale for nobody, see? I know how much I'm worth, and that's what I work for. If I was worth ninety in The Wizard's Eye, if I was worth ninety in Rose's Abie's Irish, I'm worth ninety now—if not more. Understand? You can ask anybody on Broadway and they'll tell you the same thing. Now all I got to do is hold my ground and play a waiting game, see? They'll come around. They got to! Just as soon as they see I ain't going to work for less they'll be hotfooting it around here to get me—and for ninety. All I got to do is sit tight and don't get panicky, see?"

"You been sitting tight for five months," she reminded him, "and I'll give you my word I haven't seen a Shubert or a Dillingham in this dump looking for you yet. Meanwhile ——"

"The trouble with you," Mr. DeLong explained calmly—"the trouble with you, baby, is you got no appreciation of a man's professional standing. An actor comes along and works and makes hits here and there—not big ones, of course, but nice little hits with people that know acting—remember that line Alec Woollcott had about me—an actor gets a little ahead, and the trouble with you is you don't understand that an actor's got to hold what he's got. If I was to follow your advice I'd be taking every forty-dollar bit in

town. I'd be singing in a musical-comedy chorus if I was to follow your advice. You don't seem to remember, I'm an actor ——"

"It seems to me I ain't the only one that's forgot it," she reflected gloomily.

Mr. DeLong turned away impatiently. "What's the use of talking to you?" he demanded. "You can say what you want, but I'm worth ninety dollars to any producer, and if the Shuberts and the Dillinghams and the Laskos think different, then they got the wrong slant on life. So remember that. I got my price and they got to meet it. That's flat."

"This is going to be a blow to the Shuberts," Mrs. DeLong said.

"All right, get s'castic! I know what I'm doing. I know what I'm worth. I want ninety dollars and I want a symp'thetic part. I got a public—it may not be big, but it knows acting when it sees it—and I ain't going to be unfaithful to that public. All I got to say to the Shuberts is ——"

"I suppose your public's been flocking to Aaronson's to see you sell undershirts."

"I sell regular shirts," he said with some dignity, "and you know it. You ain't getting anywhere trying to belittle me, you know."

"I suppose you like selling shirts."

"Well"—having made his position clear, he tilted his chair back again and lighted another cigarette—"it might be worse. It maybe ain't what I'd pick if I had first choice, but as I was trying to tell you when you set out to yelling, I got a line on something ——"

"What is it?"

"Well, if you'll promise not to start yelling "

"I'll yell whenever I get ready," Mrs. DeLong declared hotly. "Who are you to tell me I can't yell when I want to? Besides, I got a good right to yell."

"Very well!" Her husband hoisted himself from the chair and plucked his hat from the bed. "You yell. Go right ahead now and yell your skull off. I'm going out. You're going to have a whole lot of room to yell all by yourself. Goo'by!"

"Hey!"

He did not answer. He went downstairs and out in Forty-seventh Street, feeling unjustly treated. He resented her caustic references to the dramatic situation on Broadway as it pertained to him. She knew—everybody knew—that it was a slack season. Nobody casting—absolutely nobody! Why, DeWolf Hopper himself couldn't do anything the way conditions were now. But the way Kitty talked you'd think he was the last actor in New York not working. He felt very bitter about it.

In front of the Palace he met an old confrere, one Matthew Cameron, and instantly, on sight of Mr. Cameron, he became a gleaming, smiling, high-spirited man, oozing success and prosperity from every pore. In fact, at the same moment Mr. Cameron himself underwent a like metamorphosis. He, too, extended his hand in the manner of one who has made good in a big way.

"Well, Matty, old boy! Put 'er there! What's the good word, old boy?"

"Ken, I'm glad to see you. It wasn't two nights ago I was saying to Babe, 'I wonder what's become of Ken DeLong.' We was talking about you only the other night, Ken. How are you?"

"Great, Matty—great! Couldn't be better. How's things with you? Who you with now?"

"Matter of fact, Ken," Mr. Cameron replied glibly, "I'm taking a little rest. Worked pretty hard with The Blonde Princess on tour, and thought I'd lay off a few days. Nerves, you know. How 'bout yourself?"

"We just closed, you know," Mr. Kenneth De Long replied smartly. "Swell season. Good houses and company just like one big family. Never a cross word, Matty—not one!"

"That's great, Ken—for a fact, that's great. Resting now?"

"Yes and no," Mr. DeLong replied laughingly. "To tell you the truth, I thought I was, but I just run into Jake Shubert—say, I wish you'd come along just two minutes earlier." He looked back anxiously. "I suppose he's gone now. But I wish you'd come along just two minutes earlier. He's a great guy—Jake. Wants me for this new Owen Davis play. But I don't know, Matty. I'm kind of tired—you know? Besides, there's a nice part in a Theatre Guild show—if I wasn't so wore out I'd take it. But you get awfully tired—you know, Matty?"

Mr. Cameron nodded sympathetically and then looked at the Paramount Building clock. "I wouldn't jump into anything, Ken," he advised. "I got to be getting along—got to meet a fellow from Belasco's office. Look me up sometime, Ken."

"Righto, Matty! Regards to Babe!"

Mr. DeLong continued on his way, smiling maliciously. He knew that Mr. Cameron had written the Shuberts' and the Theatre Guild's needs on his memory and would be there promptly the next morning. He walked down Broadway, in Forty-fourth Street, and into Meloney's. A clerk, sizing him up, walked over casually.

"I want to see some morning coats," Mr. DeLong said "and no ratty ones either. I want to see some as new as you got." He paused and eyed the clerk importantly "Tell Meloney it's Mr. Kenneth DeLong."

Rather obnoxiously unexcited by the name, the clerk strolled leisurely about the gloom in the rear of the store until he came across the proprietor himself, industriously engaged in counting moth balls.

"Anyway," the menial reported, "he said tell you it was Mr. Kenneth DeLong."

"Kenneth DeLong?"

"Yes, sir."

The proprietor, after thirty seconds of cogitation, returned to his moth balls. "I never heard of him," he said.

Aaronson's is a store on Broadway. It sells the snappiest of men's furnishings and the most depraved of women's accouterments. One of its four display windows exhibits at all times multicolored suspenders and garters, dazzling neckties, which are called cravats, and handkerchiefs to match, and shirts of hues warranted to floor Maxfield Parrish at forty rods. Its three other windows are feminine in flavor. Three or four or even five visitors to Broadway stand in front of them at all hours. One of these windows contains garments clearly meant to be evening gowns. They are bright and short; they flare; and they are plentifully garnished with rhinestones, sequins and other minerals that flash and sparkle. Where they may be worn in public save on the stage, no one knows. That is one of the mysteries of Broadway. As for the other windows, it may be just as well not to describe them. It is sufficient to say that they contain feminine underwear and night clothes of textures and fashions far from quiet and domestic. It is very regrettable, but it is so

Mr. DeLong had obtained his position in this affluent institution through a friendly clerk from whom he was borrowing five dollars. This was five months before. Somewhat warily had he entered its doors and made his application, and still somewhat shamefully had he been in its employ ever since, standing behind a counter dedicated to shirts and collars, and finding a meager and salving satisfaction in acting the part of a brisk, efficient clerk to whatever audience applied to him for service.

Twice his salary had been raised—five dollars each time. It was now sixty, not much, to be sure, in comparison with the ninety he had got in his last show, or even with two or three offers he had obtained, upon solicitation, since then. But it was money, it was steady, and, to put a strictly technical interpretation upon it, he had sacrificed none of his professional dignity or standing, such as they were. He remained, despite this sabbatical, a ninety-dollar man.

When Mr. Aaronson came in the next morning Mr. DeLong spoke to him. He spoke to him firmly, importantly. That was the way he always spoke to Mr. Aaronson. It was, as he had once explained to Kitty, all business. They were two men, two equals, putting their heads together over a problem. "Ah, chief!"

(Continued on Page 136.

"Say, Baby, You're Going to See Your Uncle Ken Strutting His Stuff as Master of Ceremonies—Strutting it Right Out in Front of the Bloods of the Town"

THE BRAGGART

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

LEFANUS STARK walked slowly along the ridge from Stambaugh's to the Wolf Hill store. His erect body, dressed in high boots, khaki trousers and a flannel shirt, moved as smoothly as a powerful car on a level road. His head matched his body in shapeliness of outline; his brown, sun-tanned, tightly curling hair was thick; his eyes were blue. His body and soul were the body and soul of a grandfather many times removed who had departed quietly from the British Army after the Battle of Brandywine, and making his way to this, the first ridge of the Alleghanies, had there remained.

His mind was his own, shrewd, quick as his beautiful eyes to see all that lay within the area of physical vision, but blind and inexperienced in the wider reaches of perception. He could hear a deer moving far out of sight; he could track him, smiling at his own cunning; he could bring him down, out of season and under heavy penalty, with a running shot through the heart at a hundred yards. But he could not feel in imagination the damp discomfort of the county jail, still less the clean, maddening monotony of the Eastern Penitentiary.

At Stambaugh's he had paused but a moment. Stambaugh was away, working on the road; it was safe to linger at the cabin only when he was at home. He had a stout, fine-looking wife, and he had set his little son to watch her. Stark had no inclination to court a bullet through his heart. He had a wife superior to Stambaugh's woman in all but looks—strong, industrious and frightened into implicit obedience. He had, he said many times out of Manda's hearing, the best wife on the mountain. He could not endure not to have the best of everything and to get the best of everybody.

Especially was he the best shot, and the best guide for the hunters who poured into the forest early in December to shoot deer so tame that the first shooting was slaughter. The Vimy Hunting Club for which he guided was the best club, made up of veterans of the war; their house was the best, their kill the most numerous, their social standing highest, their behavior most dignified.

Of all this he boasted. No pride of soul remained unexpressed; he told everything he knew, and every statement reflected his own strength or prowess.

The ridge ran level about fifteen hundred feet above the sea. It was covered with a close second growth of timber which promised, if left unmolested by the firebrand of the mountaineer, to attain the magnificence of first growth. The gum trees were aflame; otherwise there was no sign of autumn in the forest, though autumn was almost at hand. Closed gentians bloomed along the road; an eye as sharp as that of Stark, and seeking beauty, would have spied red lobelia in the damp places where little springs welled out of the ground. The day was intensely bright; in the sunshine every leaf glittered. The shadows seemed unnaturally black and the woodland had an air more than usually secret. A sensitive soul would have felt itself alien, a man or woman unaccustomed to the mountain would have been uncomfortable.

On a News Stand He Saw Papers With Large Headlines and Pictures. Many Persons Stopped to Buy and He Bought Also

At Wolf Hill store, Stark helped himself to a chair. The store was built of logs, with the porch running all the way round. The chairs were splint rockers, made continuously at Hunterstown in the valley since before the war which had frightened the great-great-grandfather of Stark into the mountains. Before the row of chairs ran a railing upon which one could elevate one's feet. There were no more comfortable chairs in the world; there was for Stark's need no other audience than that which assembled here when road building was completed and huckleberries gathered and patches of corn tilled and harvested.

This morning his audience was disappointingly limited. Lacking the tremendous sum which the Vimy Club paid during the season, and the monthly wages for looking after and keeping the hunting lodge in order, and lacking also wives like Manda, who successfully cultivated a large garden, the other mountain men were compelled to work. But the storekeeper sat near by, and one auditor was, after all, enough.

"Well, I had a letter from the secretary," Stark began in a sonorous tone. It was not a loud tone for him—the resonance of his voice was such that he needed only to speak to be heard as far away as other men who shouted. He would have irritated smarter men than those with whom he associated by his assumption that all his affairs were of interest. "I tell you the Vimy men have the money!" He took a letter from his pocket. "They want a stone hut built against the hill, and the water led to it. Before the season opens a plumber's comin' and we're goin' to fix shower baths, hot and cold. No livin' in uncleanness for my fellows! Such changes of apparel as they bring! Different from the Buck Club." He laughed meanly—the storekeeper's son was the guide for the Buck Club, whose hut and living arrangements were primitive in the extreme.

The storekeeper rose and went indoors. He hated Stark, but he accepted him at his own high valuation, and feared him. Stark expected that he would return, but he did not appear, and presently he rose and walked away, his hands in his pockets. He was sensitive to slights, and his cheek flushed. Vanity would not let his departure seem that of necessity.

"Got to go to the lodge now," he called.

Hidden by the foliage, he looked back. The storekeeper had again taken his place on the porch; he sat comfortably, with his feet higher than his head. He had had no business within; his leaving was insulting.

Round the store all had been silent, but there had been human life. In the woods was silence without life. Stark halted—the world was unnaturally still. He looked up. Only a small portion of the sky could be seen in the narrow cut made by the road; that portion had a metallic sheen. There was no sound in the woods, neither the rustle of a deer nor the call of a bird. It was very seldom that Stark's listening ears could hear nothing at all. He frowned and stood for a second holding his breath. He looked to his left—here the land sloped downward for a long distance; to his right—here the land fell gently into a ravine, then rose abruptly to a higher, sharper ridge. His mind vainly ranged its slope in search of sound. Surely twigs would crackle under a deer's hoofs or a blue jay would rend the air with his harsh call!

At last he was rewarded—to the left he heard the whirring of a locust. He stepped on, narrowing his eyes. There was a paleness about his mouth and a sense of vacancy about his heart. He laughed suddenly aloud, and swore. "Afraid, are you?" He strode on, making a loud noise with his boots on the stony road. He was tempted to sing, but he resisted the temptation; singing at Wolf Hill store, he could be heard as far as Stambaugh's, and there was no reason why everyone should know where he was.

Coming to a crossroad, he looked first to the left, then to the right. The clubhouse lay beneath him to his left; he decided that before going thither, he would climb the hill and look into the spring which furnished the water supply. It was carefully covered, the water was piped, and he was required to inspect it frequently, so overparticular were the hunters. There was no possible chance for pollution; the wooden lid was padlocked, and the only person who came this way was Mrs. Suttler, a pious woman whom the mountain folk called Praying Tillie. Her cabin was still higher on the hill, and to it a road led from the opposite direction. Her associates lived in the next valley and she came this way only when she was called to the bedside of a sick person.

The trees close to the spring had been cut, so that in summer it seemed to lie at the bottom of a well, green-walled and filled with sunshine. Though all appeared to be as he had left it a month earlier, Stark unlocked the fastening and lifting the lid looked in. The water reflected his

own face and the blue sky, to which it gave a strange dull look. He swore again as he fastened down the lid.

"How did you get this way?" he asked himself scornfully in a slang phrase learned from the hunters.

He paused awkwardly in the act of straightening his back, then slowly lifted his body and turned his head to one side.

"That's no locus'!" he said aloud. "That's an airioplane!"

He lifted his face; it was most unlikely that the plane would pass this little opening, choosing as it might from the vast spaces of the sky. He began to run toward the wider road, his feet stumbling as he tried to look upward at the same time that he ran. He had seen only one airplane, but he remembered the sound of the engine, like an auger boring through the air. The plane was coming nearer—he laughed aloud in delight. Perhaps it would pass over his head and he might see men in it! What a mighty yell he would lift!

He began to yell as he ran. The noise of the plane grew rapidly louder. It grew too loud for comfort, too loud for safety. It uttered no longer a boring sound, thrilling and exciting, but without implication of danger; it uttered a deafening and menacing roar. His yell turned to a shriek he believed that the plane was approaching not the ridge in general but him in particular; that it was aiming for him; that it meant to destroy him and that there was no escape.

He was not far wrong. A dark shadow fell upon him; the plane was actually descending, a monstrous vampire. He threw himself upon his face on the ground; he believed himself to have been killed. He was dead—why did not oblivion come, and surcease from the terrific roar?

Surcease did come, but not until the world had split open—at least so thought Stark. An intolerable sound of rending and ruin, then all was still. He lay as if stunned. At last he opened one eye, the other, and sat up. The woods were silent, there was no cry of locust near or far, no call of jay. He noticed for the first time in his life a blue gentian blooming near by. He rose to his feet and stood trembling. Surely he could not have imagined the roar and thunder!

Feebly he walked in the direction in which the earth had seemed to split. He supported himself by tree trunks. He closed his eyes and stood gasping; he was now almost at the spot where that had happened which had happened. It must have been at the Vimy Club spring! He approached the dell and found it filled with ruin, confusion of steel and wood and fabric. His mouth opened; he stood between two trees, like Samson between the pillars. He could see, also, ghastly ruin of human bodies. He tottered forward. He began to talk to himself:

"Steady, now! Steady, now!"

He obeyed his own admonition and took a dozen firm steps. He stood close beside the cockpit of the plane. He reached over. One would not have expected him to be either so stupid or so tender as to explore for heartbeats, or to lean his head to catch the soft breath of life. He seemed, however, to do both. His panic gave his motions a vulture-like eagerness dreadful to see. There was no life in the broken bodies—that would have been plain to a toddling child.

Desisting from his investigations, he turned away. An observer who did not know him would have believed that he turned to flee; one acquainted with him would have known that he ran to spread the amazing news. Fate had given him that prominence which he most desired and loved.

"It was me who got there!" he would say. "I was there! It was me that seen them! It was me told the people! These others, they know nothing. I was there."

He ran in a new direction; taking neither the road back to the store nor the faintly marked path to the cabin of Mrs. Suttler, he rapidly bisected their angle, making little noise for so large a creature. He ran as though, casting the idea of Mrs. Suttler and the storekeeper aside, he sought a larger audience—perhaps the road makers, who were at best twenty in number.

He proceeded, however, to no human gathering place or habitation; he pressed into deeper woods. Here was first growth, with an almost tropical wildness of aspect. He sat on the trunk of a fallen tree, his face ashen. He had not recovered from his first panic and since then he had run like a madman. He sat perfectly still, his shoulders hunched, his arms folded across his body as though he protected some object of value or tried to assuage some bodily misery. A little wind set the leaves rustling, high overhead a pileated woodpecker, rarely seen even by his sharp eyes, whistled its slow cuk-cuk. He did not look up, or wish for his gun, though the queer, narrow-necked body against the blue sky offered a shot which at other times would have made his hand ache for his rifle.

When systole and diastole resumed their regular alternation, he rose and proceeded on his way. His course now lay neither toward the clubhouse nor Mrs. Suttler's cabin, nor the working place of the road makers, but back exactly over the track which he had made. His face burned, in his eyes was a hunger to see whether the dreadful thing in the dell was true. He did not run, but stepped with utmost care, parting the bushes with his hands, stepping high over small fallen branches. He took his time as though sure of his quarry, as though fate, which had made him the first to see, would also give him time to gather all startling and horrible details. He seemed to have forgotten the carrying quality of the piercing sound of approach, the stupendous roar and crash of the fall.

He arrested his slow progress at the sound of a voice already, alas, there was another person in the dell! He took another step, another, and parting a thick hazel bush looked in. There lay the broken plane; there, strapped in their places, lay the broken bodies; there, beside the plane, knelt a woman. She was dressed in a blue gingham dress, washed to the softness of a pale-blue sky. Her face was round, her thick gray hair was smoothly parted, her hands were folded on her breast, her eyes were closed, she was speaking in a clear voice.

Stark was not greatly surprised; it was Mrs. Suttler. She could not have come all the distance from her house in this time; she must have been on her way to the valley.

"O God!" she wailed

"Nothing doing," said Stark grimly to himself.

"I'm the first to find these poor boys!" declared Mrs. Suttler.

"Yes, you are!" mocked Stark.

"O God, hear me! O God, it ain't the thing to pray for the dead; their deeds is done, their account is cast up, their book is closed. But, O God, let these boys have been good boys! If they wasn't good boys, let it be that the angel of the Lord appeared to them as they was falling down, crashing, O God, from the skies. Let them have repented then before it was too late forever, O God!"

Mrs. Suttler ceased to speak; the woodpecker had flown thither; he whistled steadily, with long intervals between the sounds. Mrs. Suttler continued her plea. Stark was near enough to see tears running down her cheeks.

"O God, the mothers of these boys!" She paused and Stark checked a hasty movement. "O God, the wives of these boys, if they have wives! O God, the little children!"

"Pray!" muttered Stark. "Pray!" He stepped back into the woods. There was no need for caution; entranced by her own performance, Mrs. Suttler was oblivious to all else.

At noon he stepped through the woods toward the little dell. He walked boldly, swinging his body, swaggering,

(Continued on Page 176)

"It Ain't the Thing to Pray for the Dead; Their Deeds is Done, Their Account is Cast Up, Their Book is Closed"

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 3, 1927

The Next President

EVEN at this early date and in both political parties there is a luxuriant crop of gentlemen willing to assume the arduous duties and well-nigh-impossible burdens of the presidency. In their respective degrees of receptivity they range from a rare if genuine modesty and hesitancy in thrusting their merits upon the public eye, to a vulgar and blatant use of obviously forlorn hopes for a slight and transient shred of self-advertising.

When there are many candidates for exalted office the politicians have hard problems of their own to solve, and contests sometimes develop which are not altogether seemly. Such situations may develop in a way to make the judicious grieve. Yet the man in the street, in the office and workshop—in places where average humankind meets—is not averse to a full field of pre-convention candidates. The personality of the men, their supposed capacity for high office, afford rich conversational material, and there is not lacking the feeling that perhaps the public business is to be well looked after when so many seek the position.

No one is quite so simple as to suppose that all presidential candidates are selected solely on the basis of their qualifications for serving the best interests of the nation. Time and circumstance, personal ambitions and rivalries, political strategy, all play their parts. We do not know, of course, who the two candidates will be, nor could we possibly enumerate in advance the causes that are certain to operate in bringing about a selection. Yet there can be no harm in mentioning certain qualities that would be admirable if found in the next President—qualities which would make for the sound conduct of public business.

In the first place it should make no difference from what section of the country the Chief Executive comes—that is, as respects the conduct of the office. We are not speaking of the election itself. There are Easterners too narrow in their outlook to understand the West, and they are not to be desired; and there are Westerners so concerned in building up their own section that they have no time to interest themselves in any other.

Provincialism is not a question of residence; it is a state of mind. There are broad-minded New England villagers and narrow-minded plainsmen. There are Eastern city dwellers with forlorn limitations and Western mountaineers who embrace the world in their ken. Agriculture should not fear a candidate merely because he understands and is sympathetic toward the economics of large business operations; what agriculture needs is the genius of similar organization.

The previous profession of the candidate does not much matter. Business, engineering, public administration—all these and other occupations may train the mind and chasten the character sufficiently for the needs of the occasion.

Whether the next President should possess a magnetic and markedly gracious personality or should be able to write and speak with fluency is sure to be a disputed issue. We have had great Presidents notable for the presence of these characteristics, and extremely valuable Presidents almost as notable for their absence. This is not a point on which to become dogmatic. It should merely be observed that easy manners, friendliness and eloquent speaking do not in themselves make a good President.

Certainly we want no President in the next four years to whom the intricacies of modern industrial operations are a closed book. It will be a misfortune in the coming decade if the Chief Executive, or Executives, cannot muster at least a sympathetic comprehension of the marvelous technological and scientific progress which those years are certain to witness. He must not be the type of man who becomes bored when a subordinate attempts to explain the policies of the Federal Reserve System, of reclamation, of reforestation, and of a hundred and one other more or less technical matters.

Obviously it can never be for the best interests of the country for it to have a President who is obtuse to all except material values. But a knowledge of the real meanings of modern industry does not imply an obtuseness in this respect. Those closest to business development are most sensitive to its newer and finer values, to its associative or coöperative tendencies, and to its essential democracy involving the rights of labor and the public, as well as those of capital.

It goes without saying that common-sense people do not want a President who makes crude gestures at foreign countries or berates them after the manner of a participant in a free-for-all somewhere near the old gas house. But of course the President swears to uphold the Constitution of the United States, and his foreign policy should not be based on the idea of Europe first. President Coolidge and his advisers have stood firm for the interests of their own country without a shade or trace of jingoism, either in its older forms or in its most modern version.

It is a sign of the soundness of American institutions that everyone takes for granted the fact that the next President will be a man of high character. But should he be a politician? Ah, there is the question!

Our Government is conducted under a party system. Some men have a faculty for getting along with party leaders and others find the association distasteful. It is not easy to serve two masters. The interests of the people as a whole and of the political machines are not always identical. The President's position is therefore most difficult.

Clearly he must have a taste, an administrative flair for affairs. He must know men and be able to get along with them. He is useless unless he can command the loyalty of large numbers of associates and subordinates.

Whether in the presidency a man needs to be a politician in any sense beyond that of possessing an unusual measure of common sense, good judgment, ability to discriminate between the petty and the important, caution about making a fool of himself in little as well as big matters, and the courage of a lion in sticking to his convictions when the relatively few great issues arise, we seriously doubt. In any case these are the qualities which the people of the country enjoy seeing in their President.

Officeholders

MANY holders of public office are among the best of American citizens, giving freely of time and devotion to their work. But there are inherent reasons in the nature of government why the number of public officials and employes should not increase indefinitely—reasons which go to the roots of public policy. At this season, when state legislatures and Congress are in session or soon to convene, we need to remind ourselves as a people that pleas for the extension of government functions should be examined from more than one angle.

There is plausibility in the idea that if more things need to be done a new bureau or department of the state or nation is the place to dump the responsibility. It has been wisely suggested that the people learn how to own their present government before they create more of it to operate by default. But such is not the point we are seeking to make at this time.

A wholesome government and a sound economic system must rest upon a reasonable balance between public and private activities. A country is thrown out of true when the ratio between public employes and those for whom they work approaches a parity. It is as if a disproportionate number of men became waiters, or as if all women subsisted by taking in one another's wash. Government is paid out of taxes, and there must be direct producers who create the wherewithal to pay the taxes.

Then, too, political control naturally gravitates to officeholders. In a large city the district leaders can count on the public employes to vote in primaries, and thus go a long way in deciding upon the candidates for higher office. In cities like New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and San Francisco many of the so-called best citizens live in suburbs and have no vote in the city itself. They may not be as good citizens in reality as the policemen, firemen and school-teachers who live and vote within city limits, for certainly they abdicate of their own accord.

The motives of the officeholder are not necessarily questioned, but he and his relatives and friends naturally vote for candidates who will see to it that their jobs do not suffer. This is human nature, but government should not be given too large a dose of this particular element of it. In New York City a substantial section of the business men are disfranchised by living in other counties, or even in other states. The vote of the hundred thousand officeholders, with relatives and friends, makes a fairly solid block which the district leaders can count upon.

If we keep on carelessly permitting the creation of more commissions and authorities and bureaus, the time will come when the ordinary nonofficeholding citizen will have nothing to say about the election of candidates or the choice of public issues. That will all be neatly arranged for him by the employes of departments—well-meaning men and women, but with their perfectly natural instinct for self-preservation too intimately tied up with the processes of democratic self-government for such functions to work at all.

Every movement for the creation of a new department, bureau or commission is able to attract a substantial following; for new jobs, increased patronage and new appropriations to spend are always welcome to those who get their living out of politics. No such enthusiasm greets proposals to overhaul old organizations, to cut out the dead wood and to reduce the personnel of overmanned offices. Such efforts invariably meet with stubborn resistance all along the line. This is one of the fundamental reasons why state and municipal pay rolls often become so formidable and why even honest government is hopelessly handicapped in its efforts to approach the efficiency of private enterprise.

There are countries to the south of us where at times a hungry man had best be in the army and a presidential aspirant had best stand well with the army. In the same way, there are European countries where such an aspirant often needs the votes of state-owned-railroad employes. This type of government is absolutely deadening in its effects.

There are so many functions which government must perform, which no one else can, that we always wonder how special pleaders find the temerity to urge the heaping of more burdens upon this overworked agency. But more than this, the very essence of democracy is endangered as the public pay roll mounts up. An officeholder will work well as long as he knows that there is a real, substantial and powerful public holding him to account. But when the political balance of power shifts from the nonofficeholding public to the officeholders, good though their intentions may be, the very mainspring of democracy breaks.

VODKA — By Alfred Pearce Dennis

VODKA is sold in Russia today as freely as ice cream is sold in the United States. This pale volatile stuff is 40 per cent pure alcohol and three stiff glasses of it are enough to put any novice under the table. Russia tried out prohibition for the space of ten years and in 1925 definitely abandoned it. Whether the return to legal vodka drinking is a retrogressive step depends on whether one's point of view is that of an ethical teacher, humanitarian, economist or finally the type of liberal who believes that an individual should be perfectly free to go to the devil by whatever route he may fancy. Drinking in Eastern Europe is not the kind we know. For the most part a man drinks standing rather than sitting and gulps his liquor rather than sips it. Taste runs to fiery potent liquors rather than to wine and beer. The Russian drinks not for sociability and companionship, but primarily to get drunk. These Russians can drink too. Only a superman at carrying his liquor may hope in Russia to attain distinction as a drinker.

The production of vodka in Russia is associated with the ordinary potato. Stuff powerful enough to remove warts or peel the paint from a barn door is distilled from the watery and anæmic potato. It is no secret that from one peck of potatoes may be extracted enough alcohol to liven up any household wedding or christening. Let us begin this tale, after a manner of speaking, from the ground up—that is, with the potato.

Russia before the war knew no rival as a potato country. Wherever the potato thrives in Eastern Europe, there vodka flourishes. The most favored potato regions in old Russia were the western marches of the country. Esthonia, Latvia, Congress Poland—these territories now independent of Russia annually produced from 1500 to 2000 pounds of potatoes per capita, while the production in our own country scarcely averages 200 pounds.

Workers of World Unite—at the Saloon

The Potato Republic

THE diminutive republic of Esthonia, as a part of Russia, specialized before the war in potatoes and vodka. It supplied Russia annually with about 10,000,000 gallons of alcohol. About 1,000,000 gallons were consumed locally in this sparsely settled country which has about the area of West Virginia. In the prewar period the Esthonian peasant partook of a light breakfast of potato bread and alcohol. At noon his luncheon consisted of a snack of dried fish and a snifter of vodka. Shortly thereafter he knocked off for the day.

This concentration on vodka created no international trade balance. Esthonia, as a Russian province, was a poor country with a limited future. As an independent republic, with the Russian vodka market lost and its production cut 90 per cent, Esthonia today is one of the few countries in Europe that balances its budget and maintains a favorable international trade balance. Esthonia is growing just as many potatoes—some 1500 pounds per capita—but the spud crop is being fed to animals and converted into milk and butter instead of alcohol. The little republic within ten years has waxed consequential as a dairy country, with exports of butter, bacon and lard exceeding the value of the prewar vodka trade. The Russians patronizingly refer to Esthonia as the little potato republic.

Before the war, the Russian potato-alcohol industry was concentrated in Congress Poland, that of Germany in the Posen district and that of Austria in Galicia. Congress Poland, Posen and Galicia now combine to form Poland. Consequently Poland is overburdened with an excessive alcohol output which it cannot dispose of to foreign consumers because of the universally high tariff upon spirits, whereas Russia, Austria and Germany are short of an important article of commerce formerly produced within their own borders.

One drives over the great estates of Poland and observes the country dotted with potato distilleries. Poland is glutted with potato alcohol while neighboring countries are short of it. Sweden, with its strict licensing system, and Finland, on a prohibition basis, both complain of the quantities of potato alcohol that are smuggled in from Poland.

The return of Russia, in 1925, to the vodka traffic found the country short of supplies and under the necessity of developing the domestic sources of production. The Russians have been rather slow to resume their old drinking habits, because it has taken time to build up production within the soviet union. The alcohol trade of Russia before the war was a government monopoly. Under the czarist régime the drinker obtained his bottle of government alcohol in exchange for a few kopecks. With one movement he knocked the stopper out of the bottle by striking its bottom against the palm of his hand, gulped down the contents and restored the empty bottle to the vender, receiving a copper or two in exchange. By adding a few more kopecks he could acquire another bottle and so keep on drinking in a perpendicular position until his money was exhausted or he sank stupefied to the ground. Vodka drinking would have dealt a severe blow to agriculture but for the fact that much of the farm work is done by women, and Russian women are not inebriates.

Turgenieff, the most faithful of Russian realists, writes of the drinking in Russian villages of his day:

> Before almost every dramshop was standing little peasant carts, harnessed to shaggy, pot-bellied nags which stood with their unkempt heads hanging down submissively and seemed to sleep. From doors in the huts coarse voices broke forth, from doors suddenly opened streamed the filthy warmth and acrid smell of alcohol and the red glare of lights. A ragged unbelted peasant would come out of a dramshop and, his breast propped against the shafts of his cart, stay motionless, feebly fumbling and moving his hands as though looking for something; or a wretched factory hand, his cap awry and his cotton shirt flying open, would take a few irresolute steps barefoot, stop short, scratch his spine, and with a sudden groan go back again.

A Kindly Government

BEFORE the government established the state alcohol monopoly a generation ago, the liquor trade was private and exacted of the drinker all the traffic would bear. The average Russian vodka seller was more of a social and political menace than the American saloon keeper at his worst. The Russian publican was more than a dramshop keeper. He was all too frequently money lender and usurer. When a patron fell hopelessly into debt, the vodka seller would exact the debtor's labor. Both laborers and peasants became bondmen to the drink seller.

Count Witte, most capable of modern Russian statesmen, recognized these evils and, along with Bismarck, was quick to see the revenue-raising possibilities of a state liquor monopoly. Witte also stressed the humanitarian side of putting the government into the drink business. The evils of drink, he argued, are directly associated with the poisonousness of impure alcohol. He pointed out that better refining methods are assured under a state monopoly, and that many of the evils of drunkenness would disappear if the state were in a position to guarantee the purity of alcoholic beverages. He argued that a state monopoly enabled the government to fight alcoholism, and with this argument won over Emperor Alexander in spite of the opposition of Pobédonostsev, chief of the Holy Synod.

When the control of all retail dramshops was taken over by the state not less than 100,000 vodka saloons were closed. The clergy blessed the new government shops and certain bemedaled aristocrats graced the auspicious occasion by acting as bartenders. The government began in a spirit of moderation. In the first year consumption of government vodka amounted to no more than 44,000,000 gallons. But soon thereafter the Japanese War broke out. As William Pitt had found in the elasticity of the British spirits duty a convenient source of revenue for carrying on

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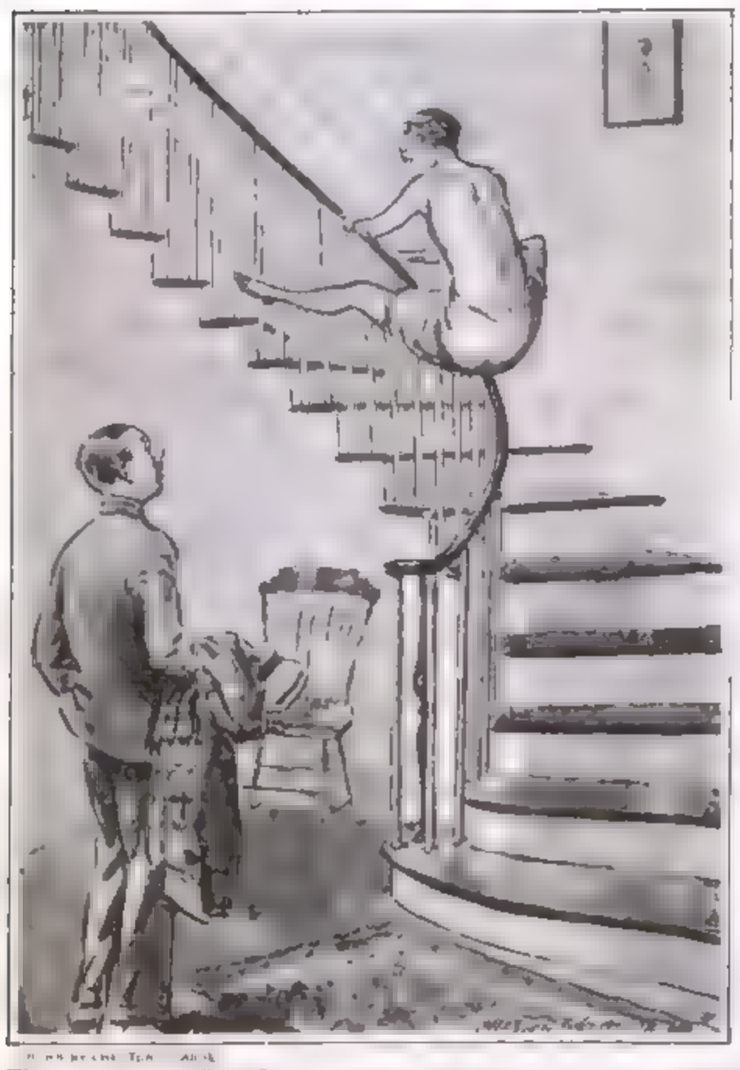
SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



When the Fire Chief's Daughter Said She'd be Right Down She Meant It

Pullman Stevensonia

AT HOME I
stay up late
at night –
If I dern please, till
dawning light.
On Pullmans, quite
the other way;
I have to go to bed
by day.

I have to go be-
cause I see
My berth has been
made up for me;
Although the hour
is barely eight,
The porter seems to
think it's late.

And does it not
seem hard to you
When I'll be jostled all night through,
And will not sleep much, anyway,
To have to go to bed by day?

—*Julia Jonah.*

The Modern Play

A Gripping Drama in One Grip

AS THE curtain rises GEORGE HORSEHURST *and* MISS MINNIE WHISK *are seen facing each other just abaft a ship model in an ordinary living room. The time is Eastern daylight saving.*

GEORGE: Bad word my luck, anyhow!

MINNIE: What the bad word has happened to your luck now?

GEORGE: Oh, I always have the bad wordest time.

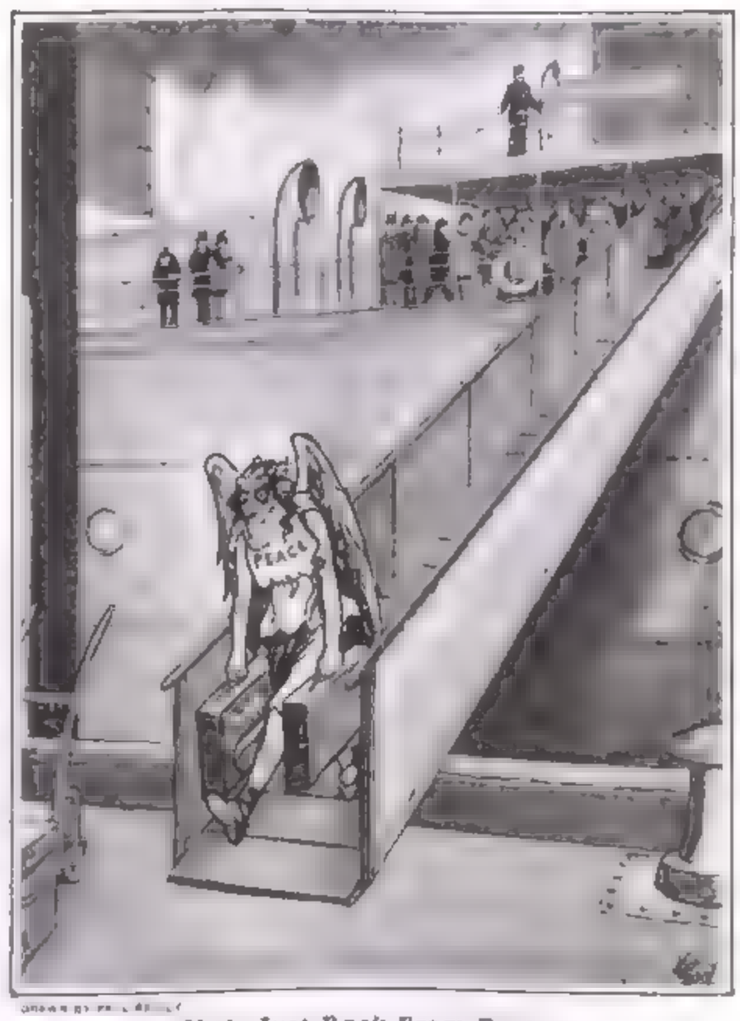
MINNIE: Perhaps it's this bad word climate. The monotony of the bad word snow falling on the bad word roof all the bad word day.

GEORGE: Yes, and more than likely all the bad word night.

MINNIE: Bad word it! I don't see why I had to come to this bad word island of Ping Pong Ping Pong anyhow. Down here in the bad wordest part of the bad word South Seas and nothing but snow, snow, snow.

GEORGE: Bad word it all! I'll bet the bad word snowfall has broken the ten-year average.

MINNIE: That's the bad word of it. Nothing but bad word snow, and more bad word snow, until I get so bad word fed up on the bad word stuff that I bad word near kill myself.



She's Just Back From Europe

The Reception Committee

GEORGE: If you were married I would flirt with you, you bad word little bad word.

MINNIE: Nothing but bad word snow, bad word it all!

GEORGE: What the bad word's the matter with us? I've got a bad word good idea.

MINNIE: Bad word it. Out with it.

GEORGE: Run and put on your bad word bathing suit, you bad word little homewrecker, and then run out there and romp around in the bad word snow, bad word it.

MINNIE: What the bad word put that idea in your head?

GEORGE: I'll take your picture and send it to a rotogravure section, you bad word fool. How could anybody ask more than that?

[*Minnie regards him a moment, then throws herself in his arms.*

CURTAIN

—*Tom S. Elrod.*

Meow!

"WOULD you marry him if you were I?" she asked.

"I'd marry anyone that asked me if I were you," answered her best friend.

The Happy Aisles

ADORABLE, Grayce, I admit, but you know as well as I do that she doesn't care for raccoon, and that lining isn't her color at all. She told me she looked best in —

(Continued on Page 142)

Stick-Up Man (Holding Up Meat Market): "Hello, Dearie, Listen, Did You Say I Should Bring Home Steak or Pork Chops?"

"My Poor, Dear Sir, You Look So Sad!"
"I'm Not, Madame, It's Just My Face"

Hearty pieces of nourishing meat in every spoonful!

12 cents a can

SOUP
and the girl with "It"

DON'T ASK us what "it" is! Clara Bow tried to tell the world—and after a delightful session in her company on the screen, you came away forgetting all about "it" and remembering only Clara Bow. After all, that "definition" should be entirely satisfactory to Clara—and to any other girl.

"Get your man—Get your man—Get your man" runs the motto of a fast-stepping chorus. And the independent young lady of the day goes about it with delightful assurance and fascinating cleverness. No misgivings, she! No excuses or apologies. Instead a frank, somewhat headlong, but altogether admirable zest for her Great Adventure. And who can help but join in the whole-souled applause? For is not this the age that belongs to the alert and sensible and self-reliant woman? And aren't the men all having the time of their lives in their new role as "willin' victims"?

IF THE GIRLS of today have a different idea about their food, for example, isn't this simply another sign that they have graduated from the "clinging vine" class that used to be so fashionable? Girls nowadays know that the kind of food they eat is before long reflected in their faces and their oh, so precious silhouettes. Don't think their tastes are any less exacting. Nor that they don't enjoy delicious food just as much as ever. But they have dropped some old notions along with much avoirdupois. They eat intelligently and well. They select the foods that invigorate. The glowing cheek, the winning smile, the lithe and graceful lines of perfect health—these they seek to get through the right selection of their food.

HOW DO YOU account for the tremendous popularity of soup today? In the past decade or two, the use of soup in this country has increased with astonishing rapidity until now it is one of the great national dishes. The answer is simple: Better knowledge of the right foods to eat and delicious soups sold everywhere in condensed form. Flappers and their older sisters, men in all walks of life have developed a fondness for soup because it tastes so good and is so beneficial.

Soup provides tempting food. Soup stimulates the flow of the digestive juices and thus promotes digestion. The hot liquid has a bracing, tonic effect which acts as a wholesome stimulant. And Campbell's Soups—twenty-one different kinds all listed on the label—simply require the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and a few minutes simmering!

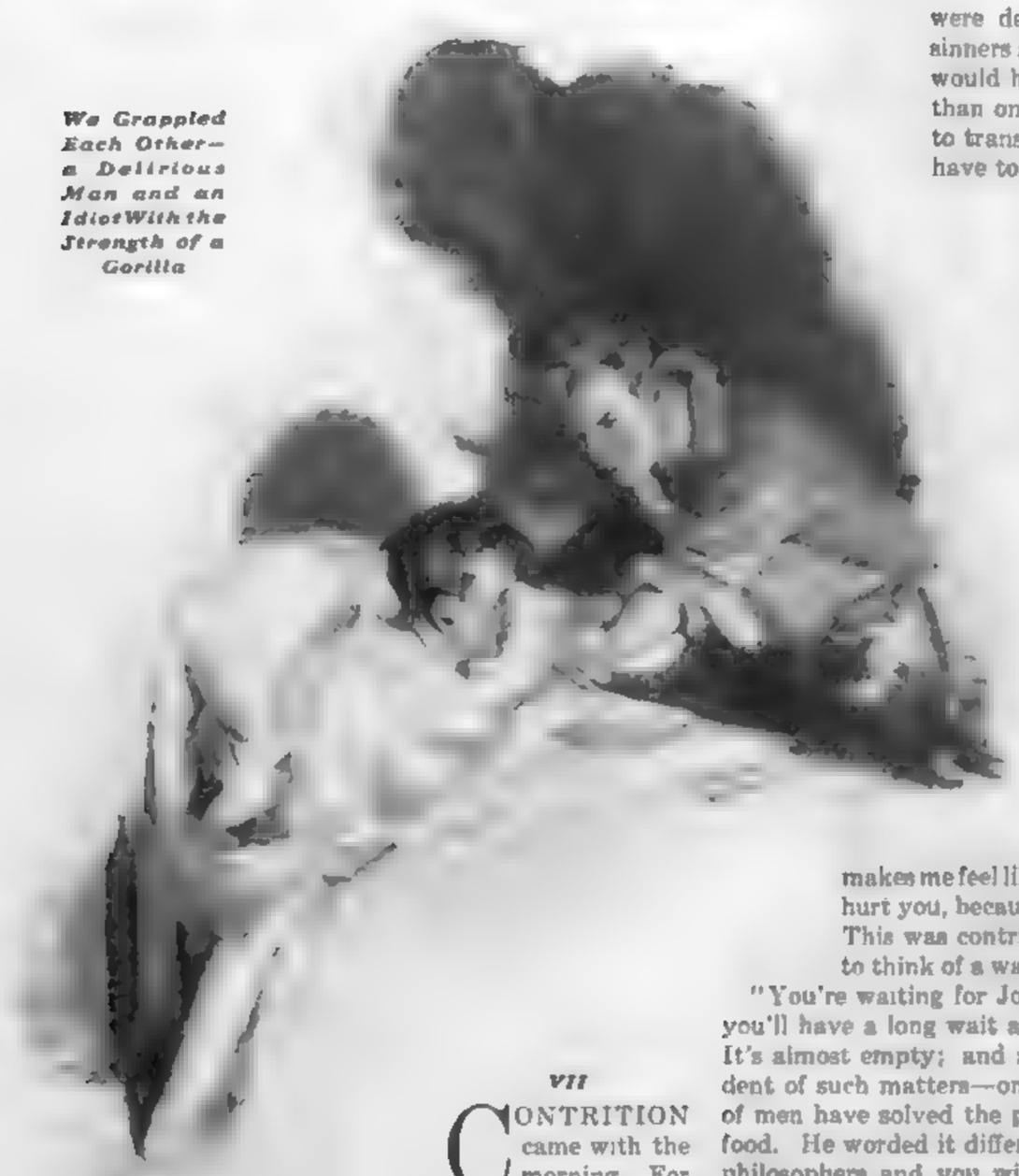
If I may speak, as man and sheik,
This secret I'll impart:
Each Campbell's kind will always find
A soft spot in my heart.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE RIVER

By TRISTRAM TUPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK



We Grappled Each Other—a Delirious Man and an Idiot With the Strength of a Gorilla

VII

CONTRITION came with the morning. For a moment, on the past night, I had held Rosalee in my arms; and now I seemed a million years older and, at the same time, younger than ever before in my life, as if newborn.

Before noon I glanced up from the log, which was just beginning to split with repeated blows on the wedges, and saw Rosalee in the slanting sunlight of the kitchen doorway. Her eyes were dark and tragic. After a time, without a word, she took the rifle from the chopping block and walked slowly past me into the woods.

"Rosalee!" I called. Presently I heard a shot, and this frightened me; then I heard another shot and was no longer frightened. When she reappeared I asked, "What luck?"

She had killed something, she said—a squirrel; and she put the rifle down on the ground.

"Where is the squirrel?" I asked.

"Where it fell."

"But why didn't you bring it in?"

"I wouldn't touch it."

This was incredible. Why had she killed it, then?

"Because," said Rosalee, "I wanted to." And she went into the house.

She prepared no dinner that day, but told me to warm up some soup for myself. She ate nothing; and I noticed that the crow, with feathers ruffled, had been confined to his barrel-stave cage. This hurt Rosalee more than it hurt the bird.

She sat in a chair, looking out the window at the skeletal trees and coldly sparkling river, flowing, flowing, while the beady eyes of the bird peered at her steadily. Finally, when she could stand it no longer, she jumped up, opened the cage, and said:

"There! You can come out now, and after this you'll know better!"

All that day I pondered this form of penance. I could not comprehend her notion of right and wrong. At times she seemed to hold that an act was a sin, while at other times the same act was innocent. And though I could not maintain the reasonableness of this changeable code, still in my heart I felt Rosalee was right and that my half brother in judicial robes and all his confreres and fraternity were dealing out punishment alike to sinners and saints. Unquestionably they would have condemned Rosalee on more than one count; while to me she seemed to transcend law and logic, as one would have to do, I thought, in order to reach perfection. No, I never got to the bottom of these perplexing matters, and perhaps they had no bottom. But of one thing I became convinced: Her clipped-wing crow, black as sin, served her faithfully not only as a means of penance, but also, and more important, as something closely akin to conscience itself.

From a word or two that evening I got some understanding of the emotions going on inside of her. "I'm waiting for Jorgensen," she said simply. And I thought this was merely a repetition of what she had told me before. But it went deeper than that, for she added: "I can't hurt Kingpin. So it isn't him that makes me feel like this. It's you, Allen John. I've hurt you, because I'm waiting for another man." This was contrition on my account, and I tried to think of a way of banishing it from her mind.

"You're waiting for Jorgensen. In that case, Rosalee, you'll have a long wait and we better look to our larder. It's almost empty; and as my grandfather—a great student of such matters—once told me, not even the wisest of men have solved the problem of how to exist without food. He worded it differently: 'Comb the beards of the philosophers and you will find crumbs in them.' Let's walk over to Widow Thompson's and borrow a smoked shoulder."

A crisp, brilliant evening with stars glistening through bare branches. The air against our faces had the feel of a fountain. Rosalee slipped her hand into the pocket of my coat and we walked slowly through the woods. Once we paused without apparent reason, and I caught a faint fragrance which seemed to come from an invisible garden. Neither of us disturbed this moment with word or gesture. Presently we walked on, keeping step. Rosalee seemed hardly to be breathing at all. When she glanced up she said, "Allen John, I like you."

One thing led to another:

I was whistling at the woodpile, carrying the treble and the accompaniment at the same time, on the morning when Rosalee appeared with a red tam o' shanter in her hand and a white sweater around her shoulders. The day was motionless and cold, so clear and cold that it gave real meaning to the ring of the ax. Rosalee seemed particularly radiant. I stopped whistling and laid aside the ax just to gaze at her.

She was going to Olive Springs to get geraniums in pots for her windows. Did I want to go? I asked why she didn't get them at Widow Thompson's. Widow Thompson had the red kind, exactly the shade of the stripe in the window curtains.

Rosalee gave me a look which said plainly I need not go if I did not want to.

I watched her disappear along the woods road, then continued doggedly to chop until the log had been cut into proper lengths. The devil possessed me. I even split two of the lengths for stove wood; then, by taking a short cut, overtook Rosalee before she had reached Thompson Valley.

She neither spoke nor turned her head. Her back was straight as a toy soldier's. We walked single file. Not a word. She swung the red tam o' shanter in her hand defiantly, and I grinned sheepishly behind her back until we got to the farm; then she repaid me with interest by turning in abruptly at the bars.

For no understandable reason I continued along the frozen road, determined to go all the way to Olive Springs alone. Soon, however, I heard her running up behind me.

"Allen John!" she called, and when she came up: "You're a mule for stubbornness!"

This greatly pleased me. I hooked my arm through hers. "Come on now. See if you can match my step all the way to town!" We strode along, Rosalee keeping up with long jumps.

"Allen John, stop!" She was laughing. On and on. "Please! My side!" I stopped short and lifted her to the top rail of a fence so she could rest herself.

"Allen John, I had no idea you were so strong!"

"You weigh no more than a feather."

"I weigh a hundred and seventeen pounds."

"Felt like a feather."

On this day the valley belonged to us. In the spring it was to be awakened by the rumbling thunder of dynamite, but now it lay in its bed among the hills, fast asleep, with a wagon road winding past neglected farms. We loitered on the way home, and at dusk reëntered the woods.

When the murmur of the river became audible I shifted the load to my shoulder and put my arm around Rosalee. This, I knew at once, was the one imperfection of the day; and though perhaps a little thing, yet the proximate cause of disaster.

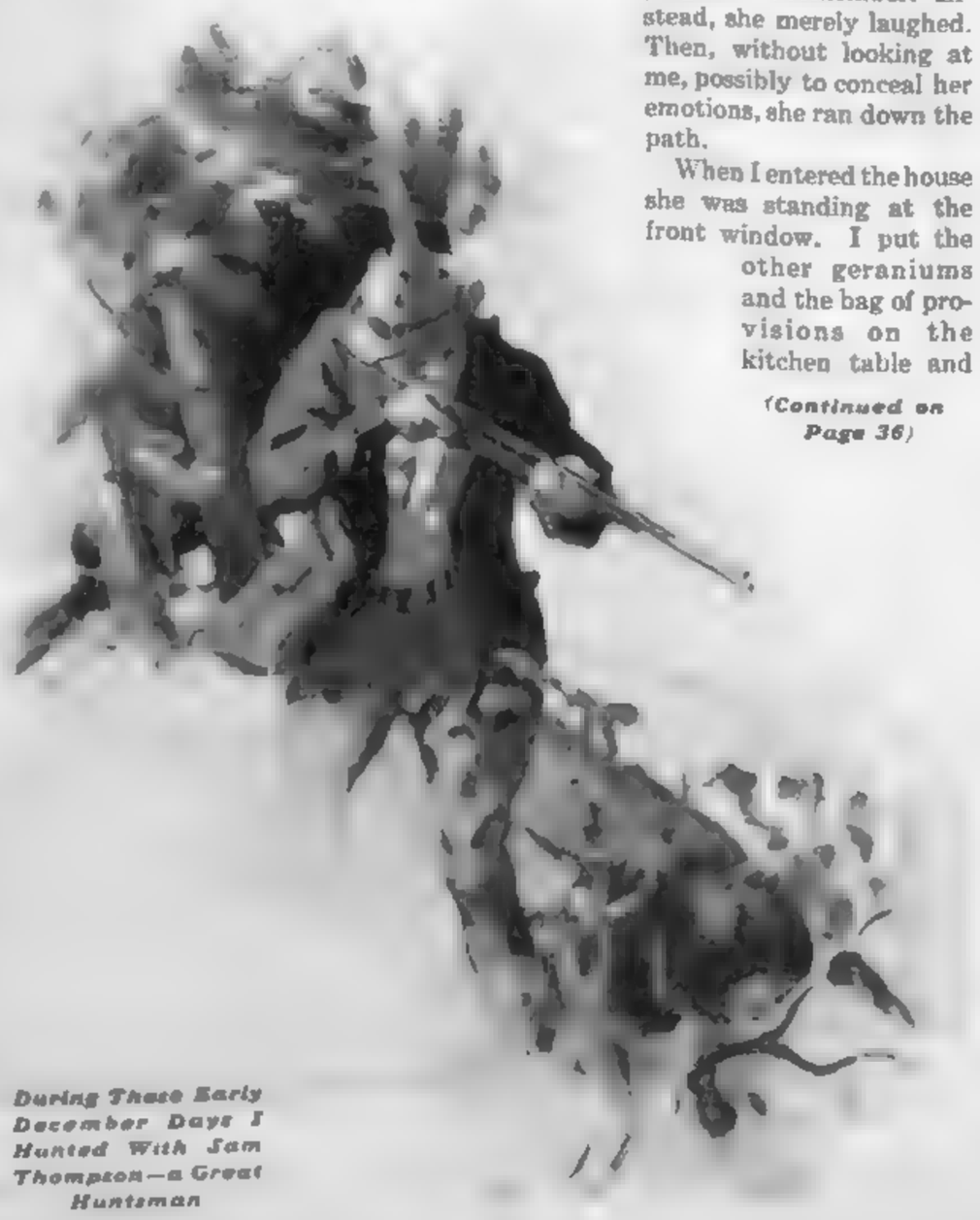
Rosalee said nothing. But her body had a slight rigidity. And in answer, as though she had spoken, I said, "You live by a double code."

This somehow had been her day and I her guest. I had ended now by ruining it; and in my confusion one of the pots of geraniums for which we had walked nearly thirty miles slipped from my arm and fell to the ground.

She looked down and laughed. The pot was shattered. It lay among the dead leaves in the path. A small thing, yet I had the sickness of heart caused only by profound tragedy. If she had gathered up the broken flower and wept over it, there would have been something less subtle to tell and something less poignant to remember. Instead, she merely laughed. Then, without looking at me, possibly to conceal her emotions, she ran down the path.

When I entered the house she was standing at the front window. I put the other geraniums and the bag of provisions on the kitchen table and

(Continued on Page 36)



During These Early December Days I Hunted With Sam Thompson—a Great Huntsman

Libby's

100 Foods

Our kitchens stand in over 50 different garden spots so that many hundreds of chefs and assistants can prepare Libby's choice foods at the moment of full, fresh goodness

Ask for LIBBY'S
when you buy these foods

Fruits, Vegetables
Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Jellies, Jams
Strawberries
Raspberries
Loganberries
Blackberries
Prunes, Figs
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork and Beans
Tomatoes
Sweet Potatoes
Kraut
Tomato Soup

Canned Meats
Cooked Corned Beef
Roast Beef
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak and Onions
Ragout
Hamburger Steak
Veal Loaf
Meat with Spread
Chili Con Carne
Corned Beef Hash
Lunch Tongue
Ox Tongue
Genuine Deviled Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Potted Chicken
Sliced Dried Beef
Sliced Bacon
Mince Meat
Plum Pudding
Mexican Tamales
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract

Milk
Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

Pickles, Condiments
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Queen Olives (Spanish)
Stuffed Olives (Spanish)
Olive Oil (Spanish)
Ripe Olives (California)
Sweet Pickles
Sour Pickles
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Sweet Mustard Pickles
Dill Pickles
Sweet Relish
Sweet Cauliflower Pickles
Sweet Onions
Chow Chow

Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon

(Partial List)

Special Christmas Offer—a $4.50 value for $2.50. A rich assortment of Libby jams (worth $1.75) packed in a Lifetime brand waterless roaster of heavy aluminum (worth $2.75)—all for $2.50. Seven delicious kinds of jam—each made from selected fresh fruit. This novel and pleasing gift will be shipped prepaid direct to any address in the United States. Write for it today, enclosing $2.50. Dept. 28, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. (This is a special holiday offer made to acquaint you with the quality of Libby's foods which you can get regularly from your grocer)

It comes only in the last days of ripening —that special tender sweetness found in Libby's California Peaches. Packed only at the time of perfect ripeness, they are cooked for you *on the same day* in our nearby kitchens, with all their full natural goodness sealed in.

New recipes for surprise dishes—tempting salads and desserts in our leaflet, "Libby's Luscious Fruits." Write for it, also for personal advice on recipes, menus, entertaining. Address Mary Hale Martin, Cooking Correspondent.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Dept. C-12,
Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Canadian Kitchens
Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd.,
Chatham, Ontario

(Continued from Page 34)

left without a word; and by noon the next day knocked at her door and placed a pot of geraniums inside.

She called from the kitchen, "Allen John, come here!" Then, seeing the flower, she said, "You got it at Widow Thompson's. I don't want it"

I told her she was mistaken about that. "I got it at Olive Springs"

"You went back—all that way—last night!" She picked up the geranium. "Have you had breakfast?"

"Yes; but I could drink another cup of coffee."

Rosalee gave me a large cup, with plenty of sugar, and stood at the opposite side of the table studying my face. "To Olive Springs and back yesterday and again last night—that's nearly sixty miles without a wink of sleep. No wonder you look half dead. When you finish that coffee you're going to lie down on my bed and not get up until supper."

"I never felt better in my life. Further, I've set my mind on a trip of exploration—all the way to the source of the river." And I asked if she would go with me.

"Don't be an idiot!" said Rosalee.

I wanted to prove to her I was a man of stamina sufficient to be careless of my sleep, but when I got up from the table the room revolved once or twice in a sickening manner. Disregarding this warning, I said to Rosalee, "So you won't go with me? That's just as well. I'll make better time, and I'll not come back until I find its source."

I got my hat. Rosalee got her tam o' shanter.

"You're a mule for stubbornness, Allen John! If you leave this house I'll go in the opposite direction and not come back until I find the ocean."

She followed me out of the door. At the path I turned upstream. Rosalee turned downstream.

The river had its source somewhere back in the mountains, too far to find, but not too far to imagine; and it emptied, no doubt, into the restless sea. But Rosalee could not have gone a great way, for she returned at nightfall; and I could not have gone a great way, either, for when she returned a fire was burning in the kitchen stove.

She came around the house to see who was making so much fuss with the ax. "I thought you weren't coming back," she laughed

I could think of no reply, so kept on chopping. My brain revolved dizzily. The ax also acted in a perplexing manner—refused to strike twice in the same place. This was due, I told myself, to Rosalee's shadow. Her shadow, cast by the light from the kitchen window, fell directly across the log.

More amazing still was my own voice. The night, bitterly cold, emphasized and sharpened each sound. And I heard myself saying: "If there's enough wood to last the winter I'll start out again tomorrow—maybe tonight."

"There's enough wood to last two winters, and you know it," said Rosalee.

I gazed at the woodpile as if calculating the exact number of cords. "There's wood enough; you're right about that—more than enough." I tried to laugh in a manner indicative of something particularly amusing. "Six weeks ago you said I couldn't cut enough to keep us warm."

"I said to keep you warm."

"To keep me warm; and there it is—a mountain of wood, enough to last two winters; and if I didn't have something else in mind I'd start out tonight and never come back."

From her silence I sensed her belief that I had nothing in mind. And she was right about this too. My brain was filled with silhouettes seen through revolving mist. I steadied myself by holding to the ax helm. "You want me to leave, that's clear."

She laughed a little. "How is it clear, Allen John?"

"If you wanted me to stay you'd say there was not enough wood."

"No, I wouldn't. You don't need any excuse for staying."

In my right senses I could not have failed to treasure this, but something had taken possession of my brain, making me as powerless to stop talking as a man in a delirium. "After all, the thing I had in mind is not so important as I first thought, hardly worth considering. You're driving me away. That's the whole thing in a nutshell."

"I never drove any man away in my life," said Rosalee. "Never—not one."

This slipped past me. An idea at last had taken form, and when I started to expound it there seemed no place to stop: The engineers were coming back in the spring. She knew that? Well, from something they had said, perhaps they would be back no later than the New Year. Did she know they were going to run a spur line up Thompson Valley through Olive Springs to Coal Mountain? I paused with a vague stupendous vision filling my brain - armies of laborers, contractors, engineers marching up the valley to take by stealth and force a mountain of coal from a rival railroad. Dimly I perceived a modern epic, magnificent and chaotic. Then the vision dwindled to infinitesimal proportions. I plucked at the shirt that clung coldly to my damp body. "They're pretty sure to make me a levelman. That's what I had in mind. I thought of staying here through the winter and studying a little, so when they make me a levelman —— But I can study some place else. It's of no consequence."

She gazed at me intently from the shadow that veiled her face. "You haven't looked at a book on engineering since you've been here."

There was no answer to this, nothing I could say. I glanced at the woodpile and made a gesture as though there lay my excuse.

Rosalee laughed, but not very happily, and turning away, went into the house.

I gazed at the closed door, trying to recall what had brought about this reasonless situation. A perspective of autumn days—the sparkling river, laughter, the coloring of the leaves and the golden quality of the sunlight—formed itself in my mind. This was the picture Rosalee had painted with fadeless color on my memory. I continued to gaze at the closed door, saying witlessly: "Such a little thing to bar me from the warmth inside. Such a little thing to make a river flow backward to its source. A broken pot of geraniums—such a little thing."

Moving past the blurred window I came upon the river path and followed it to Hellhole. There I stumbled into the wrong shanty, got inside, struck a match and wondered what had become of my things; then tried another shanty and still another before finding the right one. Without lighting the lantern, I sat down heavily in front of the empty stove. The shirt against my chest had frozen stiff. I continued to sit there, wishing numbly for a few

(Continued on Page 91)

This Was the First Week in December. I Got Together a Pair of Snowshoes for Myself and Took Some Long Tramps With Rosalee

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

№19 Winter dangers lurk in "light oils"

How easy starting may cause lubrication troubles

Today the indiscriminate use of extra-light oils in winter to permit easy starting brings new dangers.

The yearly mileage of the average car is far greater today than it was a few years ago, and this extra mileage is largely *winter* mileage.

Would you deliberately increase your engine wear to permit easy starting? No. But you may if you carelessly accept any "light oil" offered you merely because it gives easier starting in cold weather.

Many such oils are offered today. While they may make starting easier, they fall seriously short in providing the margin of safety necessary to prevent dangerous gasoline dilution of the lubricating oil.

Too thin an oil fails to seal your piston rings adequately. The free use of the choke in starting brings extra gasoline into the combustion chambers. On compression and explosion strokes much of this raw gasoline is forced past the rings into the oil supply in the crankcase.

Then comes extra wear—serious wear—costly wear.

SPECIAL WINTER CHART

Mobiloil Arctic

should be used in winter (below 32°F.) in all cars marked *.

PASSENGER CARS	1927	1926	1925	1924
Auburn *all except Models 8-44 & 8-66*	*	*	*	*
Buick	*	*	*	*
Cadillac	*	*	*	*
Chandler *except Special Six* ..	*	*	*	*
Chevrolet	*	*	*	*
Chrysler 4	*	*	*	
Dodge Brothers	*	*	*	*
Elcar *all except Models 6-66*	*	*	*	*
Erskine	*			
Essex	*	*	*	*
Flint	*	*	*	*
Hudson	*	*	*	*
Hupmobile	*	*	*	*
Jordan	*			
La Salle	*			
Locomobile	*	*	*	*
Marmon *Sixty*	*			
Moon	*	*	*	*
Nash	*	*	*	*
Oakland	*	*	*	*
Oldsmobile	*	*	*	*
Overland & Overland Whippet	*	*	*	*
Packard Six	*	*	*	
" Eight	*	*	*	*
Paige	*	*	*	*
Peerless *Models 60, 80 & Eight*	*	*	*	*
Pontiac	*	*	*	
Reo	*	*	*	*
Star	*	*	*	*
Studebaker	*	*	*	*
Velie	*	*	*	*
Willys-Knight	*	*	*	*

If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Mobiloil Chart at Mobiloil dealers' for your winter grade of Mobiloil.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil Arctic

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is especially manufactured to meet this problem of winter lubrication in most cars. Although fluid enough to provide easy starting, it has an exceptional richness that gives unusual protection against gasoline dilution.

Mobiloil Arctic has the full rich body and character that will resist dangerous dilution and provide thorough lubrication for all friction surfaces.

Mobiloil Arctic will circulate freely in your engine on the coldest days.

The winter lubricating advice of the Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart is approved by 182 manufacturers of automobiles and motor trucks.

With freezing weather at hand, it will pay you, (1) to drain off the used oil from your crankcase and (2) refill with the correct grade of Mobiloil—usually Mobiloil Arctic (see Chart at the left).

A single week of incorrect winter lubrication may easily cost you more than a whole year's supply of Mobiloil.

Keep a supply of Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic on hand in your own garage. The 10-gallon drum and 5-gallon tipper box are convenient packages and afford about a season's supply. For touring or emergency use, the sealed quart cans are excellent, as they can be carried in your car, ready for use at all times.

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help them make their dreams come true

A car of their own—to drive to school . . . to parties . . . to dances . . . to shows!

This Christmas give the young folks the gift they would appreciate most—help them make their dreams come true by starting them on the road to Chevrolet ownership.

You can do this with as small an original investment as you wish by presenting them with the special Christmas Chevrolet 6% Purchase Certificate—which not only makes possible the ownership of a fine quality automobile, but teaches the invaluable lessons of thrift and responsibility.

With the Chevrolet Purchase Certificate, regular payments are made until a sufficient sum is accumulated to obtain delivery of the car. Then the balance is payable in very easy monthly payments. All sums deposited are fully protected and earn 6% interest, while additional credits are allowed on all service and accessories purchased.

Your Chevrolet dealer will gladly arrange to deliver to you a Chevrolet Purchase Certificate, enclosed in a specially prepared Yuletide folder—for presentation to the young folks on Christmas morning. See him today!

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The Coach	595	The Imperial Landau	745
The Coupe	625	½-Ton Truck (Chassis Only)	395
The 4-Door Sedan	695	1-Ton Truck (Chassis Only)	495

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Check Chevrolet Delivered Prices

They include the lowest handling and financing charges available

QUALITY AT LOW COST

The Present of a Talking Parrot Makes Plupy's Life Worth Living

By HENRY A. SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

MONDAY, August 16, 186– it beets time how meen sum fellers is. you wood think when a feller has had a grate greef sutch as i have had that no feller wood be meen enuf to laff about it or to say meen things about it. well they is sum fellers whitch will do it. sumtimes they is fellers whitch are so mutch bigger then you that if you anser back you only get a licking to ad to your greef and a licking dont go verry far towerds making ennyone feal enny better.

but if the feller whitch says meen things isent enny biger or stronger or a better fiter than you are, then if he is the one whitch gets the licking instead of you then you do feal better and there aint enny 2 ways about it.

well when i went down town the morning after Nellie dide i met Beany and he sed gosh Plupy i am auful sorry the little horse is ded. i shall miss that little horse a lot and when i heard Beany say that i wood have devided my last 5 cent peace with him if i had got one. so that maid me think of what a good friend Beany was and then i met Pewt and he sed the same and Ed Tole and the Chadwick boys and i begun to feal a lot better becaus i had so menny frends.

jest then a meen cuss whitch we call Bonos Ayres hollered hi Plupy i heard you have had to kill that old spavined plug of yours and he begun to laff. but he dident laff long because i paisted him a good one in the snout and in 2 seconds we was at it. we went up against the iron fense of the ferst chirch and down in the gutter. he gave me sum good ones so the fellers sed but i was so mad i dident feal them enny more than skeeter bites.

and bimeby i got him down and lammed him until old John P. P. Kelley the store keeper yanked me away and gawed me terible for lamming Bonos so hard and making him yell so loud. but when i told him about it he sed shaw boy is that little mare ded, well i am sorry. she was a good little horse. i remember when Dan Ranlett bought her. she came from Canada. i dont blame you for licking him. but you had better wash your face in the horse troff or you will have a black ey. so i done it and i felt better than i did before the fite whitch i shoodent have did if i had got licked, and old Bonos felt wirse than he wood have if he hadent tride to be so funny. it aint always safe to be so funny with me. old Bonos has lerned that if he hasent lerned ennything elce. so if i keep away from the barn i dont feal so bad.

well things has been prety lifely here in our town. there was 2 fist fites down town over the new sidewalks. it was after the Newburyport man gave a xibition of making tarred sidewalks. it was on the square jest in front of old Johnny Bellows house. Johnny was the feller whitch had bilt the squiducks in the Thing lot before the seminory was given to the town by old Bill Robinson whitch we deddicated last 4th of July and laid the corner stone of. i meen the corner stone of the Seminory and not of old Bill Robinson. Most ennyone wood know that without me telling them but i thougt i had better maik it plane.

well in the afternoon a big cart come over drew by 2 horses full of rocks and pebbles and a barril of tar and a big kittle. well evrybody went down after supper. the men put the kittle on a fire and melted the tar and poared it into anuther kittle and then mixed it up with pebbles and little peaces of rock and stirred it up until it was jest the coler of the mince in mince pies and then they poared it into a frame about as wide as a sidewalk and about 10 or 15 feet long and about 4 or 5 inches thick and told the peeple to wate until it cooled and it wood be hard enuf for them to walk on.

then old Gim Lovering and old Bill Morrill made sum speaches and sed that Exeter wood be the pioneer of the cities and towns of our glorius old granit state with her cloud capped granit hills and old Bill Morrill sed that concreek sidewalks wood be the path by whitch the citisens of Exeter wood asend to the superier sivilization of a munisipality. and old Gnatt Gilman sed let Dover with its grate mills, Portsmouth with its wharfs and its ships from evry part of the wirld, Concord with its legislative halls its general court and its magnificent capital bilding still with besotted ignorence cling to their rude brick sidewalks and their muddy paths. Exeter through the enterprize of its intelligent sitizenry wood put away the abstrack for the concreek and wood in the future as in the past blaze the way to a higer sivilization

well you cood have heard the fellers cheer and holler for 3 miles. but after the speeckers had spoke for over an hour the fellers got fooling when the Newburyport man was lissening to the speaches and not waching his concreek cool, and the first thing he gnew sum feller had stumped Skinny Bruce to walk acrost it, and Skinny whitch is red headed wont taik a stump and so he started to go acrost and got about haff way over and broak throug the crust and got stuck and coodent pull his feet out or move his hine legs and fell down and got his elbos stuck and his hands and begun to holler for help. and Skinnys father and Mike Hartnett gumped in to pull him out and got stuck themselfs and in triing to get out they fell down on

(Continued on Page 159)

Skinny Whitch is Red Headed Wont Talk a Stump and So He Started to Go Acrost and Got About Haff Way Over and Broak Throug

Create Personal Gifts

for Christmas — with DUCO

NEW joy in creating Christmas gifts—gifts with that personal touch, that mean more than the most lavish things, more than things that cost twenty times as much. And—the bugbear of expense is banished. Here's the secret! All the articles can be bought at an amazingly small cost. Then you decorate them yourself, with a few magic strokes of a brush—and Duco!

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There is only ONE Duco — DU PONT Duco

FROM GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE

A COOK'S TOUR

By GEORGE RECTOR

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

THE Italian of the north is different from his southern and Neapolitan brother in most respects. But both the upper and lower Italians like red ink with their music, and they like music at all times. The northerner washes everything down with Chianti except spaghetti. Before he eats his *pasto*, which may be *ravioli*, *fettuccine*, *tortellini* or any other dough, he drinks half a glass of water. I know no reason why they do this, except *l'habitude*—the custom of the country. Drinking the half glass of water is supposed to offset possible indigestion—a disease from which the Italian never suffers. If you want to enjoy good American stomach trouble, or better, American tobacco in Europe, you had better bring your own supply with you.

After the *pasto* is down, then the deluge of red ink starts and continues through the meal. It is nothing unusual for an Italian to drink a liter—a little over a quart—of Chianti with a meal. I have a suspicion that he even fills his fountain pen with the stuff. But he does it slowly and deliberately, smacking his loving lips over each sip of crimson lubricator. The best Chianti comes from the grape orchards of Tuscany, and the local farmers seem to be prosperous even though Mussolini has closed thirty thousand saloons throughout Italy. I imagine that these saloons were simply flytraps selling bad liquor and the scourings of the wine vat. Mussolini's order did not include restaurants, which seem able to supply the national demand for highly colored juices.

Two Exceptions to the Rule

WHILE the *pasto* reigns supreme all over the peninsula, the northern Italian is the mechanic of Italy. The fine motor cars, the big locomotives, ice-making machinery, marine engines and the various other things that click and gear are molded and forged in the towns of Milan and Turin, the two Pittsburghs of Italy. Though Naples in the south is conceded to be the biggest Italian city, with its nine hundred thousand population, yet Milan expects to pass it in a couple of years and double its population in the next ten. There is no citizen who works harder than the law-abiding Italian, who must accomplish his labor in a climate more adapted for loafing than for ambition. That's why he must be handed credit for making one of the finest motor cars in all Europe.

I don't realize just how I swung from *pasto* into machinery, but the point I want to make is that the man who labors hard must eat something more substantial than *pasto* and red ink. He requires good, healthy beefsteaks to stoke up his energy. A good sirloin is something difficult to discover in Europe, which continent swings more for milk-fed veal and pale mutton. So I was much surprised to see real, heavy beef cattle in the Tuscany Valley. And more surprised, when I arrived in Florence, to discover a municipal meat market which is superior to anything I have ever seen.

It may shock worshipers of literature to discover that Florence takes more pride in its fine beef than it does in the birthplace of Dante. The Tuscany cattle average two hundred and fifty kilos on the hoof and are slaughtered when they are eighteen months old. The Italian is kinder to the cattle than he is to the sheep, for no baby lamb lives to see its first birthday.

In fact, nothing is allowed to mature in Europe. They even stunt their vegetables. Peas, carrots, artichokes and string beans are all yanked off the vine before they mature. The only two exceptions to this rule are garlic and hotel bills, which are permitted to mature to great size, which they do very rapidly. I think the hotel bills are even stronger than the garlic.

Florence's public market is under the guidance of Grand Officer Fortunato Chiari, who is the Herbert Hoover of the district. He fixes prices for a population of three hundred thousand people. In addition to being one of the most respected citizens of Florence, he possesses the highest decoration which any civilian can receive from his king. Americans will remember him for his coöperation with the Red Cross during the war, when Tuscany products were freighted all over famished Europe. Signor Chiari is a rich man who now devotes his life to charity. He has established soup kitchens where the poor may get a large bowl of soup for a half a lira. Having once owned the Grand Hotel Savoia, where the tourist paid the highest of prices for food, the *signore* has now consecrated the last half of his life to seeing that the citizens are not bilked by the farmer and the grocer. His word is law. He knows the price of raw food, the cost of freightage and just what a potato should sell for in the market. I said his word was law, but sometimes it is disputed. In that case, Signor Chiari is the law, for he has the metropolitan police at his disposal. Sometimes a butcher or baker will alter one of the *signore's* price tags, whereupon the *signore* gently corrects the mistake while two or three husky coppers stand around twirling their waxed beards. In case of a tie the gendarmes whisk the tradesman off to the hoosegow and he loses his stall in the market. There is no profiteering in Florence.

No Tipping Allowed

SIGNOR CHIARI gets no salary for his efforts. His position is above graft. He takes great pride in his work, but gets more satisfaction from the evidences of the townspeople's esteem. He rates the highest of salutes, the same straight arm up in the air which is given to the Duce, Mussolini. A walk with the *signore* convinced me of his popularity, for I was forced to keep shooting my arm up in the air to return the complimentary salutes until I thought I was back home in the strap-hanging districts. Unfortunately for the tourists, Signor Chiari's authority does not extend to the profiteering in hotels. All over the hotels you will find displayed signs advising the tourist that the tip is outlawed. Italy warns you *sono assolutamente vietate le mancie*, no tips allowed. Instead of the small gratuities dished

(Continued on Page 169)

Make Christmas Dollars Go Far

These beautiful designs give no hint of prices temptingly low. And each rug has the wear-defying finish of "Accolac"

HERE'S a bright, cheerful gift for your home this Christmas. It's practical. It will last for many Christmases to come. And it costs less, much less, than you expect. Just a few dollars—perhaps you'll have more than enough to spare after buying your personal gifts—will be plenty for one or two of these newest creations in low-priced rugs.

Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs they are called. They bring rugs of practical beauty within the means of the smallest budget. Their rich designs—the creations of Armstrong's skilled artists—transform any room.

These rugs make housekeeping easier, too. They require no beating, no heavy brushing. A damp mop cleans them. And—dirt can't grind into the tough "Accolac" finish.

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You can see these new Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs at all good department and furniture stores. Just look for the Quaker-girl certificate.

Quaker-Felt also comes by-the-yard, in 6-foot and 9-foot widths—twenty fascinating patterns to choose from.

Every Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rug bears this numbered guarantee. Look for it. It assures you full value, or a brand-new rug.

Made by the Makers of (A) *Armstrong's Linoleum*

"Rich Beauty at Low Cost"—The whole story of more rug value than you ever dreamed so little money could buy. Illustrations of all the new rug designs in full color. Sent free, with names of merchants near you. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, Lancaster, Pa.

Rug No. 4570; six sizes, 6 x 9 to 9 x 15 feet

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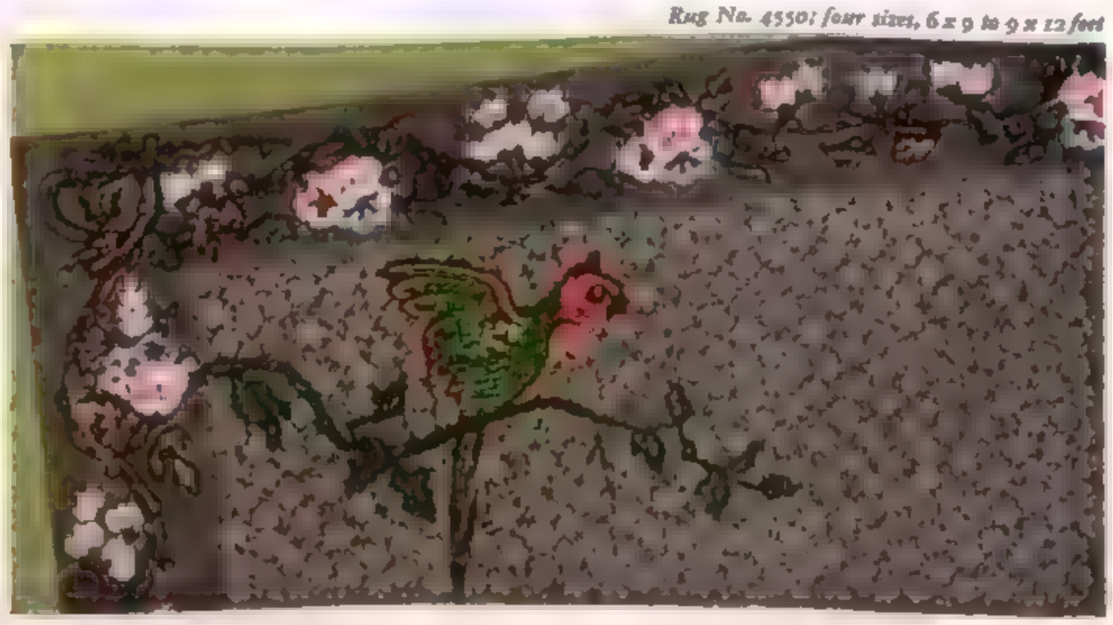


DO YOU CARRY A SPARE?

By Kenneth Coolbaugh

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THIS morning I gazed from my office window and counted the automobiles that comprised the moment's east-bound traffic. In size, type, equipment, value, they ran the gamut of the industry.

As the hundredth passed, I glanced at a scrap of paper on which I had jotted tally. There was a lone mark upon it—a symbol of the one car I had noted that did not have at its rear or side an extra tire; one in a hundred.

What of it? Only this: Tens of thousands of men are idle in the country today solely because they have traveled a business highway without acquiring an alternate trade or exercising a slumbering talent.

A credit man, forty-odd, "out two weeks now," is angling for a new connection. At the moment there is nothing on the fire with a credit earmark.

"What else have you done?" I ask.

"Nothing outside of retail credits. I followed it for twenty years," he answers.

A marine draftsman, thirty, wants another shipyard job. The openings I have call for mechanical, topographical, conveying-machinery draftsmen. He has followed only marine.

A bench hand, dropped the middle of last month, wants a fill-in job until radio picks up again. Ever done anything else? No. A clerk, thirty-five, wants a cost accounting position. His registration card answers the question before it's asked: "Office of S. M. P., Blank R. R. 16 years."

"Ever done anything else—sold, for instance?" He shakes his head.

Jacks-of-Two-Trades

A SHIP riveter, a graduate of a wartime training school, is speaking: "This disarmament business left 'em flat. Things're pretty well shot all along the river except at ——"

Has he ever done any structural riveting or boiler making? No, only ship.

Masters of their callings, they continue looking for jobs in trades that are overmanned, no longer flourishing, or that for the time being are dormant from the standpoint of business demand in the community in which they live.

What are they going to do about it? And those now first entering business and others still young, yet grooved to but one vocation, what are they going to do about it—in the years to come?

Next to an ability to do one thing well, I have found no sounder unemployment insurance than ability to do more than one thing well. Granted without debate that a Jack-of-all-trades is master of none, yet for every Jack-of-two-trades who has come to my desk in the past half year and said he could not find a job, there has been a master of one trade who has said the same.

Where do they come from? The majority, to be sure, from the city itself; but within a month's time, many hundreds have given as their last port of call a New England community, New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Baltimore, Detroit or a one-railroad town in almost any state that boasts an industrial artery. They came and still come by railroad, auto and via the Canal. And they couldn't get the kind of work they wanted where they came from.

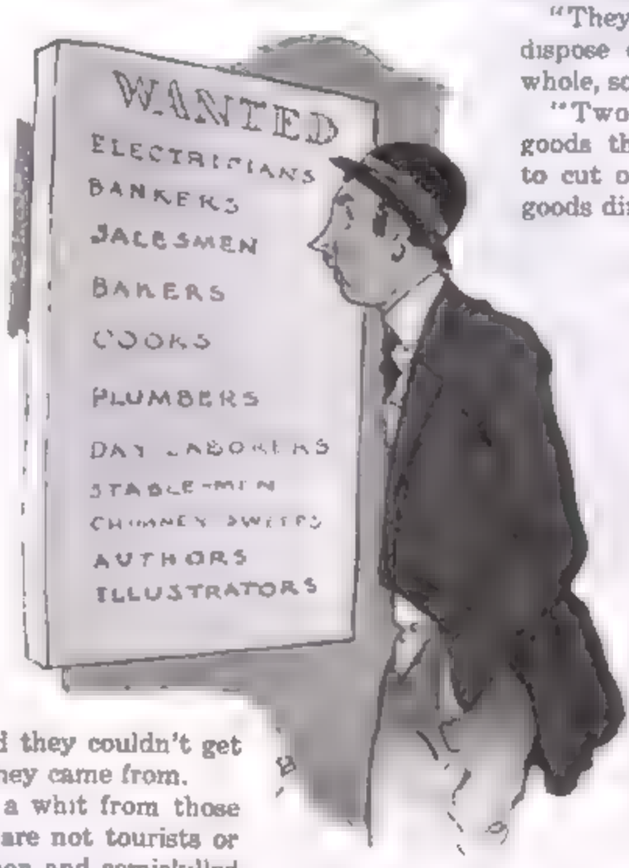
Their stories in concrete differ not a whit from those which the near-by jobless tell. They are not tourists or seconds of the labor mart, but craftsmen and semiskilled helpers of innumerable trades for many of whom, five, two, one year ago, I could readily have found employment.

What reasons do they give for calling? Listen in on a few:

"The company scrapped its plant and is building a more modern one in North Carolina—closer to the raw material. Most of the overseers and foremen went along. There were close to 600 of us left. The town's dead. Not another mill for fifty miles. None of them ever done much else."

"They sold their mill and moved to Indiana to get nearer their market. I couldn't afford to move the family."

"The firm went into a consolidation with five other concerns. It was swim all together or sink separately. They'd all been taking business at a loss in order to keep their factories going, cutting one another's throats and going deeper in the hole each moment. I wasn't the only man who got it; the whole department—fifteen of us."



"Just What Else Can You Do?"

"When the Blank Company absorbed them they closed their sales office here and let out all but two salesmen, who are now working with what is left of Blank's sales force."

"They moved to Detroit. I couldn't dispose of my house and come out whole, so I didn't go."

"Two of the companies whose goods they'd sold for years decided to cut out all jobbers and sell their goods direct to dealers."

"Their equipment was antiquated. They've bought a new site at tidewater. About 25 per cent of their office and plant men are going along. The rest ——"

Thus and sundry run the reasons. Thousands throughout the country are seeking new jobs, men as fit and efficient in the main as ever fixed a loom, turned a crank shaft, dug for costs or set a rate

Second Crop

THE employers they last worked with have consolidated with other employers, relocated their plants and reduced their white and denim collar forces because they had to if they wished to continue to sit in the game. They and their former employes are relocating. But the employers are also doing what far too many of their former employes are not doing. They are sowing and reaping in fields that a few years back were utterly strange to them. Necessity as well as hope of profit spurs them. They are backing their time and energy with their money. In production and sales efforts they are taking on new lines of commodities, specialties and merchandise; searching for new markets to storm; proving by science and research, trial and error, what in this era of selective prosperity they are best equipped to make in volume and sell at a profit.

They are doing as the coal-and-ice dealer has done for generations—handling more than one commodity in order to carry on during seasonal slumps and unforeseen depressions. An oil-furnace manufacturer turns for the slack months his mind, his plant, his capital to producing refrigeration equipment; a radio manufacturer, the same; a seamless-hosiery mill to garments for children and dolls; an

(Continued on Page 176)

But a Spare, After All, Is Worth Only the Ease of Mind It Gives and the Mileage We Get on It

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD
as Marks the Lawyer *in*
"Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Just think! ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"*** which is now playing to capacity audiences at the Central Theatre, Broadway, New York City, was written 75 years ago, but it is just as much alive as a new play in the minds of the American people. Its history is decidedly interesting. There have been *hundreds* of ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*** road-shows, and many of the famous old stars became stars through the medium of this drama.

Possibly you old-timers can recall who the famous *"Topsys"* were—the *"Uncle Toms,"* the *"Elizas,"* the *"Simon Legrees,"* the *"Marks, the Lawyers."* If so, I wish you would write to me, give their names and tell me where, when and under what circumstances you first saw ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin."*** Was it on a show-boat, in a country-playhouse or some palatial theatre?

There is hardly a theatre in America, great or small, that has not at some time had ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*** on the bill. And some of the companies were crude beyond description. Some of them tried to show *"Little Eva"* ascending to Heaven with the aid of ropes, and sometimes the ropes would break and give *"Little Eva"* a bump she wasn't looking for. Sometimes the bloodhounds were far more playful than ferocious, and theatrical history rang with ludicrous incidents due to crude facilities.

How different today! When you see Universal's picture production of ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"*** you will realize the advance that science and the screen have wrought. Even Dame Nature is outdone. And every detail is the essence of dramatic perfection. The picture has done for *"Uncle Tom"* what the stage was never able to do, and could not possibly do. I am anxious for you to see it and write me your views.

I am so proud of the pictures Universal is offering you today that I do not hesitate to urge you: Write or phone your local theatre manager and tell him that you want to see Universal productions.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of your favorite Universal star
If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

WHERE IS RADIO GOING?

Continued from Page 9

station on the steam yacht Elettra, we were able to make experiments in 1923 over a great variety of ranges and under every possible atmospheric condition. It had been believed that the range of the short waves in the daytime would be very short; that their night ranges would be variable and subject to long periods of fading and hence unreliable for commercial purposes; and that any considerable stretches of intervening land, especially if mountainous, would greatly reduce the distance over which it might be possible to communicate.

We discovered that these beliefs were wrong; that the daylight ranges were very much greater than had been anticipated; that the night working was much more reliable than had been believed possible; that fading was not at all serious and that the great strength of the signals received indicated that the night range would probably be much greater than anyone, myself included, had ever before expected. We found, too, that static, even in the tropics, was much less troublesome with the short waves than with the longer waves then universally used for long-distance transmission.

Some remarkable results were achieved in 1923 and 1924 with waves of from ninety-seven meters down. The most important of these was the discovery that the shorter the wave, the longer its range by daylight, but that very short waves had a comparatively short and unreliable range during darkness.

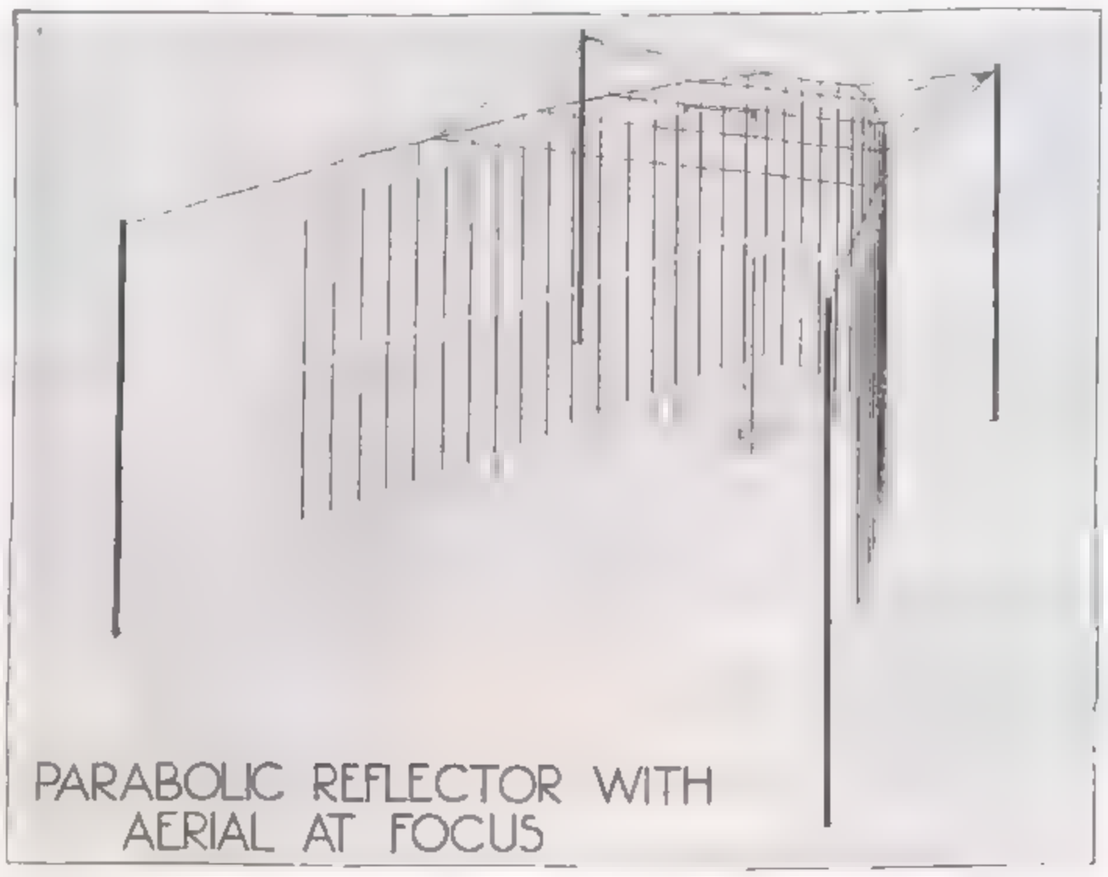
The Earth's Envelope

This reversal of previous experience with long waves reopens the whole scientific question of how these waves can travel around the world. It seems definite that they do so travel, following the curvature of the earth's surface, rather than through the earth, as many once believed possible. But if they traveled upon or close to the earth's surface, they would make the circuit of our globe in almost precisely one-seventh of a second, which is the speed of both light and electric waves.

Careful measurements, amply confirmed, show that the radio waves require an appreciable fraction more than a seventh of a second to make the round trip; the time consumed being what they would require, at their known speed, if the earth were approximately 200 miles greater in diameter than it is.

This has given rise to the theory that there exists, at a distance of somewhere from 50 to 100 miles above the earth's surface, a layer, or outer sphere, of rarefied air, highly ionized, or charged with electricity, which forms an electrical envelope through which the waves cannot penetrate and from which they are reflected back to earth. I express no opinion upon this point, leaving that to others to investigate. The theory of the Kennelly-Heaviside Layer, so called from its first proponent, is a workable enough theory for all practical purposes.

Another important discovery, already anticipated, was that very small amounts of power sufficed for very long range communication. Without the use of a reflector, messages were sent to Canada, New York, South America and Australia on a thirty-nine-meter wave length with an energy of only twelve kilowatts at the transmitter. To Japan intelligible signals and messages were sent from England with only one-fifth of a kilowatt, or about the power required to light five ordinary incandescent lamps. When it is considered that as high as 1000 kilowatts of power is used for long-wave transmission, the economic saving, if we could make the short waves do the work as well, is apparent.



A Diagram Showing the Arrangement of Parabolic Reflector for Radio Short Waves

As a result of these demonstrations, the directional short wave, or beam, system was adopted by the British Government to provide a better and quicker means of communication between the mother country and the dominions than then existed, and a year of experience with the first of these services to be installed—that between England and Canada—has proved highly successful, as also has the briefer experience with the systems operating between Australia, South Africa and India and England. The sending station in England for working with Canada and South Africa is at Bodmin and the receiving station for those lines at Bridgewater. For sending to Australia and India the station is at Grimsby and the receiving station at Skegness. In Canada the sending station is at Drummondville and the receiving station at Yayachiche, not far from Montreal; in Australia the stations are at Bellan and Rockgank, near Melbourne; in South Africa at Klikheuvel and Milnerton, near Capetown, and in India at Kirkee and Dhond, near Poona. The new stations in the United States communicating with England by the beam system are at Rocky Point and Riverhead, Long Island. All these stations are connected with land telegraph and telephone lines and operated by distant control.

The radio beams transmitted over these systems are not precisely parallel; there is a permissible divergence of thirty degrees in the contract with the British Post Office, but in practice the divergence is only about nine degrees, and in some instances as little as four degrees. This means that the waves, aimed by their reflectors directly along a great circle course toward their respective receiving stations, are not readily detectable outside those angles, are received with much greater intensity than if they were broadcast and so can be utilized to actuate high-speed automatic receiving apparatus. The power of twenty kilowatts by which the beams are generated is multiplied practically 100 times by means of the reflectors. A normal speed of transmission by Morse code of 250 to 300 words a minute is obtained simultaneously in both directions. At any such speed it would be almost impossible for anybody not equipped with a complete beam receiving station and automatic receiving equipment to pick up messages, even though located directly in the path of the beam; outside of the beam it would be still more difficult. So far as secrecy of messages is concerned, the advantage is still somewhat on the side of the cable, as also in reliability, so far, but in the matter of speed the beam wireless is far ahead of the ordinary cable. In the matter of cost there is no comparison; the wireless is immensely cheaper, both in installation and, in the short-wave directed system, in operation.

Two Routes

Curiously enough, it has proved more expensive to install and operate the short line, 2500 miles, between Canada and England, than the longer lines—up to 10,000 miles in the case of Australia. This is due to one of the reversals of previous experience of which I spoke in the beginning—the fact that signals are transmitted by short waves better over land than over water. Why this is we do not know. Whole continents and great mountain ranges lie between England and South Africa, India and Australia, yet the beam waves seem not to be interfered with as they are in crossing the Atlantic.

Another curious observation is that the waves between England and Australia sometimes go around the earth in one direction and sometimes in the opposite direction, depending upon the altitude of the sun over the main portion of the selected route. The influence of the sun upon radio waves is another matter not well understood. The reflector for the Australian beam system is so constructed as to be workable in either direction; at certain times of the day the waves take the shorter route, across Europe and Asia, and at other hours the longer route, across America and the Pacific.

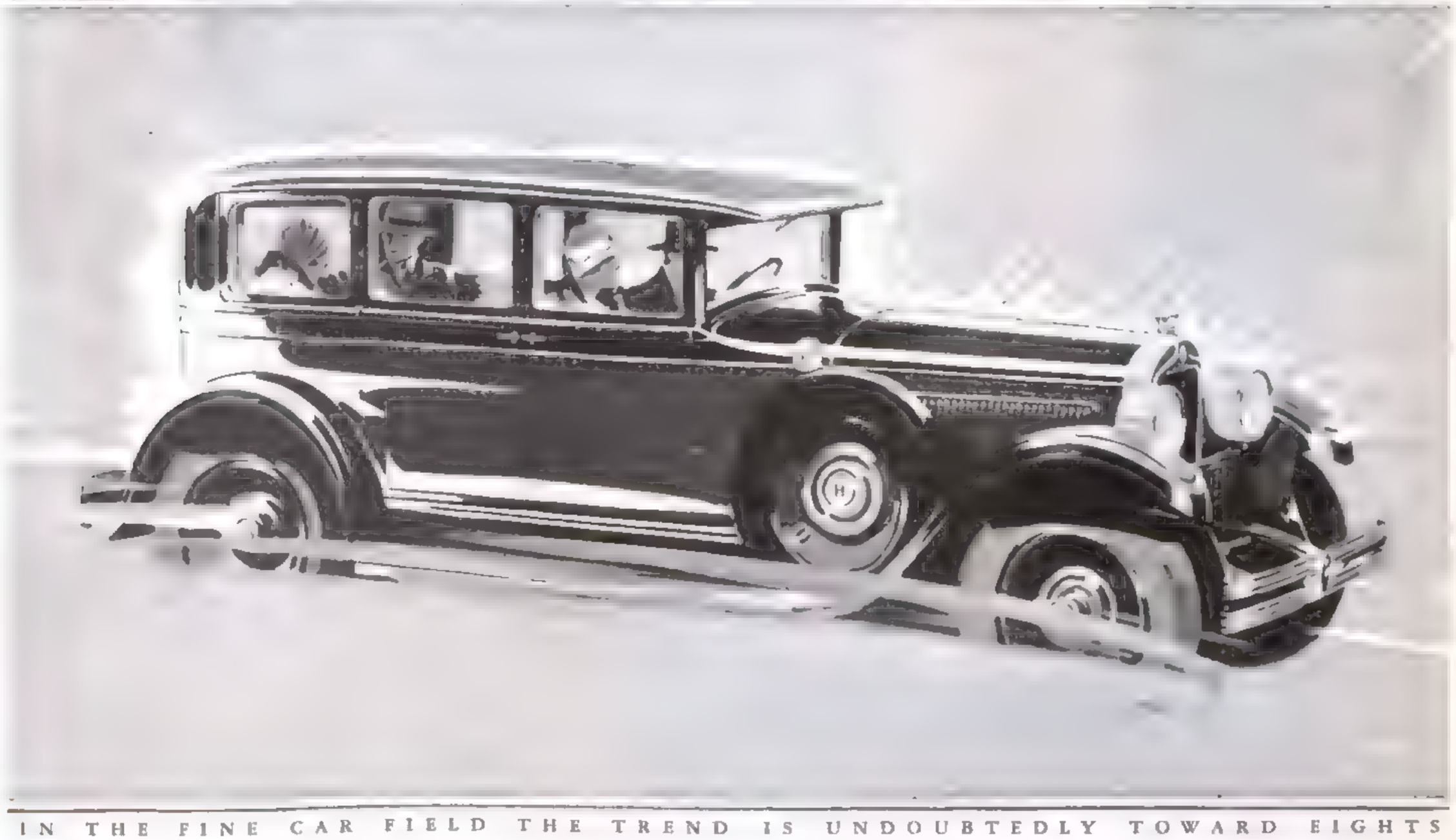
Thus there is now in operation a world-wide system of communications by the directional short-wave method, a system which has now been extended to include the United States and which it is reasonable to anticipate will soon be extended to South America and other parts of the world. It is in satisfactory operation for an average of twenty hours a day of high-speed communication between England and her outlying dominions, and has already had the beneficial effect of reducing the telegraphic rates between those points.

Messages are carried in both directions at the same time, and it has been found that the same waves can be used simultaneously for telephony. Telephone communication with Australia, from England, was actually accomplished in May, 1924, and

(Continued on Page 46)

Astonishing advances recorded in the past three months

WE BELIEVE THE HUPMOBILE TO BE THE BEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD



IN THE FINE CAR FIELD THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

YOU may feel you know the ultimate in eight-cylinder smoothness, flexibility and irresistible power.

But unless you have seen the Hupmobile Straight Eight recently, you cannot possibly know what a list price of $2195 now represents in modern eight performance.

If you want a genuine thrill over American ingenuity in automotive accomplishment, do this today without fail:—

Go to the nearest Hupmobile showrooms, and lift the hood of the beautiful Hupmobile Eight. Then drive the car for a revelation of what this mechanism stands for in actual performance.

We will gladly rest our case on your own discoveries—your own reactions to the year's newest development in supreme motoring luxury and value.

* * * *

Fourteen distinguished body types. Standard line priced from $1795 to $2520, f. o. b. Detroit, revenue tax to be added. Custom bodies designed and built by Dietrich.

THE DISTINGUISHED

Hupmobile Eight

(Continued from Page 44

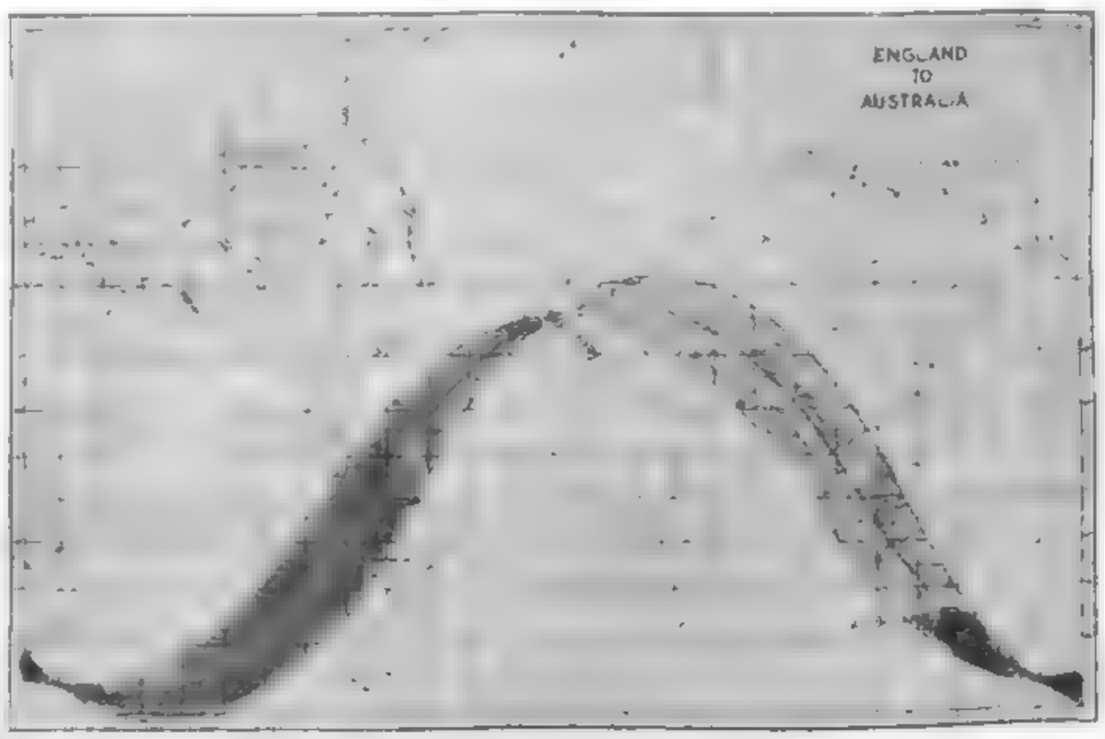
the demand from Australia for the establishment of regular telephone service is so great that I regard it as probable that this will come about in a very short time.

There is no doubt that, through the establishment of the beam system, intercontinental telephone rates will be greatly reduced. Though it is now possible to telephone satisfactorily from America to England, the rate is too high for general use. Experiments are under way between England and Canada over the beam system. If these are successful it is reasonable to suppose that the same system will be utilized for telephony between the United States and Europe.

At any rate, the operation of the beam system thus far, although it is still subject to further improvement and development, provides a sound basis for conservative forecasts of the future of radio communications.

With the overcoming of the major difficulties in transmission, which has already been accomplished, we shall see radio increasingly used instead of wires in the establishment of telegraph lines in the undeveloped parts of the world. I do not look to see it displace existing telegraph systems—to supplement and extend them perhaps, but in the older civilizations the wire systems will continue to be operated for land lines. But over the great continents of Asia, Africa and South America, where immense spaces of undeveloped country lie between the settled regions, I think it reasonable to doubt whether wire telegraph lines will ever be constructed. The reliability of the short-wave system already approximates that of the wire, and with the closing in of the angle of reflection, which is rapidly being accomplished, the element of secrecy, the only other advantage which wire systems have over radio, will be approached.

BEAM WIRELESS SERVICES



A Diagram Showing the Alternative Routes Between England and Australia Taken by the Beam Radio Waves

A Letter Through Space

One of the most efficient radio telegraph systems now in operation is that connecting the Portuguese colonies of East and West Africa. Operating between Mozambique and Loanda, messages are sent with the greatest speed and accuracy; replies have often been received within two minutes, across the entire breadth of the African continent!

I believe that in a very short time, perhaps within a year, we shall see a great increase in the speed of transmission of intercontinental messages, as well as a great reduction in their cost. Twenty-five years ago I predicted, among other things, a telegraph rate of a cent a word between Europe and America. Considering the decline in the purchasing power of the cent, that is not likely now, but I think we are close to a realization of a much lower rate than the lowest now in force. Thus I expect to see accomplished by the telephotographic, or facsimile, system, which has just emerged from the laboratory stage.

The facsimile telegraph device transmits at high speed, over the radio waves, an actual picture of a message or document in perfect detail. A message covering a sheet of paper of the size used in a typewriter can be transmitted in a matter of seconds over any distance. Such things have been done in a small way heretofore, but not with the greatest speed or the lowest possible cost. With the general adoption of this method, the Morse code will become obsolete. Telegrams will be charged for by the square inch and there will be no limit to the number of words which may be written on a page. The person addressed will receive an exact facsimile copy of the original, whatever its errors or omissions. This system will lend itself to secret codes based upon the spacing and arrangement of the words; sketches and drawings can be embodied in telegrams at the minimum of cost; lengthy press messages can be forwarded as cheaply as a short private cablegram is now sent.

In the field of broadcasting, the directional short-wave system will be utilized not alone as a telephone system but for actual broadcasting within the angle of reflection. As soon as the projected telephone system is added to the existing beam telegraph system, it will be possible to make a broadcasting hook-up by means of which the entire English-speaking world can be brought within the range of one speaker's voice. And on the other hand, by adjusting the reflector to take in a predetermined angle, broadcasting can be limited to a particular sector of the map.

If the governor of New York, for example, desired to address only the people of his state, he could speak from Manhattan into a microphone so connected that the waves could be picked up readily only within an angle which would take in the counties east of the Hudson River on one side and those bordering Lake Erie on the other; a corner of New Jersey and Pennsylvania and the distant people of Canada would be the only ones outside of his own state who could hear him.

A little farther in the future, but perhaps much closer than we now realize—certainly not very far off—will come television. We are very close to the commercial application of laboratory experiments which have proved successful in America and Europe in transmitting actual scenes by radio. This is something quite different from the projection of a picture; it is the projection over a distance of actual objects in motion. I see no obstacle save the economic one to its extension over any possible terrestrial range.

Once television is made available, it will be possible for people in Calcutta, say, actually to watch the running of the Derby. Chicago, San Francisco and all the rest of the world can look on while heavyweight boxers contend for the fistic championship, and those beholders at a distance will have every advantage of ring-side seats and none of the inconveniences of actual attendance. Not only the spectators in the Yale Bowl but the whole world can see the classics of the gridiron. The coronation of a king, the inauguration of a president, every great spectacle and pageant can and will, I believe, be made visible to all who care to see them, wherever they may be.

Men of imagination have, in the past, pictured television as among the dreams of the far-distant future, bordering upon the impossible. The myths and folklore of all races contain references to television: clairvoyants, professing to see with unaided mental vision what is occurring at a distance, and crystal gazers purporting to reflect far-off scenes, still play upon the credulity of the uninformed. Like flying, television has been one of humanity's dreams from the beginning of time. We have realized flight; we are about to realize this other cherished ambition.

I do not imagine that the application of television—in its earlier stages, at least—will take the precise form which some of the depicters of Utopia have described. It is not likely to be possible, for a very long time at any rate, to sit by one's own fireside and tune in one's private television receiver to watch a horse race or a prize fight as one now listens to its description over the home radio receiver.

New Movies

That may be done by a few men of wealth, but I am afraid that the cost of an adequate receiving installation will be too great for the private means of most. It will be not only possible, however, but commercially practical in every way for theaters to throw these actual pictures of current happenings upon the screen, just as they now show motion pictures of them long after the event; and this may be done at an admission fee little if any more than now charged.

This may not seem at first impact to offer anything greatly different from the present news reels, but there is an important psychological difference. The spectator today, viewing the motion picture of a past event, knows beforehand, through the newspapers, from listening to its description broadcast by radio, just how it came out, which horse, which boxer, which team won. With television, the spectator in the theater, 1000 miles or half a world away from the actual scene, will see it as news, as a contest the outcome of which is still in doubt. He will have all the thrill and suspense for which people travel long distances and spend large amounts.

Such uses as that are the immediate applications of television, as I see it. Once introduced, it will be further developed, improved, cheapened and popularized by a thousand inventors; that is the history of all inventions. I have serious doubts, however, about the popularity of such a device as has been suggested in many quarters, to permit two persons at opposite ends of a telephone line, either a wire or a radio beam, to see each other while they are talking. That seems to me of doubtful utility. I can imagine many circumstances, indeed, in which it might be very embarrassing to one or both parties.

I look for great development of the use of the radio beam for direction finding at sea and in the air. The radio is already in successful use for this purpose, and there has been and is now going on an extensive application of it as a guide to flyers along the national airways of the United States. It was radio which guided the first successful

(Continued on Page 48)

When Home-made CANDY'S on the fire - BOY!

There's something about home-made candy—the savor, the aroma, the wholesome, appetizing richness—that you find nowhere else in candy. Except, of course, in Oh Henry! which is made the "home-made" way. You *could* make Oh Henry! yourself—at considerable expense and trouble. But why need you?—when you can get it, ready to eat, at any candy counter—and made of these very things such as you, yourself, would use:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter, 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1½ cups corn syrup, 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¾ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed)

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate

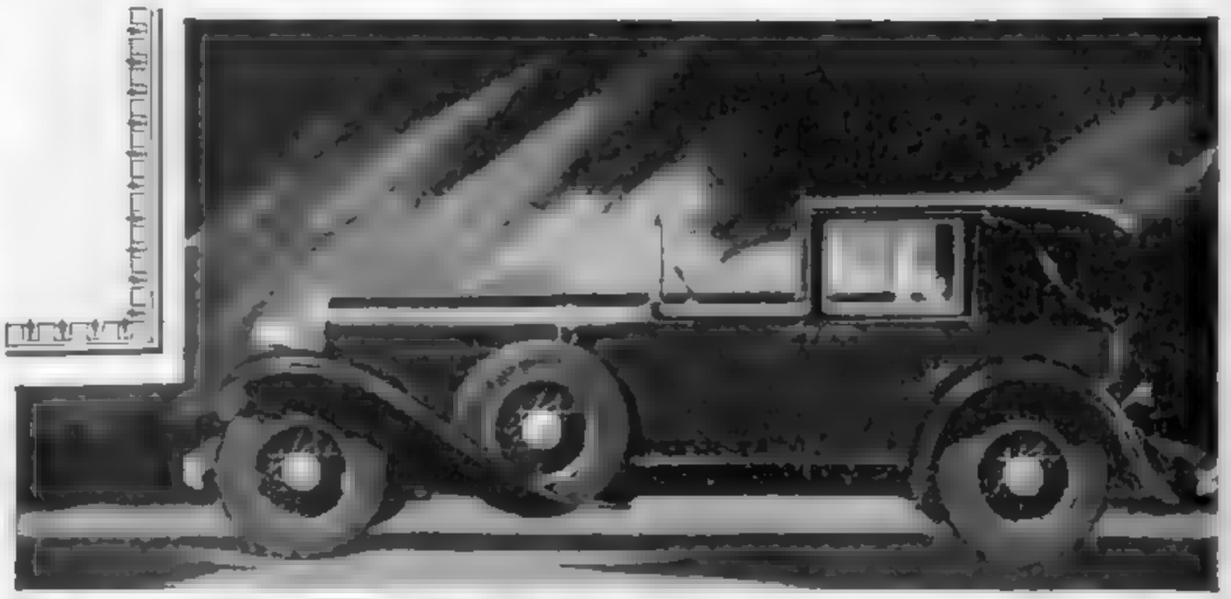
Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

THE American motoring public has never, perhaps, beheld a happier or more beneficent combination of names and of organizations than those of Fisher and of Fleetwood. These two famous body builders, joining their artistry and their master craftsmanship, are today creating the finest custom bodies ever presented to the discriminating public of America. The result is plainly evident in the luminous beauty and the princely appointments of the Fisher-Fleetwood custom bodies originated for that brilliant motor car, the La Salle, as well as in the surpassingly distinguished and luxurious Cadillac cars bearing the emblem, Fisher-Fleetwood.

Body by FISHER-FLEETWOOD

GENERAL MOTORS



FISHER FLEETWOOD SEDANSTON TRANSFORMABLE TOWN CABRIOLET ON LASALLE CHASSIS

Small Bubble Lather

soaks whiskers soft

Keenly delighted—face satin-smooth

—douses each hair with water at base—softens beard right where razor works

WATER, science says, is what really softens beards. Bubbles are shells of water. Hence more bubbles mean more water. Carry water down where whiskers sprout from skin and result is a better shave. Colgate's microscopic bubbles carry many times more water. More than that, their tiny size lets them cluster round the beard base—soak it soft—as lather pictures below show.

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean.

A Week's Shaves—FREE

Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

EXTRA DIVIDEND. We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved.

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard, and how they hold air instead of water against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 500-L, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name

Address

City

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

(Continued from Page 46)

flight from the Pacific Coast to Hawaii last spring. It will simplify navigation greatly when a ship can traverse any given great circle route under the constant guidance of a radio beam: the aberrations of the magnetic compass and the necessity for solar observations will both be done away with.

I am not an aviator, and so am unable to predict how soon we shall see regular transatlantic flying service inaugurated. I am confident, however, that that will come about in time, and that the aircraft flying between the continents of America and Europe will place their chief reliance for direction upon the guiding finger of the radio beam.

I anticipate great development also in the control of mechanism from a distance by means of directed short waves. Much of the pioneer work in this direction has already been done. Mr. John Hays Hammond, Jr., succeeded many years ago in controlling the steering and operating mechanism of boats by radio; the possibility of controlling airplanes, automobiles and other vehicles by the same means has often been demonstrated.

Recently an American inventor, Mr. R. J. Wensley, produced an ingenious device whereby the transmission of musical notes or other sounds of given pitch sets in motion certain machinery which, after it has done its work, automatically reports the performance of its task by the same means. There are unlimited possibilities in this direction, using the directed short waves.

Future Power Lines

By the control of mechanism at a distance I do not mean the transmission of the actual motive power of the mechanism, but merely the opening or closing, under the influence of the radio beam, of electrical circuits which serve to start or stop the machinery. Nobody has as yet transmitted actual power by radio, but I trust I may not be regarded as too visionary when I say that that, too, is among the future possibilities of radio.

Lest the reader permit his imagination to leap too far beyond the bounds of possibilities, so far as we can see them now, let me hedge this prediction about with certain limitations.

Before much progress can be made in the transmission of power by radio, a great deal of work needs to be done in the perfection of the radio beam. As I have already pointed out, we have not so far succeeded in sending out a single beam composed of perfectly parallel waves, with no divergence whatever from the axis of the reflector. That this will be accomplished I have no doubt whatever.

After that, ways must be found to send all the power of the transmitter into the beam and receive all of it at the other end. That problem holds scientific and engineering problems which will take some time for their solution. We do not deal with large amounts of power in radio transmission. A single illuminated advertisement on Broadway, containing 500 electric lamps, would consume all the power which is used to send a radio message from England to Australia, and only a trifling fraction of the total initial power generated at the transmitting end is delivered in the form of electrical impulses at the receiving end.

Nevertheless, it is not only conceivable but, in my belief, possible that power in large volume may eventually be transmitted over considerable distances by means of radio.

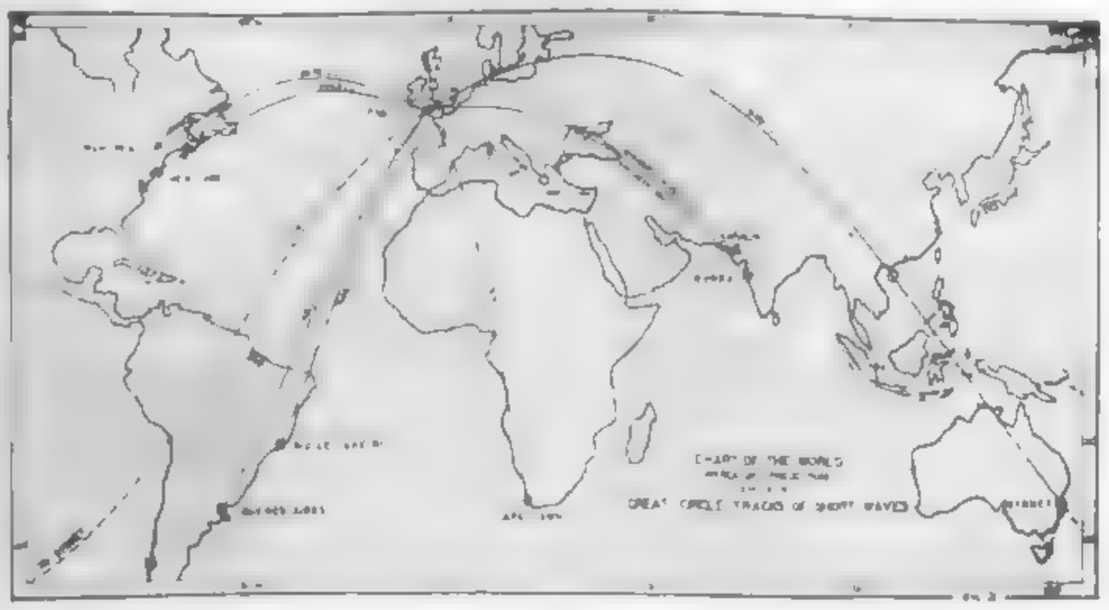
I can hardly conceive of its being so transmitted over a range which would carry it beyond the curvature of the earth from the point of generation; beyond what might be termed point-blank range, there would be too great a loss of power through diffusion and reflection. But up to perhaps twenty miles, where economic considerations permit, electric power will, I believe, some day be carried without wires.

Every Little Bit Added

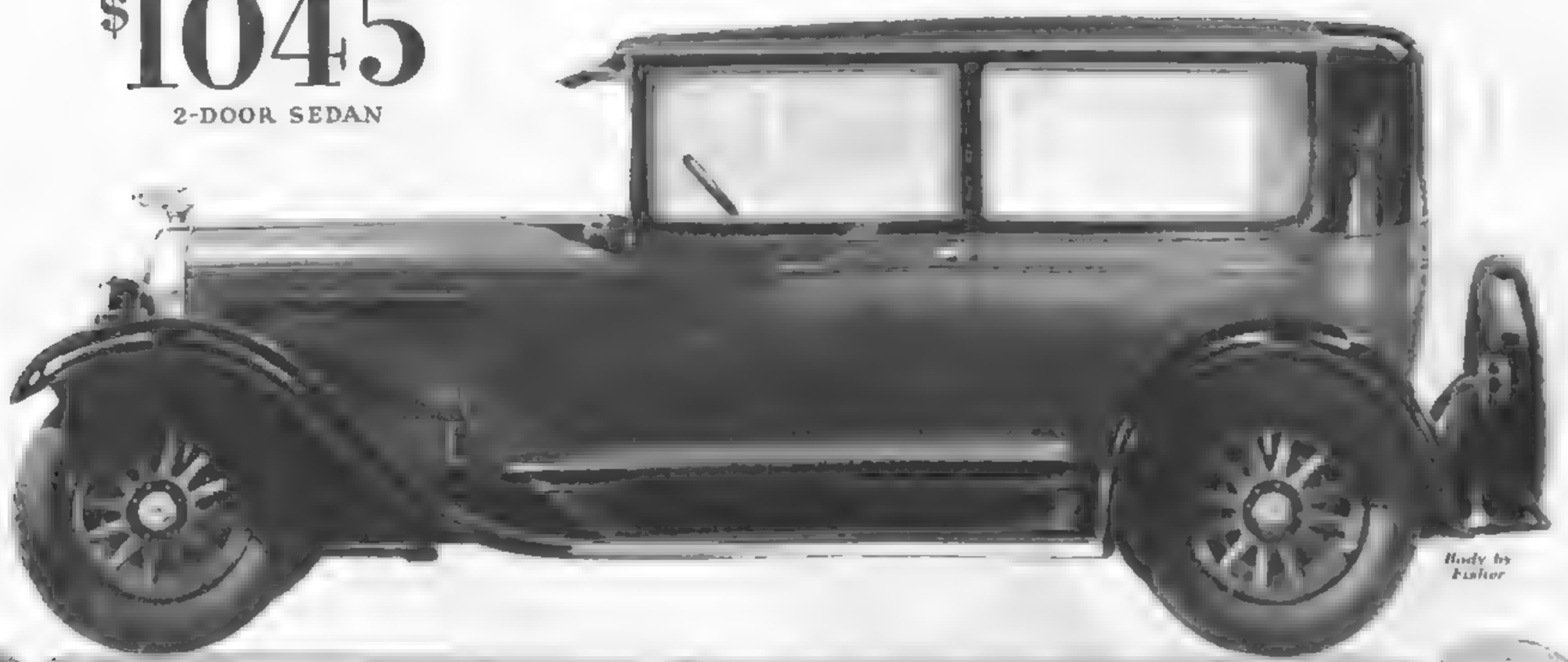
We still have much to learn about radio. We cannot today even name with certainty the medium through which the electrical waves are transmitted; it is no longer fashionable in scientific circles to speak of the "ether," and we are forced to fall back upon the vague expression "space." Though we have gone a long way toward overcoming the handicap of static, there is still a long road ahead to travel in that direction. We know that all electric impulses are affected directly or indirectly by the sun, but just why and how we are not sure. Sun spots and magnetic storms, the aurora borealis and other phenomena of Nature, not yet fully understood, affect the wireless just as they also affect the cables and the land telegraph lines. The mysterious phenomenon known as fading has not yet been satisfactorily explained.

To no one man belongs the credit for what has already been achieved by radio; thousands of scientists and engineers, professional and amateur, have contributed to the development of the art to its present stage. Thousands of others are constantly at work trying to solve the problems which remain unsolved, to discover new methods, new applications, more economical and more efficient apparatus. From the laboratory of any of these workers there may emerge, without warning, something so radically new as to set all our present calculations at naught. For that reason no one has a right to say that anything which might conceivably be accomplished by radio is impossible.

What has been accomplished is the extension of our somewhat limited human senses. Today we hear and speak to one another halfway around the world; tomorrow we shall see one another through mountains and across oceans. Here is a new means of communication, unlimited in its scope and possibilities, against which no frontiers can form a barrier to the most precious of all human privileges—the free and unrestricted exchange of ideas. And that, I maintain, is the only force to which we can look with any degree of hope for the ultimate establishment of permanent world peace.



$1045
2-DOOR SEDAN



On the Gridiron — On the Road — *They all Admire the All-American*

Target of every eye. Center of all attraction. Admired for color, confidence and poise. In football—the All-American rules the field.

* * *

And on the road—it's exactly the same! Watch an Oakland sweeping past—and you'll know why this longer, lower, more beautiful Six is called the All-American.

* * *

Speed—drive—alertness—control. The power of the driving wind. A flashing change of pace. Something that lifts it out of the mob—something vitally fresh and different—something that all America instinctively admires.

The might of a 212-inch engine. The grace and charm of bodies by Fisher. The balance that comes from inspired engineering—the stamina of staunch construction—

* * *

—all combined in a single car. In the All-American Six—at its All-American price! It's giving America a new motoring thrill. Drive it yourself—and see!

NEW LOW PRICES

Landau Coupe	$1045	4-Door Sedan	$1145
Sport Roadster	$1075	Cabriolet	$1145
Landau Sedan	$1265		

Pontiac Six, $745 to $925. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

To Men who can't go to

Sleep at Night

This new food-drink from Switzerland offers a safe, natural way to* instant *sleep . . . tireless, energetic days

We offer you proof with this 3-day test

Do *you* sometimes pitch and toss for hours before you go to sleep—then sleep fitfully the balance of the night?

If so—don't take drugs. They do not give natural, restful sleep. You wake up feeling "logy" and dull. Furthermore, there is no need for using a drug.

For modern medical science has found a *pure* food-beverage, called Ovaltine, that actually has the power to induce sleep. *Natural* sleep. Doctors everywhere recommend it. Not only because it gives sound, restful sleep but also because it is composed entirely of food vital concentrates that build up and restore your mind and body as you sleep.

As a result, you don't wake up feeling "logy;" you wake up feeling fresh, clear-eyed, and buoyant. Morning finds you a new man. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

We urge you to make the 3-day test we offer here. Prove to yourself the wonderful results of Ovaltine.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

FIRST—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

THIRD—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. As a result frayed nerves are soothed, because digestive unrest, *the main cause of sleeplessness*, is overcome.

This is why, when taken at night, a cup of hot Ovaltine brings sound, restoring sleep in a natural way.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—*and absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. It has been in use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with great zest. You "step up" for the whole day. You [illegible] work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day.

More than 20,000 doctors recommend it

A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10 cents

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

It is a pleasure to recommend Ovaltine. I had restless [illegible] tine gave me more energy and vim. I sleep better at nights.

John William Hayes
Knoxville, Tenn.

[illegible]
Utica, N. Y.

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT 129
[illegible] Ave Chicago, Ill.

[illegible]

Name

Address

City State

One package to a person

Send for 3-day test

GRATITUDE

(Continued from Page 19)

that." They surveyed him with duplicate stares. "I think too much of your ma," he declared. "I wouldn't want to have any hand in setting you against her. Know how she'd feel about it." He stepped back. "Come inside a minute. Want to talk to you."

They followed him into the darkened store, a cool cavern hollowed out of the swelter and scented with the blended sweetish smells of coffee and plug tobacco and raisins. It was cluttered so that only a narrow aisle was left between the show case of venerable candy and the sheaf of brooms. The twins were at home here, but something in Tift's manner made them vaguely ill at ease.

"It isn't exactly my business," he said, "but I'm going to mix in it, all the same. You boys are grown up and you own the place, and sooner or later you're bound to get to feeling your oats about it. Kind of feel 'em right now, or I miss my guess."

"Just how do you mean?" said Habe warily. "What you getting at?"

Tift wagged his head.

"Offered, just now, to keep on trading with me, spite of what your ma said, didn't you? Well, that's what I mean. You know it's your place; you figure you've got a right to say where you'll spend your own money."

They hesitated. "Well," said Op, "say we do. What of it?"

"I don't know if I can make you see it," said Tift slowly. "It's your place, all right. You two heired it when your ma died, and your pa never had any share in it. He didn't own anything, and when he died he didn't leave anything to your stepmother. That's the law of it, by what I understand. She's raised you two boys since you were a couple of squalling brats, dressed in flour sacks because your pa couldn't make out to buy you clothes. She's worked harder for you and your pa than any other woman in the Glen could've worked, and you know as well as I do, I guess, who did the thinking too. If it hadn't been for her your place wouldn't be worth owning, and you wouldn't own it; you probably wouldn't be alive to own anything. And all she's got to show for it, for twenty years of it ——" He spread his hands. "Well, what has she got? You tell me."

"You don't have to tell us anything about her," said Habe stiffly. "Op and I got a pretty good notion what she's done for us."

"So you say, but a minute ago you were going to go against her and keep on trading with me, weren't you? You say you don't need anybody to tell you what you owe her. All right. Maybe you've figured out how you're going to pay her back what you owe. Or maybe you think you're paying her because you don't fire her off the place—paying her by giving her a home, eh? Letting her live in the house she just the same as built with her two hands. Letting her go right on slaving for you, doing your washing and cooking and telling you how to work the land. Le' me tell you something: If it was your own ma who'd done all that for you she wouldn't have as much thanks coming as your stepmother has. Your own ma would owe you something, to start off with, but Mis' Gannon didn't owe you a thing."

They thought it over, their minds traveling as usual in the same groove without need of oral guidance. They spoke almost in chorus.

"No way we can pay her back," said Habe.

"Don't see what we can do about it," said Op.

Tift drew in an audible, impatient breath. "That's what I thought. Well, I'll tell you one thing you can do. You can leave her keep right on running things. That's all she ever got for pay and I guess it's about all she wants. It isn't any too much, either, considering that she can run things a darn sight better than you could—and you know it! It's all the fun she gets, feeling she's got hold of the lines."

The twins considered the idea without haste. They nodded in chorus. "Wouldn't wonder if you had it right, Sam." Habe spoke soberly. "Op and I were saying pretty much the same thing on the way up. She's done so much for us we kind of hate to smoke, even, when she's set against it. Never do it where she can see."

"I should hope not," said Sam indignantly. "Well, as long as you re'lize how things stand, you can see why you got to go trade at Spinner's." His face sagged. "Never thought I'd be begging anybody to do that. Not but what Spinner runs a first-rate store. I don't blame her for liking it better than mine."

His eye traveled gloomily about the frowzy, darkened room. The twins exchanged uneasy glances and Op spoke for them both:

"You'd stand a better chance if you smarted your place up some, Sam. She was saying so just the other day. Ought to clean up and paint and get in some new counters and such."

Tift's shoulders rose and fell dejectedly. "I know. The trouble is 't it costs money to do that, and I'm lucky if I keep up with my jobbers' bills, the way trade is these days."

They meditated. "You could borrow," suggested Habe. "Own the building, don't you?"

"I own what sticks out from under the mortgage," said Tift. "Had to borrow after pa died. I'd hate to try to raise another dollar on it. Squire Fentress keeps pestering me to pay off something the way it is—claims he wouldn't come out even if he had to foreclose on me and I wouldn't wonder if he was right. I can't make out to find money for paint and repairs."

The twins clicked sympathetic tongues, and after their habit when under emotion, shuffled their feet.

"Ought to be worth good money, anyhow," said Op. "First-rate building, right in the best place for a store and right handy living rooms upstairs. And there's the stock and good-will and ——"

"Like a chance to sell out for a thousand dollars, subject to the mortgage," said Tift. "That's all I got to say.. I'm licked, boys. I own up. Pa always made the business pay, but I can't seem to get the hang of it. All I ever learned was waiting on folks, doing up bundles, and so on. Pa tended to all the rest of it. Seems as though I couldn't catch on. A salesman can come in here and jaw me into buying 'most anything. I bet I got every dead beat in the county on my books too."

As if in demonstration, Will Pudlow entered. Tift bustled forward to wait on him as eagerly as if Will didn't owe everybody in town. The twins moved past him in the narrow aisle; he was complaining about the coffee Tift had sold him. No stren'th to it, he averred. Tift's apologies pursued the twins to the street. They went on to Spinner's modern store, light and spotless and as mathematically ordered as Flora's cupboards; an electric grinder dealt with their coffee and a new cash register clinked on their money. Spinner and his clerk were briskly cordial, the proprietor's manner suggesting that he was glad to welcome a new customer but not in the least excited by such an event. The twins carried their bundles away in silence; they stopped at the post office and the hardware store, answering at both places friendly inquiries as to the state of Flora's health.

On the way back to the blacksmith's Habe broke the silence: "I feel real mean about Sam, Op."

"Same here. Nothing we can do about it, though. Sam wasn't cut out to run a store, that's all. He's bound to go bust one of these days."

(Continued on Page 52)

"I HAD DIZZY HEADACHES and every once in a while I was bothered with a breaking out on my face. My brother, too, had a complexion that embarrassed him wherever he went
He tried Fleischmann's Yeast and I started eating Yeast too, after I saw the results it gave him. It sure worked wonders. In three months' time my skin had cleared up and I had lost all uneasiness about my complexion. I heartily endorse Fleischmann's Yeast for skin eruptions because my own improvement was entirely due to Fleischmann's Yeast."
Don Brooks, Minneapolis, Minn.

"A year ago I worried about my health continually"

Detroit, Mich.

"I BEGAN TO SUFFER from severe indigestion about a year ago. There was a nasty sour taste in my mouth on awakening in the morning. I actually suffered a lot and was worried to death thinking about it.

"I had heard of people's eating Fleischmann's Yeast for their health. At first this appeared ridiculous to me. I thought Yeast 'just another remedy.' But in the end I decided to try it.

"I have since been eating Yeast regularly every day and I can say positively that *I have never had anything give me such satisfactory results.* My indigestion and sour stomach are things of the past and I feel excellent."

Mrs. Flossie Curry

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a pure corrective food—as wholesomely fresh as any vegetable from the garden. Its action is simple, natural. By keeping the intestinal tract clean and active, Fleischmann's Yeast banishes the poisons of constipation—thus purifying your blood, clearing up your blotchy skin, correcting stubborn indigestion.

It gives you a wonderful satisfying sense of feeling well and looking your best.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Write today for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. D-51, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

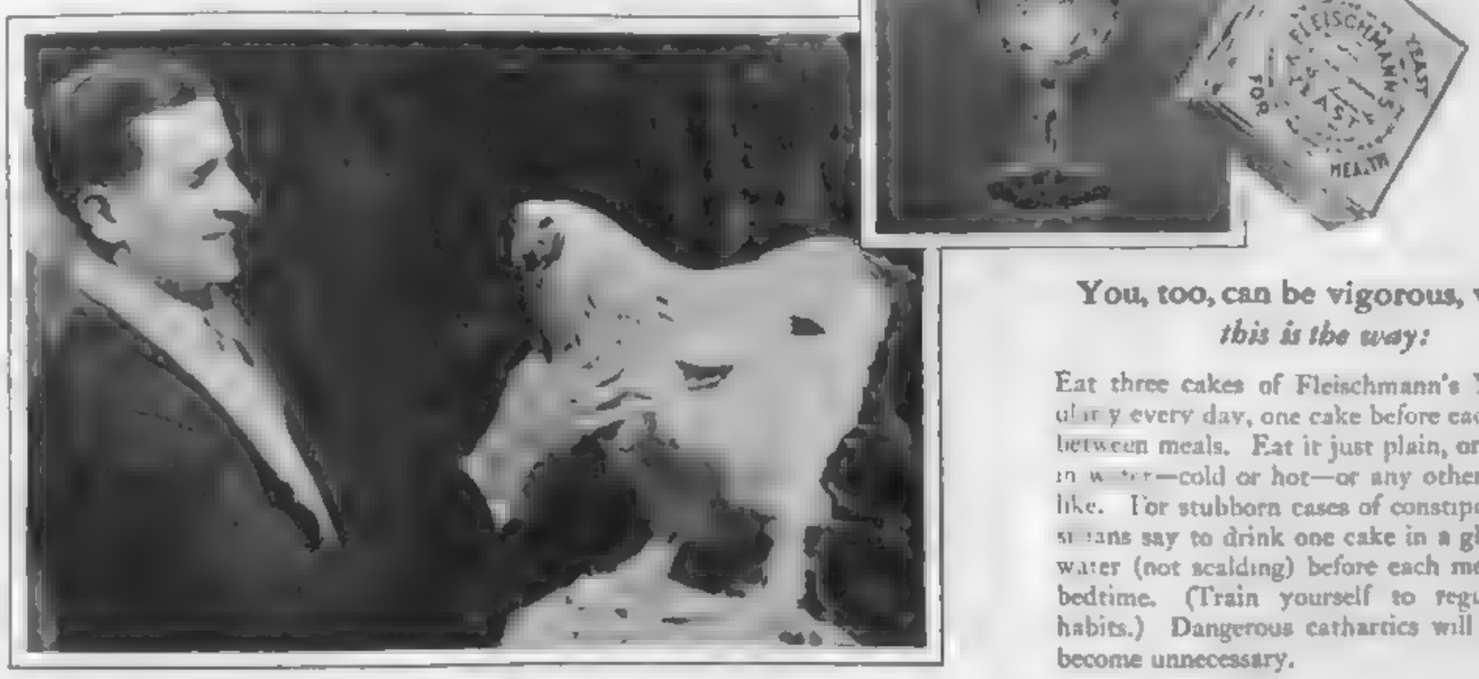
MRS. FLOSSIE CURRY, *Detroit, Mich., enjoying her newly recovered health. In her letter, quoted at left, Mrs. Curry tells how she won health with what proved to be much more than "just another remedy."*

RIGHT

"AT COLLEGE, where I was studying Poultry Husbandry, I felt so bad some days I could hardly drag through my work. For years I had been bothered with constipation. I suffered continually from headaches, sour stomach and heartburn

"I tried almost every possible remedy—without effect Then friends recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I commenced eating it before each meal and on retiring at night The results were remarkable. The headaches disappeared, and my general body tone improved immensely. Now I get up feeling well and have plenty of energy for my work."

R. K. King, Collins, N. Y



You, too, can be vigorous, well—
this is the way:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water—cold or hot—or any other way you like. For stubborn cases of constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before each meal and at bedtime. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

(Continued from Page 50)

They hitched up with their usual tacit division of labor; the wagon wheels clacked mournfully as they drove down toward the mill. Again their thoughts marched in step along a single path.

"Sam was right about Flora," said Habe suddenly. "We're beholden to her for a sight of things, and I don't see but what we're getting deeper in the hole right along. If we had a hired housekeeper, doing half as much for us, we'd be getting off light if we paid her as much as a dollar a day."

"We'd hunt a tidy while before we found one half as good as her," said Op. "I don't feel right about it. There'd ought to be some way to pay her back. Just leaving her go on working for us doesn't look like pay, no matter what Sam says."

"It's all she wants, though. Sam's right about that," Habe declared. "She's satisfied as long as she can run things. I guess that's all we can do—leave her keep on."

"We'd have to do that anyhow," Op said. "I'd hate to try crossing her."

"Yes." There was a certain heaviness in Habe's assent. "I would too." He sighed. "Well, we don't have to try, that's one thing. It's money in our pocket not to, and it suits her."

They loaded the sacks of ground feed with slow-moving dispatch. On their way back through the village Squire Fentress hailed them from the sidewalk in front of the Odd Fellows' Block, which housed his office. He came out to rest his rusty black elbows on the wagon box, his voice lowered confidentially.

"Tie your team and come up to my office," he said importantly. "Got some good news for you."

The habit of unquestioning obedience ruled them. They followed him up the dark scuffed stairway to the dingy littered room in which he combined the practice of law with half a dozen kindred activities—loans and mortgages, real estate and insurance; the latter, according to the legend on his door, in all its branches.

"Lucky I saw you," he said. "Saved myself a trip out to your place." He fumbled among the papers on his pine table. "It turns out that your uncle left something, after all."

The twins regarded him with interest, but forbore to question. Flora had schooled them in the futility of prompting a willing witness. They waited.

Fentress smacked his lips on his false teeth. "Yes, sir. It turns out he had some money put by in a savings bank, only he'd lost the book, so the lawyer out yonder didn't catch on till the bank wrote to him." He wagged his head. "It beats me where he ever got it and why he didn't spend it, but it's there, all right, and you'll get it. Thutty-two hund'd dolla's!" He smacked his lips lovingly on the sum. "Guess your ma'll feel better about paying for burying him when she hears that news."

The twins continued to say nothing, but their faces lightened a little. Flora had behaved very well about Uncle Milt, but they had felt, somehow, a certain uncomfortable sense of extravagance in the matter of his funeral expenses. Very early in their recollection he had ceased his visits. They remembered him as a shadowy person with an impressive golden tooth, an adult mysteriously licensed to leisure. He had, indeed, built a hammock out of barrel slats and twine; but except for this, Habe and Op had witnessed no activity whatever on his part. They would have forgotten him wholly except for occasional letters which Les Gannon had shown apologetically to Flora, remarking that, after all, Milt was his own brother.

The twins had somehow inherited his defensive attitude in the matter. They had felt more or less involved in Uncle Milt's improvident manner of dying and had borne the cost of his sepulture with a certain comforting sense of finality. Now, as they readjusted their minds to a novel conception of his worth, each thought, as Squire Fentress manifestly did, chiefly of the effect on their stepmother.

Fentress set out formal documents which they signed and swore to. It would take a week or two, he thought, for the money to arrive.

"Just as well not to say anything about it till it gets here, then," said Habe. Op nodded earnestly. You could never tell about Uncle Milt. Dead or alive, he connoted uncertainty.

Fentress approved on general principles. "The money's as sure as anything, short of death and taxes, but it never costs much to keep a shut mouth. I'll leave you know as soon as I hear any news."

They clumped down the stairs in a silence which endured until they were passing Tift's store. The sight of its dejected countenance moved Habe to speech: "I'm real sorry about Sam."

"It's too bad," agreed Op. "He made me feel mean, the way he took it."

Again, as the wheels clacked, their minds moved forward in step.

"The store had ought to pay first-rate," said Op presently.

"Always used to," said Habe. There was another interval of silence. "'Most everybody likes Sam better than Spinner, too," he added.

"If it was run right, his place would get a fair share of the trade, same as it always did." Op rubbed his chin. "It'd have to be smarted up some, of course."

The pause lasted, this time, until the Clydesdales, seemingly inspirited by the challenge of its abrupt ascent, scrambled vigorously up the first sharp grade of the hill road. At its crest, Habe spoke: "I always kind of hankered to own a store."

"Bet we'd make a succeed of it, too," said Op. "We've done first-rate with the farm."

"That's mainly on account of Flora," Habe qualified.

"Well, we'd have her to tell us what to do with the store, wouldn't we?" Op spoke with a certain eagerness. "I bet she'd take to it like a duck to water too. Raised in town, wasn't she? It stands to reason ——"

He left the sentence in the air. The conversation proceeded in the silent fashion of their habitual preference until they turned in at the home lane.

"I guess we hadn't better say anything yet a while," said Habe.

"Think it over," agreed Op.

They whistled in chorus while they unloaded the feed. At the supper table they left the conversation, as always, almost wholly to their stepmother. It concerned itself, however, chiefly with the topic uppermost in their thoughts; Flora Gannon's conscience seemed to require reassurance on rational grounds as to the abandonment of Sam Tift.

"It's his own fault," she declared, manifestly addressing some inner audience rather than the respectfully attentive twins. "I've put up with him longer than anybody else, as it is. If he had any spunk in him he'd be doing more trade than Spinner."

"That's just what I was telling Habe."

"Herbert," Flora corrected, her train of thought not visibly diverted. "Yes, if it was run with a grain of sense, that store would pay, even now. I declare I'm clear out of patience with Sam, letting a good business go to rack and ruin sooner than take a little trouble to save it! All that store needs ——"

The twins, sedulously avoiding the contact of glances, listened to her crisp exposition of the processes by which Tift's rehabilitation might still be accomplished. Rising to perform his appointed share in the removal of the broken meats, Habe ventured a question: "It'd be easier and quicker if Sam had some extry cash to put in, wouldn't it?"

"Extra cash." Again she took the correction in an oral stride. "Of course it would, but goodness knows where Sam would be able to raise any He's dribbled away all his father left and all he could borrow too. Squire Fentress holds a mortgage on the building, and the stock isn't worth what Sam probably owes on it." Her voice changed. "That's the dish towel, Herbert. The dishrag's on the nail over the sink."

"Yes, ma'am." Habe complied hurriedly with the suggestion. He and Op dealt faithfully with dishes, kettle and spider, following a ritual long established, cooperating intuitively under a superintendence patiently critical. It had been a favorite theory of Flora's from the beginning that boys should and could be trained to do housework; after twenty years, however, the twins displayed the proper feminine touch only when under close supervision. She sighed once or twice before the last dish had been deposited, dry and shining, on the clean scalloped paper which lined the cupboard shelf, the dishrag hung to dry above scoured sink, the kitchen set in order for the critical eye of night. Her patience, however, did not abate. Correcting, for the thousandth time, a masculine error in procedure, she spoke as kindly as when she had first drawn attention to the matter.

Afterward, when the lamp had been carried into the sitting room and the twins, sitting up straightly in their appointed chairs, gave respectful ear, she read aloud from a farm journal, uttering every word distinctly but still expelling each sentence in a jet of speech. She took issue with some of the writer's views about sweet clover as a forage crop, but conceded that his idea might be worth trying next spring on the gravelly bit of land along the creek, to which end the article was neatly clipped and docketed and filed away in her ordered desk. Punctually at nine, hardly waiting for her affectionate bidding, the twins clumped up the back stairs to their corded beds. They undressed, as usual, in silence, but as the cords whined softly under his weight Op spoke in a careful whisper: "I bet she'd take a sight of interest in a store, Habe."

"She sounded as if she'd kind of like it," said Habe in the same tone.

Flora's clear, cool voice darted up the stairway. "You've got a hard day ahead of you, boys. Better not lie awake to talk."

"No, ma'am." They reassured her in respectful chorus, and even after her door had closed with its familiar, decisive clap, neither trespassed against her edict. The conversation, however, continued for some time in silence; turning over in unison, as they surrendered to sleep, each chuckled drowsily and very softly.

Squire Fentress, his false teeth clicking happily, drew up the partnership agreement with a pen that fairly danced above the foolscap. The fervor of his approval communicated itself perceptibly to Sam Tift, whose countenance beamed upon the green-tinted check that lay upon the squire's littered table, and even presently stiffened the determination of the twins themselves.

They had entirely made up their joint and several minds, during the interval of waiting for Uncle Milt's money; but at the final moment, confronting irrevocable action, habit had lifted disquieting doubts. Wanting the spur of Squire Fentress' enthusiasm, Habe and Op might have drawn back; as it was, the little lawyer's eagerness constrained them to set their names in the spaces indicated by his forefinger, almost as peremptory now as Flora's might have been. Sam Tift needed no urging; his hand clutched the pen with the effect of closing upon a life line. The green-tinted check was indorsed, under the squire's impatient direction, to the order of Gannon & Tift. On the heel of his instruction to Sam as to its deposit to the credit of the infant partnership, he made reference to the propriety, in a young firm, of the prompt discharge of such obligations as interest, already overdue, on mortgages.

"The principal can stand over," he said, his voice generous with concession. "Just as soon renew as not, now you got good backing behind you, but you might's well gimme a check for the interest right now, while we're all here."

Sam filled out the blank under his direction: he signed the firm name, with his own below it, and would have passed the check on to the twins for their signatures as well, but this, Fentress explained, was unnecessary. Any of the partners, he said, could sign for the firm. He manifested now a perceptible disinclination to continue the interview. He would just step down to the bank, he said, and see that Sam made no error in the formalities of opening the firm's account.

They all went on this errand. Tom Seavey seemed almost as pleased about the arrangement as Fentress had been; he shook hands with both the twins and administered to each an accolade at once paternal and high-financial; to Sam he suggested briskly that it would be just as well to clear up those little notes and start out with a clean page in the ledger.

"Not that the bank isn't glad to accommodate you boys," he reassured the twins. "Any time you want to borrow we'll be delighted to oblige. It just makes things a little more shipshape to clear up Sam's old loans and start the firm off without any outstanding indebtedness."

The twins nodded assent and Sam once more made out a check against the funds of the partnership. Released now from Seavey's affable detention and similarly relieved of further disposition on the part of Fentress to intrude upon their counsels, the three partners proceeded to the store itself, where Sam held forth blithely as to changes and improvements immediately advisable.

The twins, soberly consuming raisins to which they now possessed incontestable title, listened in meditative silence. To most of Sam's remarks there was a ring of familiarity. Indeed, he honestly disclaimed credit for his suggestions.

"Only what Mis' Gannon's been at me to do right along," he explained. "You can ask her, when you get home, if you don't feel satisfied it's what we'd ought to do." He became confidential as to tone. "Don't mind owning up, now it's all in the family, kind of, that one reason I was so willing to go in partners with you boys was account of her. Bound to take an interest in the business, now you're mixed up in it, she is, and I tell you straight out I'd sooner take her advice 'n Seavey's or anybody else's."

"She's smart," said Op.

"Don't come any smarter," said Habe.

They exchanged uneasy glances. "Ought to be getting home, I guess," said Op. "She'll be wondering what's keeping us."

With some reluctance visible in face and audible in voice, Habe concurred. He even inspirited the Clydesdales to a trot as the wagon clacked away from the hitching rail before the store, but as to this Op took issue. "We hadn't better run 'em," he said.

"We're 'most an hour late, the way it is," argued Habe. "It'll be way past dinnertime before we get home."

"I guess we better walk 'em, all the same," Op insisted. "I got a kind of notion she won't like us going in partners this way without talking it over with her first. It won't help things any if we come in with the team sweated up from running."

"Maybe not." Habe reduced the pace abruptly. The conversation, during the deliberate drive uphill, was spasmodic.

"She always claimed the business had ought to pay if it was run right," said Habe defensively, after half a mile of meditation.

"She'll figure we'd ought to have talked it over with her, all the same," Op told him.

They contemplated this aspect of the matter for the better part of another plodded mile.

"We wanted to su'prise her," said Op, his tone experimental.

Habe slapped his leg. "That's right! Sure! We just wanted to su'prise her."

"Well," said Op doubtfully, "I bet we do, all right."

Unmistakably they did, although surprise, if present and dominant among Flora's emotions, was by no means her only reaction to the news which, answering her staccato inquiries as to their tardiness, they imparted to her in collaborative admissions.

(Continued on Page 57)

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(Continued from Page 52)

Not once in all the years of their acquaintance had Flora definitely lost either her temper or her powers of speech. On this occasion she patently came very near to the loss of both. Her silence had an eloquence altogether novel in the twins' experience; they shuffled their feet and moved their hands in placative gestures.

"We done it to su'prise you," said Habe.

"Did it!" Flora winced.

"Yes, ma'am. I meant to say did it."

"We figured you'd be pleased," supplemented Op.

Her gaze transfixed him. "Pleased? Just why?"

He spread his hands. "Well, I mean -we had a sort of notion you'd show us how to make a succeed of it."

"Success, Arthur. I do wish ——" She seemed abruptly to abandon grammar for more important concerns. "I suppose you meant well." Her voice softened. "Because I was sorry to see a good paying business go to rack and ruin for want of a little common sense, and said so, you took it for granted that I'd enjoy trying to save it. Is that it?"

"Yes, ma'am." Op's voice was grateful. "I'm sorry if you're mad."

"I'm not angry." Manifestly she was not. There was an unmistakable softening below her patience. "I'm only sorry you didn't tell me first. Don't you realize what you've done? You're Sam Tift's partners. That means that you're responsible for whatever he takes it into his head to do. If he signs a note, for instance, you'll have to pay it. If he gets himself in debt again, his creditors can attach your property and sell it to satisfy their claims. You might even lose the farm."

The twins exchanged glances of dismay.

"Squire Fentress didn't say anything about that," said Op. "Nor Tom Seavey, either. They both let on that it was a real sensible thing for us to go in partners with Sam."

Flora's toe tapped. "Of course they did. Squire Fentress got his back interest out of you and made sure of collecting the full principal of his mortgage—I doubt whether the store would have brought enough at a forced sale to satisfy it. And Tom Seavey collected whatever Sam owed him, too, didn't he?" Her voice and face tightened. "Everybody else that Sam owes will smell that money in the bank and sweep down on it like a flock of crows on a dead sheep, and when it's gone they'll come down on us."

She twisted her hands in a gesture that the twins had never seen. It frightened them more than her words, more than the beaten look they saw for the first time in her face, that futile, wasted movement of hands that had never stirred except to accomplish something.

"They can't if the store pays," said Op. "And I bet we can make it pay. I bet that was why Squire Fentress and Tom Seavey felt so good about us going into it—figured we'd do as well with a store as what we've made out to do with the farm."

She seemed not to hear. They listened to speech wholly without precedent in their lifelong experience of Flora Gannon, the aimless, disconnected talk of helplessness.

"They'll take the farm, and I can't stop it! It isn't fair! I've slaved and schemed and pinched for twenty years to make it worth having and I don't own an inch of it! It isn't fair!"

Again her hands twisted in that queer, despairing gesture, and the quiver of her lips terrified the twins with a sudden, incredible threat of tears.

"It's rightly your place," said Op slowly. "Habe and I—Herbert, I mean—we'll deed it over to you."

She pushed Arthur's suggestion away "They'd say you only did it to get it away from the creditors. It wouldn't stand." She stopped short, her face suddenly stiffening to its familiar look of understanding and purpose. "But there's another way out of it." She darted to the old secretary. "You can sit right down here this minute and assign that partnership to me—that'll do it!" Her pen scratched vigorously away on the sheet of foolscap she plucked out of Op's consenting hand. "There has to be a consideration, of course. Wait!" Solemnly she gave each of them a dollar bill. "I'm buying it from you, understand?" Again the pen scratched. "In consideration of one dollar, to each of the parties of the first part in hand paid, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, and of love and affection and other good and valuable considerations ——"

She seemed to enjoy the taste of the words; she had always liked the windy, formal flourishes of legal documents. The twins, at her instance, set their names below the assignment. She blotted the wet ink briskly as she rose.

"I'll drive straight up to town and serve notice," she announced. "Hitch Dick up in the buggy while I change my dress."

"Yes, ma'am." They escaped thankfully toward the stable. By the time they led the aggrieved Dick, torn from his earned midday leisure, to the horse block before the side door, Flora was ready.

"You'll have to get your own supper," she warned them. "It'll take me the rest of the afternoon to get things straightened out with Sam Tift." Her tone and look made it altogether improbable that the straightening process would concern itself deeply with the preferences of Mr. Tift. She gathered up the lines as she told them how to employ what remained of their day. The loose planks of the bridge rattled deliberately under the buggy wheels. Without words, the twins departed to their appointed task in the woodhouse. They had developed a coöperative technic in the work of splitting stove wood, one ax starting the cleft and waiting in it till released by the accurate descent of the other. The pile of split sticks mounted with deliberate speed beside them.

"Sam Tift'll be su'prised," said Op.

"Glad, too, I guess," said Habe. "She'll be a sight better partner for him than what you and me would have been."

They split a few more chunks of maple.

"One thing," said Op presently, "we'd ought to buy us a buggy horse one these days. She'll have to go up to town kind of often."

"Wouldn't wonder," said Habe. He whistled a cheerful air which, as they resumed their work, Op ornamented with the trills and flourishes which were his habitual contribution to their joint excursions into melody.

Cousin Hattie Silsby stopped the sedate white horse as it drew abreast of the wagon. Her face assumed the expression it had worn on every Sunday the twins could remember since they had first encountered Cousin Hattie, beaming raptly on the infant class at Sunday school. It shone upon them now more raptly than ever, and halting their team obediently in response to Hattie's arresting lift of her silk-mitted hand, they suffered its swimming approval uneasily

"I'm so glad I met you," said Cousin Hattie, her voice as liquidly affectionate as her gaze. "I've been wanting to tell you how proud I feel about you both and the splendid way you've treated dear Flora."

The twins exhibited abashed grins. "We haven't done anything much," said Op.

Cousin Hattie's headshake lovingly disputed the disclaimer. "You've done a truly wonderful thing," she declared. "You've proved that there is such a thing as gratitude in the world. It's like a story in a book, the way it's turned out. Dear Flora, giving up her life to take care of you, sacrificing everything, never dreaming of any reward, and now ——" She inhaled ecstatically, manifestly experiencing at second hand some virginal thrill of romance. "It's like a poem!" She lowered her voice. "You know that Sam always thought the world of her. And after all these years, you two dear, thoughtful boys have brought them together like this! It couldn't have happened if you hadn't been so generous. Not many boys would have done it. Dear Flora! It's so sweet to think of her, living there in that lovely flat over the store, with everything just as she wanted it, and Sam so happy he's like a different person, and the store doing so well again, and all because you boys ——" She stopped. "I've read somewhere that there isn't any such thing as gratitude, that it's nothing but a secret hope of greater benefits, but we know better, don't we?"

She beamed benediction upon them. The reverend white horse leaned forward into movement under the crocheted fly net. The wagon clacked on in the rise of its own dust. On the spring seat the twins maintained a meditative silence, broken at last by Habe's wholly irrelevant statement that the fish had ought to be biting first-rate, weather like this, and Op's proposal that they might's well take the afternoon off and ketch a mess for supper.

Each glanced over a shoulder at the village, slowly receding in the dissolving yellow dust haze, and each, as if prompted by the distance of that retrospect, unpocketed and filled and kindled a new corncob pipe.

"I don't see any reason ——" Habe paused. "I don't see no reason," he amended, "why we shouldn't go get us a mess of chubs if we're a-mind to."

"Ain't none," said Op. Again he glanced over his shoulder. "Not no more," he added, dwelling on the forbidden double negative with a certain relish. "Tell you what le's do, Habe. Le's trot!"

His brother regarded him with respectful admiration. "You got a good head on you, Op," he said. The slack of the lines descended with a cheerful smack on the broad backs of the Clydesdales. "Get up there, you Dick! Who d'you think's driving you -Sam Tift?"

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ALFRED THE GREAT

(Continued from Page 7)

"It's an actual fact that sport has done far more for women than the vote and everything else put together," said Mr. Fisher. "You take these youngsters that go around in their short hair and knee-length skirts ——"

Kate turned back and patiently heard him through. She felt excited and tense tonight, not happy, but with something of the exhilaration that happiness brings. She always felt that way with Alfred's friends—a sort of desperate urgency to do something, anything to strike a spark from the sober metal of their minds. Dullness, instead of depressing her, exasperated her to a reckless animation. And afterward there were the most appalling scenes with Alfred.

It was the thought of this that checked her now—those cat-and-dog scenes with Alfred in the flat drained hours of early morning; a dreary bickering that dropped to querulousness and apathy and finally to silence. Resolutely she turned back to Mr. Fisher, smiled, agreed, shaped her thoughts to decorum and left the field to Alfred.

Gradually Alfred's brow cleared. He warmed, expanded, flowered in the now congenial atmosphere. Holding his glass on its black ribbon between thumb and forefinger, he talked with genial dignity of the matters on which he was known to be an authority: On the lack of national spirit in the West, on the necessity of increasing the university endowment; on the efforts of a certain painting group to express a national art —"They're feeling their way, those fellows," said Alfred, "but it's possible they have an idea there"—on that delightful volume, Boswell's Life of Johnson, which he had just reread for the fourth time.

"Dear old Bozzy," said Alfred, putting down his eyeglass and helping himself to fruit from a silver plate. "What a delightful snob he was!"

Kate had never seen him quite like this before. "It is love," she thought, and indeed it was love as plainly as though the symbolic arrow were sticking through his plaited shirt front into his heart. Without addressing Mrs. Perley, without even turning to her, sitting there discreet and slender in her black chiffon gown, he was speaking to her and her only. Even Mr. Fisher must have seen it, even Mr. Butt must have been able to perceive. "Here I am," he was saying: "here is what I have made of myself." It is the way middle age makes its circumspect but explicit avowal.

"She won't keep young," thought Kate, seeing in Mrs. Perley's face the softness that yields suddenly to age. But it didn't matter. They were made to make each other happy. And Kate, watching them across the shine and shade of the candlelight, smiled, shaped her own future with tranquillity, accepted sugared almonds from Mr. Fisher and held her peace.

Afterward they played bridge in Mrs. Perley's upstairs living room, a charming apartment with a glassed southern wall, jade-tiled floor, scarlet-lacquered furniture and English ivy, rooted in bright enameled pots, growing over the walls. Kate played with Mr. Butt, the member, opposite Mr. Fisher and a young woman named Louie, who played bridge scornfully, flinging out the cards as though she loathed them and screwing up one eye against the incessant smoke of her cigarette.

Kate played bridge with a brilliance that was instinctive but short-lived. After the first rubber her interest always slackened and she began to throw her cards about. She wouldn't take it seriously, and the stony intensity of the others—at half a cent a point—stirred her facile sense of derision. The two little groups played on and on, each under its separate cone of yellow light, with only a murmur as the bid went round and an occasional half audible sigh from Mr. Fisher: "That's pulling them out, partner—pulling them out." And the fragrance of the April night came in long waves as the late breeze advanced and retreated like a blown curtain against the open window and the night moths from the garden beat softly against the screen.

As usual, after the first rubber Kate played shockingly. "I'm sorry; I thought the queen was out," she would say serenely, or "Too bad; I thought you discarded a club." And Mr. Butt, the member, looked sorrowful, and the corner of Louie's mouth that held the cigarette twisted up more scornfully than ever.

And then they all changed partners and Kate found herself playing with Doctor McKenzie, against Alfred and Mrs. Perley.

Kate spread her hand, bid three clubs and lost.

"You didn't watch trump," said Doctor McKenzie. "You'd have had them if you'd pulled out their jack."

Mrs. Perley bid three spades and went down.

"I was going to bid spades myself," said Doctor McKenzie, but Mrs. Perley held up a warning finger:

"Hush! There's my very own nightingale in my very own garden."

They sat rigidly still; all except Doctor McKenzie, who, with an ear cocked politely toward the garden, went on dealing the hand.

"Three diamonds," said Doctor McKenzie.

"He sings every night," said Mrs. Perley. "It's simply enchanting, especially with a moon. . . . Oh, I'm sorry—pass."

Doctor McKenzie took the bid and the game. Alfred won the next in his usual precise and formal fashion. Mrs. Perley followed and lost.

"I'm so sorry, partner," she said, and made a musical phrase of the words, a little lingering arrangement of notes, deprecatingly sweet. "After your marvelous game!" she said.

"Not at all," said Alfred gallantly. "I hadn't support for you."

Kate took away the bid from her partner and went down.

"Is this bridge?" asked Doctor McKenzie. "Or what?"

"You didn't watch your clubs," said Alfred as gloomily as though he had gone down himself.

Kate hardly heeded them. As usual, she and Mrs. Perley had become absorbed in their common antagonism. It was all exasperating and futile beyond words. There was no reaching Mrs. Perley. She simply retreated farther and farther into the fastnesses of her gentility, her unassailable social rectitude. And why should one try to reach her? What, after all, was the root of their contention, thought Kate, abstractedly taking her partner's trick twice over. Certainly not Alfred.

"Have you been reading anything interesting lately?" asked Mrs. Perley, expertly furling the cards.

"A crime serial called the Suicide Inn," said Kate, "in True Detective Tales."

Alfred said, with irrepressible exasperation, "There's never been such a periodical in the house."

"I'm reading it at the dentist's," said Kate mildly. "The nice young man has just been killed in the death suite, and a lady, lovely but loose ——"

"Are you bidding, partner?" said Alfred.

"Yes—no—pass," said Mrs. Perley, and smiled charmingly at Kate. "I'm so glad to find someone else who likes detective stories. I love them myself."

"You love detective stories!" cried Alfred. "I wouldn't have believed that." All the same he seemed indescribably charmed by the discovery, and smiled down at her like a delighted and indulgent father. "You'll be telling us you like Charlie Chaplin next," he said.

"Oh, I adore him!" cried Mrs. Perley. "I'm a perfect baby. And I read Alice in Wonderland through once a year!"

Continued on Page 60

A Chain is no Stronger-

(you know the rest)

There are 7000 ~~links~~ PARTS in a motor car

The word "endurance" has a relative meaning.

All automobile manufacturers claim their cars will endure. The question is, "Endure WHAT?"

Some cars may endure a long time if you are willing to put up with performance that is mediocre, sluggish, uncomfortable and inadequate.

To perform brilliantly, quicker and easier with a minimum tax on the driver's energy — to out-run, out-climb and out-perform other cars and still endure over a longer period of time, that puts a totally DIFFERENT meaning to the word "endurance".

Why has Auburn this inherent prowess?

Because Auburn's engineering and structural standards are higher. Auburn's requirements are greater. Auburn cars are built to DO MORE than other cars and to do this more with LESS strain and effort. This is not RHETORIC but a matter of RECORD!

Only a motor car equally strong in every one of its "links" could survive the abnormal test of 15,000 continuous miles at sustained high speed. Auburn did, breaking all records for fully equipped stock cars.

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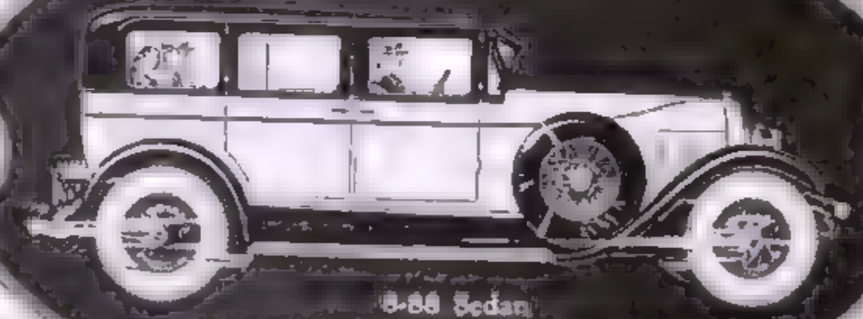

8-88 Sedan
130 inch Wheelbase...80 miles per hour
$2195

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AUBURN

POWERED BY LYCOMING

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AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

(Continued from Page 58)

Doctor McKenzie made a little sound in his throat like the stirring of a clock before it strikes. But he only said sulkily, "Three spades," and took the bid.

"I don't mean that I read detective stories exclusively," said Mrs. Perley, laying a very small trump on Kate's king. . . . "Horrid of me, wasn't it? . . . But I do enjoy one after I've been reading something that's taken raw out of life—one of the Russians, for instance, or Thomas Hardy—because they're so preposterously logical. . . . Take it with the jack. . . . Because real life isn't logical, is it?"

"Not ordinarily—not as a rule, that is," said Alfred, looking very grave. "On the other hand, it's possible to introduce a certain amount of logic into it. And that is where real life has the advantage over Russian literature."

Distinguished conversation. The very stuff of salons. They smiled at each other across the card-strewn table with dignity and gayety in their glances. "This is the sort of thing we can do," they seemed to be saying. "This is what we are capable of when we're together."

"Hearts called," said Doctor McKenzie.

"Second hand play low," murmured Mrs. Perley. . . . "After all, there's no one like the Russians."

"The Scandinavian group is interesting," said Kate brightly. "Have you ever read anything by Knut Svenssen, the famous Icelandic novelist?"

"Theirs, partner," said Mrs. Perley. . . . "The name sounds familiar. What has he written?"

"I'm reading The Killer now," said Kate, sweeping in the cards without stacking them, which always set Alfred on edge. "It's quite a fascinating tale."

"It's on the table," said Doctor McKenzie.

"So it is," said Kate, and estimated her cards thoughtfully.

"We should have doubled them, partner," said Mrs. Perley. . . . "Did you say The Killer? I suppose one should, but I'm afraid I don't really care for these very primitive stories."

"It isn't primitive really," said Kate. "It's quite contemporary and suburban. The characters aren't drawn, in a sense; they're just indicated."

"Now it's in your hand," said Doctor McKenzie.

"That's right—sorry," said Kate, and pondered a moment. "The queen's high, isn't she? . . . Anyway, the hero's a tremendously admirable person, very public-spirited and interested in the Althing and Skaalhede and Folkschule ——"

"They're really wonderful about education in the Scandinavian countries," murmured Mrs. Perley.

"—— only he's terribly handicapped by Svenka Henja, whom he married under rather careless circumstances when they were very young," said Kate—"let's see; it's in my hand—and he can't help wondering if he mightn't be able to accomplish a lot more with a more congenial ——"

Alfred said, "You can't possibly play bridge and talk at the same time."

"One, two, three, four—only five more needed," said Kate. . . . "Anyway, they're out on a walking tour on the Ij Jokul, the famous Icelandic volcano, when it occurs to him—it's a little difficult to follow because it's all mixed up in the modern way, with everyone reacting violently to everyone else inside their heads—anyway, it occurs to him that it might be his duty as a constructive-minded citizen ——"

"Now it's in your hand," said Doctor McKenzie.

"—— as a constructive-minded citizen," said Kate—"that's right, so it is—to—well, to chuck Svenka in. . . . And I get the last two."

"It sounds fascinating," murmured Mrs. Perley, bent over the score pad. "What did you say the author's name was?"

"Three honors in my hand," said Kate. . . . "Sven—Sven Larssen."

"Oh," said Mrs. Perley.

"You had five tricks in your hand and four on the table," said Doctor McKenzie. "You can't possibly play bridge if you don't keep your mind on it."

They drove home in a silence that threatened like the rising beat of drums. But they parted without a word in the lower hall, and Kate, still with the sense of moving under the cloud of his menacing resentment, went upstairs to her room.

She undressed quickly and was almost ready for bed when she heard his hand at the door.

"Just a minute," she said—it was so long since he had come to her room—and slid into a thin silk kimono that hung over the end of the bed.

He was wearing his dressing gown over his pajamas; an ample affair of splendid somber purple which gave him, with that look of dangerous feeling grimly held in check, something of the air, thought Kate, of a stage husband in a Drury Lane melodrama.

"It seemed to me best to settle this matter now, permanently," he said, his voice harsh, measured, resolutely dispassionate.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and pulled the comforter over her knees. She felt tired and dispirited, but the familiar sense of exasperation rose as swiftly as ever. If he was as stirred as that, why not come rushing in with his hair awry, his dressing gown pulled over one shoulder; flung into her room, disheveled and distraught, by the full violence of his feeling?

"Nothing needs to be settled after two o'clock in the morning," she said wearily.

"I assure you, you are quite wrong," he said. "This has to be settled now." He began to pace up and down the room, his hands thrust deep into his dressing-gown pockets.

"When a marriage ceases to have even the outward appearance of compatibility and—and dignity ——" he began, but she cut him short with an impatient:

"But we don't have to go into all that now. And for heaven's sake, stop walking the floor!"

He stopped still in the center of the room. But his voice went on, on the same deliberate magisterial note:

"I am not approaching this unreasonably or—or hastily. It has been on my mind for a long time. I am not speaking about what happened tonight. But our ideas of—of social conduct are so widely different ——"

"Of course if you must go about making speeches in your pajamas at two o'clock in the morning ——" She reached up for one of the pillows and put it behind her back. "You love it," she said, half under her breath.

"—— that it seems to me you must realize—if you are capable of looking at the matter objectively—that I am entitled to my freedom."

"My dear man, you can have your freedom!" she cried. "Good heavens, you don't want it before breakfast!"

And suddenly his mask of dignity, his air of an actor relishing solemnly the full drama of his part, vanished.

"I'm going to have it!" he said. "You and your damned sneering ——"

His face was bare of everything but fury. The single violence of that look jerked her instantly to her feet, her arms crossed, her gown drawn tightly about her body.

He came heavily forward, seized her by an arm and shoulder.

"Ah-h!" she said, and struck him wildly across the face.

They stood rigid, locked. She felt fury and a strange terror running over all her limbs. She took her lip between her teeth, lowered her head, and with both hands spread against his breast, thrust him away from her with the whole strength of her body.

He stood facing her in his gorgeous purple gown, holding the door at full width.

"This ends it," he said, and shut the door and went down the hall. And even in the swift confusion of her senses, even in an exhaustion so complete that just to lift the coverlet from her knees seemed a labor beyond her strength and she sat huddled on the side of the bed with her chin in her two hands—even then she had a wry smile for that moment of majesty at the end.

III

"YOU have doubtless seen the morning paper," said Mr. Wilson Bassett, and twitched the folded Chronicle across the desk.

Kate opened it, read the headline, GOVERNOR-GENERAL ORDERS DISSOLUTION, and looked up questioningly.

"I read it," she said, "but I don't see ——"

"It means that there isn't any government," said Mr. Bassett, settling back and crossing his stout little legs, "and won't be now for several months. Not till after the next election."

Kate laid the paper back on the desk.

"I see," she said slowly. "Then, in that case ——"

"In that case you can't be legally freed till the next parliamentary session," he said. "It 's very unfortunate. The senate committee had ordered the bill to be reported—the thing was practically concluded. However"—a touch of facetiousness dispersed for a moment the professional austerity of his manner—"if you two feel like reconsidering your position ——"

She shook her head with a faint impatience.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I was hoping—I'd have liked to have had the thing squared away."

"There isn't another country in the world where it could have happened," he said. "It would probably never happen in this country again. You were just singularly unfortunate. However, it's only a question of another few months. In the meantime I don't need to warn you to be extremely guarded in your conduct ——"

She escaped from the office as soon as she could. She resented every moment, every tedious detail of the divorce procedure. Alfred had, of course, behaved in the most irreproachable manner, had allowed her to bring suit for cruelty and incompatibility, and withdrawn without defending the case. An impeccable line of conduct, but it had thrown the onus of the situation upon her. There had been innumerable trips to Ottawa, endless consultations in Wilson Bassett's formal, badly ventilated office, while Mrs. Bassett—in a very explicit décolletage, with two little boys in sailor suits leaning against her breast—stared at her from her silver frame across the mahogany table, like a reproachful symbol of the secure and honorable estate that she was in the act of leaving behind.

Interminable consultations, from which she had come away exhausted by the ponderous formality of the law or hot with anger at its dull insistence. This time, however, behind her usual resentment and impatience, there was a faint malicious satisfaction in the thought of Alfred and Mrs. Perley with all their discreet plans suddenly upset. She had to smile at that—Fate coming up unexpectedly from behind like a disrupting parent, with the rope ladder dangling from the window, the motor throbbing at the curb.

She took the street car home. It was crowded and hot, but she didn't mind; she hadn't ridden in street cars for so long that she found them an endless source of interest and delight.

"Move up to the end. Plenty room at the end," shouted the motorman in a great voice that herded the passengers forward like sheep. And he rang the bell and punched the transfers and, as he punched, little flecks of bright-colored paper, pink and green, fell like confetti and spread on the floor about him. "She took twilight sleep," whispered the woman next to her, "and it was all over in half an hour." A boy and girl with a cardboard suitcase at their feet sat and dreamed, their fingers locked together on the seat between them. A young man came swaying down the aisle and laid a pamphlet in her lap, THE WORM DIETH NOT. Sitting there watching the people about her, she was conscious of a sudden sense of escape and freedom and delight. She felt as though she had crossed continents and oceans and come into a new city. No—as though she had died and come to life again in another world. It was her world, and she need never go back to the world of the Wilson Bassetts and Alfred and Mrs. Perley any more.

Freda was waiting on the front steps of her newly rented little house.

"Hurry up, darling!" she cried. "I've brought canned shrimps for supper."

They went indoors, and Kate brought lemonade from the ice box into the little living room.

"I've been to the lawyer," she said.

"Have you?" said Freda. Lemonade glass in hand, she wandered about the room studying the pictures. "Katie, darling, your art's terrible. What's this un-thing? Weeping Madonna. Goodness, I'd call it Exophthalmia. And when are you going to throw out that lousy hand-painted bouquet?"

"I like it," said Kate. "I'm no snob."

"Well, it's your house," said Freda. "What did the lawyer want?"

Kate hesitated.

"It was just about the divorce," she said, "With all this political mix-up at Ottawa they haven't been able to put it through. And now that the governor-general has granted dissolution ——"

"Why, of course!" cried Freda. "I never thought of that. How perfectly extraordinary!" She finished the lemonade and sat down dangling the glass over the arm of the chair. "Well, no matter how dark the night, she is still my mother!"

Kate was silent. She couldn't share Freda's light-hearted attitude toward the divorce. Some secret part of her, an inalienable inherited austerity, remained wounded and shamed by it. The failure of her secret life; that was how, beneath all her sense of freedom and escape, she would continue to think of it. Healed and cicatrized, the wound would remain, a dishonorable scar.

They had supper in the bay window that overlooked the little garden—a whole roast chicken that Kate had bought at the cafeteria where she had had lunch, the shrimps in a salad, a bottle of ginger ale and a dish of fruit.

"It'll probably kill us," said Freda. She set the table, skewering a rose to the breast of the chicken and flanking it with the bottle of ginger ale and a mug of toothpicks she had found in the cupboard. "Still life with toothpicks. Isn't it marvelous? Doesn't it look like a dinner by Mrs. Perley?"

"And now tell me everything you've been doing," said Freda. "Have any of the old gang been to see you?"

"I've been to the zoo and the market and Martin and Baush's basement sales three times," said Kate. "And I've had Alice and Alec in to dinner."

"Are they nice as ever?" said Freda. "Have a bit of still life."

"They're sweet," said Kate. "Frightfully busy, though. Everybody's busy but me."

"You'll have to overlook my putting my knife in the butter," said Freda. "I'm a child of divorce. . . . What will you do when you get tired of it?"

"I don't think I'll get tired of it," said Kate.

"Well, perhaps you won't," said Freda. "You're a terrible little low-life. . . . White meat or dark?"

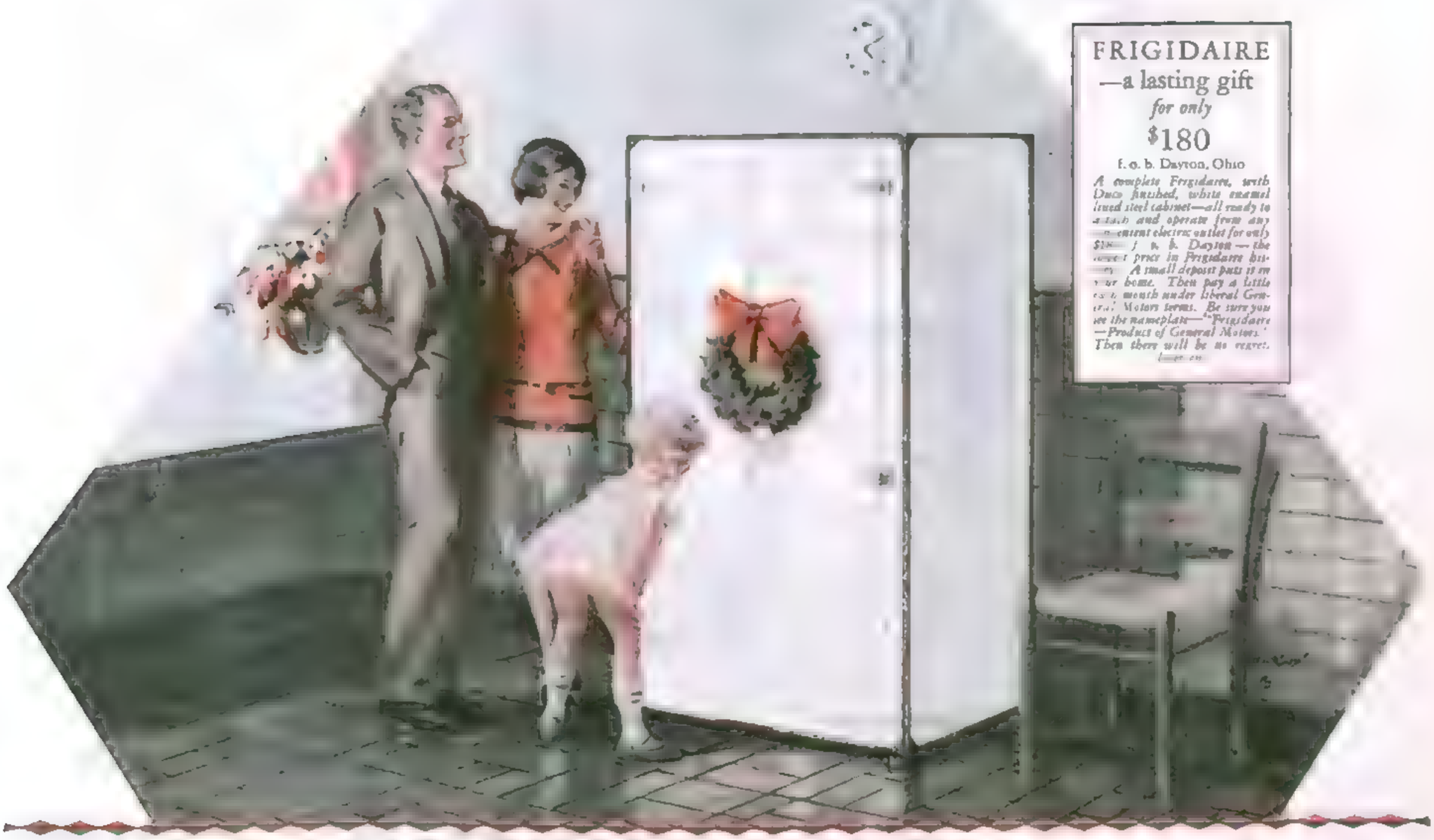
After supper they sat on the steps overlooking the little garden. The syringa blossoms faintly starred the early darkness and the three tall poplars at the end of the little lawn touched the evening with a tranquil and tender gravity. They sat close together, wrapped in the warm inclosing solicitude of the summer twilight.

"Are you happy?" said Freda. "Are the neighbors nice to you?"

Kate nodded.

(Continued on Page 65)

FRIGIDAIRE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$180
f. o. b. Dayton, Ohio
A complete Frigidaire, with Duco finished, white enamel lined steel cabinet—all ready to attach and operate from any convenient electric outlet for only $180 f. o. b. Dayton — the lowest price in Frigidaire history. A small deposit puts it in your home. Then pay a little each month under liberal General Motors terms. Be sure you see the nameplate—"Frigidaire —Product of General Motors." Then there will be no regret. Later on

Give her a *real* thrill this Christmas!

with a gift of Frigidaire

Use part of your Christmas savings to cover the first small payment!

Of course, she's a regular fellow and will like whatever you give her. But here's a chance to do something handsome and provide a *real* Christmas thrill!

It's so easy. The price of a few Christmas knicknacks will put a Frigidaire Electric Refrigerator in your home. Think of it! A gift that lasts for many years to come. A gift that she'll use every day in the year. A gift that's a constant reminder of what a good fellow *you* are.

Frigidaire, by all standards of comparison, costs less than any other electric refrigerator.

Forego the usual last-minute shopping this Christmas. Avoid the hurrying crowds. Spend a few leisurely moments in a nearby Frigidaire Sales Room. When you leave, the stage will be set for a Christmas she'll remember for years.

So don't hold back at Christmas time. Do the handsome thing this year. But *do it now*—while Frigidaire Distributors can still promise Christmas deliveries.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation Dept. B-1024, Dayton, Ohio

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

TRADE MARK

Whenever you buy rubber footwear be sure you see the Red Ball trade mark on the heel or sole. This Red Ball is also on the tab of all Monopul galoshes —look for it to be sure of getting the genuine Monopul slide fastener.

With chic new fabric tops

This new galosh is about one-third lighter in weight than last season's styles. Trimness is built into it in such a way that when properly fitted no ugly wrinkling, sagging or awkward gapping can occur even after long wear. The rubber foxing is finished in moiré. The tops are of a chic new fabric made only by Ball-Band, in tan and gray and can be washed with a mild soap and soft brush. So can the gray lining. Ball-Band's own Monopul slide fastener—visible in the style shown but invisible in another style—makes these galoshes easy to put on and take off. The flap beneath the smart pointed cuffs fastens with an adjustable snap, providing a snug fit at the top.

Fashion now steps

And here are new styles in rubber footwear as chic as the smartest costume!

AT LAST FASHION has claimed wet-cold weather footwear for her own! Rubbers and galoshes . . . of the correct styles . . . are now an important detail of the outdoor mode.

Last year short skirts revealed some interesting newcomers in rubber footwear. But this year offers a line of distinctive new styles designed, as never before, to preserve the slender lines of shapely limbs and to harmonize with one's smart new coat.

The galoshes shown in the large picture on the next page are an interesting example. They are about one-third lighter than last season's styles, weighing only eleven ounces each!

Shaped to fit stylish shoes in lasts of low, medium or high heels, they fit snugly around the shoe and ankle without a sag, gap, or wrinkle. They can be drawn as tight as you

Moiré finish and featherweight

One of these new Ball-Band "Ariel" rubbers weighs less than three and one-half ounces. A pair can easily be carried in the handbag. They are of unlined rubber finished in moiré in black, and in tan. The Conformo sole shapes itself to every curve of the modish shoe, and the elastic top prevents gapping and wrinkling.

Practical, yet trim looking

The girl who prefers overshoes with high tops will find this ten-inch galosh in black or tan particularly satisfactory. One can wade through deep snow with it, and in cold weather the additional protection is appreciated. The dependable Monopul slide fastener—made only by Ball-Band—is light, sure to work, and easy to operate. Special Ball-Band construction eliminates sagging and insures a smooth, glove-like fit without gap or wrinkle that preserves the slender appearance of the legs and feet

Surprisingly light and sure to fit

These Ball-Band galoshes weigh only nine ounces apiece! The tops are of tan heather wool jersey, the rubber foxing is finished in moiré. The Conformo sole yields to every curve of the modish shoe. The galoshes are easy to put on or take off, because they are fitted with Ball-Band's own Monopul slide fastener. The tops are held snugly around the leg—by an adjustable snap fastener on the flap beneath the smart pointed cuff

out into the rain and snow!

wish about the ankle by means of the snap fastener—adjustable to a fraction of an inch.

In splashy places or deep snow, turn the cuff up and you have two inches higher protection for the stockings. A bellows tongue, the perfect snow excluder, spreads out when the top is opened up, so that this galosh is extremely easy to put on or take off.

This new number is made in both cotton and wool jersey tops. There is a choice of three colors, tan or gray flecked with white, and solid black in the cotton, and black or tan in the wool. Cuffs are of the same materials as the tops except in the tan wool jersey arctic which has a smart ornamental cuff. All linings are gray.

The fabric in the tops is made in our own mills in Mishawaka especially for use in these galoshes. It has a "give" or elasticity that fabrics not so made cannot have—another important reason why Ball-Band galoshes have trim fit and always hold their shape. Both the fabric tops and gray linings can be washed with a mild soap and soft brush.

From the chic cuffs around the tops to the dainty moiré toes, these galoshes are the aristocrats of cold-wet weather footwear. They are made for mileage, too, yet they cost no more and wear lots longer.

Ask for Ball-Band. Know that you are getting the genuine. Look for the Red Ball trade mark on the sole.

The model described here is only one of the new styles and fabrics offered in Ball-Band footwear. The line includes new ideas in wet and cold weather footwear of all kinds for every member of the family. Have your footwear dealer show them to you. If you have any difficulty getting what you want, write for illustrated booklet and the name of a nearby dealer who can supply you.

BALL-BAND

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO

467 Water Street, Mishawaka, Indiana

BOOTS · LIGHT RUBBERS · HEAVY RUBBERS · ARCTICS
GALOSHES · SPORT AND WORK SHOES · WOOL BOOTS AND SOCKS

Look for the Red Ball

ONE OF THE GREATEST ADVANCEMENTS IN STEEL MANUFACTURE IS THE CORRUGATED ROUND INGOT. DOWN IN THE TIMKEN INGOT HEATING FURNACES THESE INGOTS ARE BROUGHT TO THE PROPER STATE FOR ROLLING
MAL CLARK

Before You Sign for Your New Car–

Understand all that is done in the Timken Electric Steel Mill to assure the most wear-resistant bearing steel ever known, and you will insist upon Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in choosing a car, truck or bus.

Understand the full engineering significance of exclusive Timken design—the taper principle and *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*—and you will not sign an order for a motor vehicle unless it is Timken-equipped.

You want Timken Bearings because you want the most complete protection against friction and side-thrust and speed and shock and weight—in transmissions, differentials, pinion or worm drives, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots, and fans.

Not until you hear "Timken-Equipped" have you *the* proof of utmost durability and economy. The great majority of all makes *are* Timken-equipped.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 60)

"Mr. Trotter, who lives next door, has confided a secret formula for curing rudbeckia lice," she said. "I must get a rudbeckia. And Baron Byng, who lives in the basement on the other side, has just had four kittens. I was invited in to see them."

Freda rubbed her cheek gently against her mother's shoulder.

"My, I like you," she said. "May I come and live with you?"

Kate shook her head.

"Darling, no. I'd get to depend on you. I don't want to be the sort of mother who eats her young."

"You wouldn't eat me," said Freda. "I'm hard-boiled."

It was true, thought Kate. Ever since Freda's babyhood she had been aware of that secret hardness in her; the power, in the tenderest moments, ruthlessly to disengage herself. Never take the risk. Hold her lightly on the best terms one could.

"It's better the way it is," said Kate.

"Well, it's your house," said Freda a little resentfully. But presently she put up a hand and laid it on her mother's knee. And for a long time they sat in silence, watching the garden shapes darken and dissolve into twilight.

IV

SHE hadn't seen Alfred in weeks. It seemed likely that she would never see him again except fleetingly and remotely: rolling by in the Fisher Eight while she waited, symbolically, on the curb; appearing as a public figure on more and more distinguished occasions; disclosing himself in the newspapers in the most irreproachable attitudes, the most admirable company. As long as there was the printed word she would never quite lose sight of Alfred.

But she would never meet him on any ground of intimate human feeling again. The thought brought a curious and painful nostalgia. Not for the world would she have gone back to Alfred and Alfred's friends. They had no sense of life; a dull precision was the very armor of their souls. Nevertheless, she missed something out of her former life, and missed it with a persistent and increasing painfulness. She wondered whether it was simply the rather malicious amusement she used to derive from stalking him in his larger moments and bringing him to earth. She thought perhaps it was and that she had been, on the whole, rather a devil to poor Alfred. She wished she could meet him sometime and tell him so.

And then one morning the front doorbell rang, and there he was standing on her little porch, large, square and handsome in his beautiful clothes, with the glossy motor drawn up at the curb.

She was too astonished even to greet him; simply stood there with the door knob gripped in her hand, conscious, after all these weeks, of only one thought—that there were raspberry stains on the front of her gingham dress.

"Good morning," said Alfred, gravely raising his hat. "May I come in a moment?"

She led him into the little entrance hall, took his hat and placed it on the newel post. She saw his eyes wandering about the hall—the linoleum rug that Freda said looked like the portrait of a Brussels carpet done in oils, the semicircular gumwood table with the two brass-washed candlesticks justly disposed beneath it, the old English chair, machine-turned, made in a factory in New Jersey.

"It's nice of you to come and see me," she said, trying to keep the astonished conjecture out of her voice.

"There was a little matter of business I wanted to straighten up," he answered, and followed her into the front room.

For a moment they sat in silence; solemn, impersonal, secretly appraising, like two strangers facing each other in a public conveyance.

"I thought everything had been satisfactorily arranged," said Kate at last.

He cleared his throat.

"There was just a point." His gaze wandered round the room and rested for a moment on the basket of painted milkweed and dried hydrangea near the window. "It seems to me that better accommodation could be found than this," he said.

"It is pretty bad. I mean to do something about it presently," she answered. She had taken down Exophthalmia and substituted a silver-framed photograph of herself and Freda—the only picture of Freda she possessed. Apart from that the room stood exactly as she had rented it.

"I'm afraid it doesn't worry me as much as it should," she said.

She didn't resent his criticism. Indeed she felt friendlier toward him than she had in years; perhaps because it no longer mattered whether he liked her painted milkweed or not.

He sat there with the light from the window falling upon his face—a rather heavy face, with broad surfaces and flat indentations, as though the modeler had worked with the flat of his thumb. She watched him curiously, with the eyes of a stranger, all her old habits of thinking about him for the moment laid aside. And underneath his austerity she was suddenly aware of a profound and secret embarrassment.

He said unexpectedly, "I would be quite willing—I would be very glad to make you some sort of—a regular allowance."

She drew back, a sudden color spreading over her face.

"Oh, no," she said. "No, really. I have plenty from what mother left me."

"You could move into a good flat," he said. "I could make it a monthly allowance or an annuity, whichever you prefer."

She could have wept with embarrassment and dismay. That he couldn't see how impossible, how infinitely less honorable than charity ——

"I'd rather not discuss it," she said.

"You have, of course, a perfect legal right to it," he said impassively; as though, indeed, he were extending his own line of thought rather than combating hers.

But to accept—as a perfect legal right—money that stood for the failure of their life together! She was in despair before his obtuseness and curiously moved at the same time by his magnanimity. How exactly like Alfred to combine the two in a single gesture.

"It's good of you—it's extraordinarily good of you!" she said. "But I couldn't—you must see that it's simply impossible for me to accept anything from—to accept it."

"I see," he said stiffly, and rose. "Well, in that case ——"

"No, please don't go," she said. "You haven't told me—what are you doing? I haven't had any news of you for so long."

He cleared his throat.

"I expect—I've been asked to stand in the next election," he said.

"Really? That's splendid!" she cried. And catching the tone of her own voice, thought how Mrs. Perley's own could scarcely have been more loyal, more approving.

"I expect to stand in the East Central Division," he said. "The member there isn't standing, and the local organization has asked me to take his place. It's a very important position in the general party plan. They seemed to think that I—they seemed extremely anxious for me to accept the nomination."

He went on talking; weighty impressive sentences, like public utterances, like considered statements given out to the press. But behind his deliberation and dignity she was suddenly aware of something else—something troubled and defiant that stood waiting for the flick of her derision.

It touched and shamed her beyond words. She wanted to weep, standing there before him, accused by his great man's manner that she had been accustomed to scorn. But she only said, in her bright hostess' voice, "But of course, in a conservative riding and with your reputation as a business executive, there should be hardly enough fight to make it interesting."

She went out with him into the little hall, handed him his hat from the newel post, opened the front door. It was dreadful. More than anything else in the world she wanted to arrive at terms of simplicity and understanding. She would have given everything she possessed, at that moment just to take his hand and say, "Oh, my dear, I know how I hurt you! I couldn't help it, but I'm sorry." And she couldn't do it. It was as though they were in the presence of a troubling and intrusive third, bright, chatty, resolutely holding the moment intact, keeping things going till the last.

"Please come again," she said cordially. "I've enjoyed seeing you so much. I'm alone a great deal."

He said, suddenly and violently, "Women aren't—women have no real feeling about things." And walked down the steps into the street.

Alfred didn't come back. He made his brief dramatic appearance and then vanished.

It hurt Kate a little. She didn't expect a reconciliation; too much of the past was spoiled between them. But just for a moment that morning in her little parlor a flame had wavered above the ashes.

Teased by a constantly increasing curiosity about him, she went one afternoon to his committee room, a vacated store on Salter Street. She walked past it once or twice without going in. Alfred's photograph was attached by four paper lozenges to the window, and there were half a dozen piles of election literature displayed in the background. Two or three women, none of whom she knew, were chatting at the entrance, and three others were busy addressing envelopes at a long table at the back of the store.

In the end she went in and asked to be given something to do. They welcomed her as a good party worker and gave her a place, with a pile of envelopes and a typewritten list from the city directory, at the long table.

There were dozens of piles of election cards with the words: Vote for J. Alfred Harkness and a Fearless, Enlightened and Forward-Looking Public Policy, flanked by a photograph of the candidate: Alfred in a bow tie with the solemn tenets of his political faith stamped upon his face like the legend on a coin. She had to smile every time she slid it into an envelope.

They were pleasant, unimportant women, drafted by some energetic ward captain to do the less rewarding work of the campaign. They worked along comfortably until five o'clock, discussing dahlia blight—they were not politically minded—the use of wax on linoleum, the advantages of cash and carry. And at five o'clock they rose to go.

"I'll work along and finish the lot," said Kate.

They were over by the entrance and she was still bent over her list at the table when the front door opened.

"Still at work?" said a voice she knew. "Splendid! That whole pile! Oh, splendid!"

Kate shifted her chair so that her back was squarely to the entrance, and averted her head.

But in a moment or two Mrs. Perley came over to the table.

"This will help wonderfully," she began; and then: "Really, I hadn't expected ——"

She was too astonished not to betray herself. She stood there in her slender black coat, deeply collared in magnificent fox; with that air that she never lost of looking quite perfectly and simply the part she had consciously chosen. But her eyes were hard with hostility.

"How nice of you to interest yourself in the campaign," she said.

Kate impudently took up the gauntlet.

"How nice of you!" she said politely.

They scarcely heard the good night of the three at the entrance. Kate very carefully detached a strip of stamps from a sheet and went on affixing them to the envelopes

Week of December 5th

Mr. Evans bids one Heart; Mr. Whitehead one Spade. Complete the bidding and play the hand. Then tune in with the Radio Game for expert tactics in bidding—false-carding—the squeeze play, etc.

Joseph W. Evans, Houston, Texas, dealer, South—

Spades	A, 7, 6
Hearts	A, J, 8, 5, 3
Diamonds	9
Clubs	J, 6, 3, 2

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, West—

Spades	K, Q, 10, 5, 4
Hearts	9, 7, 6
Diamonds	Q, 8
Clubs	K, 10, 5

Milton C. Work, New York, North—

Spades	J, 9, 8, 3
Hearts	Q, 2
Diamonds	10, 7, 6, 5, 2
Clubs	9, 8

Mrs. E. L. Bradbury, Dallas, Texas, East—

Spades	2
Hearts	K, 10, 4
Diamonds	A, K, J, 4, 3
Clubs	A, Q, 7, 4

Tues., Dec. 6, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WEAR, WFBL, WFI, WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMG, WWJ.

Tues., Dec. 6, 8:30 P. M. (P. T.)

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for time of following:

KFAD Electrical Equipment Co. Phoenix
KFUM Corley Mt. Highway Colorado Springs
KFYR Hoskins-Meyer Bismarck
KGBX Foster-Hall Tire Co. St. Joseph, Mo.
KOA General Electric Co. Denver
KOB Coll. Agr. & Mech. Arts Albuquerque
KPRC Post Dispatch Houston
KSL Radio Service Corp. Salt Lake City
KTHS Arlington Hotel Hot Springs Nat'l Pk.
KVOO Southwestern Sales Corp. Tulsa, Okla.
WCOA Chas. Pensacola Pensacola, Fla.
WDAY Radio Equipment Corp. Fargo
WDBO Orlando Broadcasting Co. Orlando, Fla.
WFAA Baker Hotel, Texas, Sears-Roebuck Dallas
WFBM Indianapolis P. & L. Co. Indianapolis
WHEC Hickson Electric Company Rochester
WJAX Municipal Station Jacksonville
WJBO Times Picayune New Orleans
WKY Radio Station Inc. Oklahoma City
WNOX People's Tel. & Tel. Co. Knoxville
WORK Johnson City Binghamton, N. Y.
WPG Municipal Station Atlantic City
WRVA Larus & Bro. Co. Richmond, Va.
CFAC Hyndal Calgary, Can.
CFLC Radio Assn. Prescott, Can.
CFQC Electric Supply Saskatoon, Can.
CHNS Nat. Fire Ins. Co. Halifax, Can.
CHOC J. R. Booth, Jr. Ottawa, Can.
CJCA Journal Edmonton, Can.
CJGC Free Press London, Can.
CJKM J. A. Richardson & Sons Moose Jaw, Can.
CKAC La Presse Montreal, Can.
CKCD Daily Province Vancouver, Can.
CKNC Canadian Nat. Carbon Co. Toronto, Can.
CKY Manitoba Tel. System Winnipeg, Can.

The U. S. Playing Card Company
Cincinnati, U. S. A.—Windsor, Canada

Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York.

SPLENDID FINISH

LASTING QUALITY

BICYCLE *and* **CONGRESS**
PLAYING CARDS

"A Third of a Century Ago"

Early in the Gay Nineties—in 1894—when women rode tandem bicycles and wore mutton-leg sleeves, before autos, airplanes and radios, 3-in-One made its advent as a bicycle oil.

During this third of a century it has become the most widely sold of all packaged oils. Its uses have extended to the oiling of all light mechanisms—sewing machines, typewriters, vacuum cleaners, Ford Timers; preventing rust on metal surfaces indoors and out; cleaning and polishing pianos, fine furniture, hardwood floors, windows, mirrors. There are 79 uses for 3-in-One in the home alone.

Most of these applications were discovered by the actual users. They told us. We told others. And the high quality of 3-in-One did the rest—a quality that never varies—a quality based on compounding, scientifically, a number of primary oils of invaluable and exceptional virtues.

[3-in-One is sold by all dealers, in Handy Oil Cans and three sizes of bottles. Ask for 3-in-One by name. The Big Red "One" on the label is your guarantee.]

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St., New York, N. Y.

FREE: Generous sample of 3-in-One and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal card.

A THIRD OF A CENTURY OF CONTINUOUS SERVICE

3-in-One

Prevents Rust-OILS-Cleans & Polishes

in front of her. The air of the empty room was charged with their still hostility.

"You know, it's a little extraordinary to find you here," said Mrs. Perley. "I had an impression that you weren't particularly interested in politics."

"I'm fond of putting stamps on envelopes," said Kate pleasantly. "Everyone must have a hobby." She detached another strip of stamps and drew them carefully across the rubber sponge in front of her. She separated a stamp from the strip and fixed it to the corner of an envelope, pressing it down hard with the flat of her hand.

Then she looked up and said quietly, without either mockery or equivocation:

"I'm sorry to seem rude, but you annoy me. Quite apart from everything else, you always have. I've always had the most unreasonable dislike for you."

She was glad to drop the quasi-theatrical air with which they had cloaked their enmity in the past. There was a fierce hard satisfaction in shattering the world of polite and ambiguous reticences in which Mrs. Perley had held herself secure.

"I don't like you," she said, "and I'm sure you don't like me." She picked another package of envelopes out of the long box, flipped off the band and spread them on the table before her. "It shouldn't be difficult for us to avoid each other," she said

Mrs. Perley said, "What a completely vulgar person you are!" and walked, without another word, out of the store.

▼

FREDA and her mother sat on the back steps, hosing the grass. From the garden two doors down came the steady agreeable click of the lawn mower. Scraps of tune from a distant radio wandered into the garden, were caught in the bright air, and vanished. It was just after dinner on one of the last warm evenings of summer.

"Let me have the hose," said Freda, and turned the fine spray on Baron Byng, who was just preparing to descend the fence. "There, that settles him—her. I haven't told you yet about the meeting of the women's election committee that I went to yesterday."

"How did you happen to go?" asked Kate.

"I was invited," said Freda proudly, "by Mrs. Orme Endicott herself. I'd have gone anyway, if I'd had to crash the gates. It was marvelous."

"What did they do?" asked Kate, gently taking away the sprayer as Baron Byng's head appeared once more over the top of the fence.

"Mrs. Orme Endicott in the chair," said Freda, "Mrs. A. W. Perley as recording secretary—at an ormolu table, writing down the names of the committee in a red-leather book with a green fountain pen with gold trimmings. She was introduced as a key woman. They were all key women. A whole parlor full of key women!"

"I can imagine," said Kate.

"You ought to hear them talk about Alfred," said Freda. "They simply adore him. They call him Our Candidate. They talk about his broad culture and high ideals and about the sacrifice he has made to enter politics and how they must be willing to make sacrifices too. You wait. Before election day every one of our *haute monde* will be wearing his picture on a celluloid button. . . . Aw, mamma, lemme have the hose."

"If you promise to water the right places."

"I will," said Freda. "I won't touch your kitty. Anyway, Mr. McGaffey, the opposition, is a terrible person. Mrs. Orme Endicott says she has personal knowledge that he made practically all his money awarding cut-stone contracts when he was on the Board of Education. She says he will stop at nothing. They talked about it for an hour and a half. And then we had cheese buns and little cakes in paper saucers—two cheese buns and one cake to each key woman—and went home.

"And Alfred—my dear, Alfred is wonderful," said Freda. "Every morning the reporter calls from the Chronicle to take his message to the waiting world. And Alfred sits up behind the desk in the library looking at least like Mussolini receiving the reporters."

Kate took back the hose and shook the water in long bright loops across the grass.

"I should think that Mrs. Perley ——" she began, and checked herself. "Mrs. Perley seems to be extraordinarily active in the campaign," she said.

"Mrs. Perley is the campaign," said Freda. "I don't know what Alfred would do without her. When he gets mixed up with his women's organizations, she straightens him out. When he gets tied up with ladies that don't matter, she rescues him. When he neglects the ones that do, she reminds him. She's marvelous."

She stretched out, with her elbows on the step above.

"And when he gets elected," she added, "she'll probably marry him."

Kate was silent a moment. Then she said, "And if he doesn't get elected?"

"He will," said Freda. "She's got the women's vote lined up solid."

"But if he doesn't?"

"If he doesn't, she won't," said Freda. "You know Mrs. Perley. She isn't marrying Alfred for himself. She's marrying him for herself.

"She wants to turn him into a cabinet minister," said Freda, "so she can pour tea at viceregal garden parties and get herself presented at court with three plumes in her hair."

Kate swept the bright arch of water slowly back and forth across the grass. The lawn mower two doors down clicked into silence. They heard its harsh augmented grating along the asphalt walk. And suddenly Freda slid her hand through her mother's arm.

"Why don't you go back to him, Katie?" she said.

Kate was silent a moment. Then she said slowly, "I couldn't. You don't understand."

"You always say I don't understand," said Freda resentfully.

It was true. And it was true not only of Freda but of the whole world, and even of herself. For how could she put into words or even into the shape of thoughts the passion and the prejudice, the pettiness and splendor and frustration and desire that had gone to make up her marriage and its failure?

"I'd rather—don't let's talk about it," she said.

"Oh, all right." Freda pulled her little tight skirt down over her knees and sat there with her arms clasped about them, smiling her shrewd, childish, undisconcerted smile. "Anyway, let me know when you're coming back," she said, "and I'll polish up the handle on the big front door."

■

THREE days before the election Kate had a curious visitor; a mild, middle-aged little man who wore a dove-gray suit and a straw hat with a blue and yellow hatband, incongruously bright. He was on the front steps and then he was in the little front room, by a trick of transference that almost touched the occult; all this before she even suspected what the visit was about.

When she did, she got suddenly to her feet, white with astonishment and anger.

"You can't possibly be serious," she said. "I can't imagine anything ——"

"We would give you all the space you wanted," he said politely, "and anything up to a hundred and fifty dollars for the story."

She could only stare at him in helpless surprise, the whole interview seemed to her so absurd, the contrast between his proposal and the mild, undeprecating composure of his voice and spectacled eyes fantastic beyond words.

"I have absolutely nothing to say," she said. *(Continued on Page 69)*

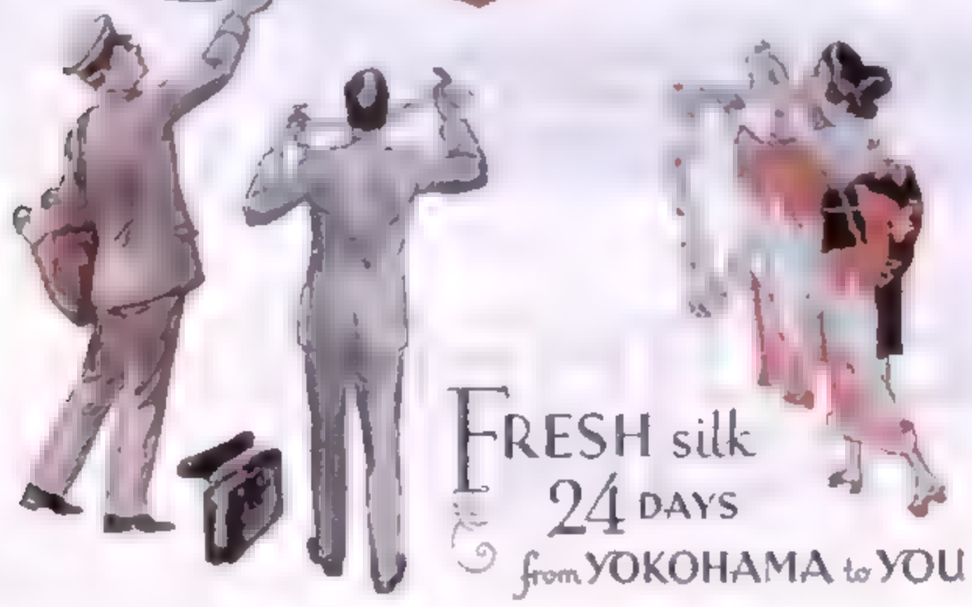
REALSILK

Gold Button Brand

HOSIERY

and SUPER-SERVICE SOCKS

This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Service Representative when he calls at your home or office



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OF ALL THE GIFTS SHE GETS . . .

OF ALL THE GIFTS SHE GIVES . . .

none is more appreciated than exquisite silk hosiery

One simply never has too many pairs of lovely silk stockings. That's why every woman looks forward in pleasant anticipation to the welcome gifts of exquisite silk hosiery which will replenish her wardrobe at Christmas time.

No gift she can *give*—no gift she can *get*—strikes a more responsive chord. It is the one gift of all that is universally appreciated as it is universally appropriate.

Realsilk makes it so simple to check the names off your Christmas list. Just one visit of the Realsilk Gold Button Man, and most of your Christmas problems are solved. No need to "shop around," jostled in the rush of holiday buyers

Simply 'phone our local branch office or write the Mills, and our Representative will call personally any time you say. He'll show you the complete array of this fascinating FRESH silk hosiery in all the latest styles and colors—dainty chiffons—sturdy service weights—full-fashioned hosiery with the celebrated DURA-foot—the new Realsilk De Luxe "Regulars," noted for their beauty of texture and perfection of fit.

And it's perfectly surprising how much better this FRESH silk hosiery wears. Requiring seldom more than 24 days from the time the silk first leaves Yokohama until the finished stockings are delivered to you *direct from our Mills*, Realsilk Hosiery fairly vibrates with life and for that reason retains indefinitely longer its beauty, resiliency and strength.

Besides, we have a wide range of good-looking plain and fancy patterns in Realsilk Super-Service Socks; a wonderful selection of children's hose and finally . . . Realsilk Lingerie. All of these make ideal gifts.

Why not arrange now to have the Realsilk Representative call without delay and get the bulk of your Christmas buying over with? Just 'phone our local Branch Office or write the Mills for an appointment.

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, U. S. A.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie

260 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Consult 'Phone Directory for Your Local Office

COMPLETE EXPRESSION OF TODAY'S VOGUE

AT a time when speed is a paramount consideration, here is a mile-a-minute performer.

At a time when street and curb space is at a premium, here is a roomy, comfortable car so expertly designed that it will fit into 17½ feet of curb space and turn around in a 38-foot street.

At a time when attractive lines and colors were never more in demand, here, by long odds, is the smartest low-priced four ever created.

DODGE BROTHERS
NEW FOUR

(Continued from Page 66)

A touch of jauntiness had been added to the little man's manner. He sat back, crossed his legs and balanced his straw hat with its bright-colored band thoughtfully between the flats of his hands.

"We could make it two hundred," he said, with a faint gleam behind the glasses.

In the end there was nothing to do but leave him there, quite unabashed, dominating the scene like a bailiff in a play, and looking as though he might cock up his feet the next moment on her little gumwood piano. She went out with her color rather high, and across the hall into the kitchen. For several minutes there was complete silence in the little room. Then she heard him get up and go out, quietly closing the front door.

The next morning she discovered that the picture of herself and Freda was missing. And that evening it appeared on the front page of the Watchman. Freda was blocked out and the rest of the photograph was enlarged to almost a quarter of the size of the front page. "Mrs. J. Alfred Harkness, who is bringing suit for divorce against J. Alfred Harkness, candidate in the East Central Division, on the ground of cruelty and incompatibility."

For two days it faced her from every news stand, around every corner. And at first she hated it, feeling herself humiliated and furious. And then she suddenly discovered that she didn't hate it, that she was glad, after all, that it had happened. She did not try to conceal from herself now that she was no longer indolent and aloof from the struggle. She was down in the midst of it, ready to accept all injuries, press all advantages, fiercely centered in her own desires.

VII

ON THE night of the election Freda called for Kate and drove her downtown in her little car. They parked the car in a side street and went and stood with a growing crowd in front of the office of the Daily Chronicle.

She had never been downtown on election night before. She and Freda stood locked tightly in the center of the crowd before the great lighted sheet on which the election results were thrown as they came through. Arms pinioned to sides, they moved with the crowd which washed like a great slow stream backward and forward between the dark buildings. Cheers and catcalls rose above the constant sluggish murmur about them, and when the band played the crowd sang along gently with it, a deep hoarse wordless echo, as though someone were drawing a bow along a bass viol, dark sounding, vast, as tall as a house. The band broke into a lively fox trot, and the roar hung for a moment and then lumbered along after it, missing bars and falling into chaos, and Freda and Kate laughed and laughed with excitement, holding each other's hands tightly, like children, and drifting without direction in and out of the lights from the great windows.

"There it is! There it is now!" cried Freda. And there it was on the bright screen, in letters a foot high, with McGaffey, the opposition candidate, leading by two hundred and thirteen votes.

"It's early yet!" shouted Freda in her mother's ear. "He's got lots of time!" She was bright-eyed and fervent, like an undergraduate at the last football game of the season. "Good old Alfred!" she cried, and squeezed her mother's arm excitedly. But she laughed heartily the next moment—they both laughed—when a ribald cartoon shot suddenly on the screen—Even His Best Friends Wouldn't Tell Him.

The crowd roared, and the band, in the streaming yellow light from the great window, puffed away like cherubim, blowing as though they would blow their instruments out of shape. Someone at the edge of the crowd began to toot an automobile horn in time to the music and presently there was a pandemonium of horns blowing in from every side, walling them in with clamor. Locked shoulder to shoulder, half choked with the rifts of cigar smoke that hung above them, they drifted backward and forward with the crowd and laughed at their own helplessness.

The music stopped, the returns flashed on the screen again. Alfred's score had inched itself upward by a hundred votes.

"He'll make it!" sang Freda. "Good old Alfred!" And she tried to clog, though there was scarcely space to move knee or elbow in the wedged circle about the screen.

A moment or two later Alfred himself, with a little group of men about him, pushed through the crowd. For an instant he stood there in the doorway, the glare of the street light picking him out against the dark background. Actually he seemed to swell and advance like a figure coming forward on the screen. There was power and pride and the look of the orator about him; an attitude of deliberate loftiness, like the statue of a great man in a park. He bowed gravely, accepted his moment of applause and vanished into the dark entrance.

"He's going to make it!" shouted Freda in her ear. "Darling, aren't you excited? You're not excited a bit!" And Kate only smiled and said nothing, hugging Freda's arm tighter to her side. She was thinking of Alfred somewhere behind those bright windows, solemnly swelling to the congratulations of the men about him, the distant accolade of the people; Alfred dedicating himself—one woman for witness—to the service of government; to honor its duties and despise its privileges, a gentleman in politics.

The band played Way Down Upon the Swanee River, and the voice of the crowd became a mournful litany, rising fervent and yearning between the dark walls: "All-l the wor-ld is sa-ad and dre-eary." "Don't let him win; don't let him win!" Kate was praying fiercely to herself. And then the screen flickered for the last time, and the East Central Division was won and Alfred was elected.

The deep bell of the city-hall clock, just above them, struck, dropping, one after another, its heavy circles of sound on the dark air.

"Well, good old Alfred," said Freda in her everyday voice. "I suppose, seeing it's midnight, we might just as well go home."

The crowd had already started to loosen and disperse. They made their way through it and along the brightly lighted street to the corner.

"Haven't we had fun?" said Freda, sliding her arm through her mother's. "And just think, Katie! If you'd been a good girl you might have been a government wife now, with an interview in the paper tomorrow and a picture showing you cutting fall roses in the garden. Wouldn't that have been swell?

"Mrs. J. Alfred Harkness, wife of the successful candidate in the East Central Riding, caught by our photographer while cutting fall roses in her garden," said Freda. "'I love my roses,' said Mrs. Harkness, 'but my real hobby is my husband!'"

They found the car and Freda climbed in first, flattening herself against the cushions as she slid behind the wheel. Kate followed her, trying to shake off the curious feeling that she had left herself behind in the brightly lighted square downtown.

"You wouldn't have done to go to London to visit the queen," said Freda gayly. "You'd have been sure to leave off one of the plumes and the Lord Chamberlain would have taken you out and smacked you down on the front steps." She turned laughing to her mother. And as she did so the bright mockery died suddenly out of her face.

"Oh, Katie, why didn't you tell me?" she cried. "I didn't know you felt like that!"

VIII

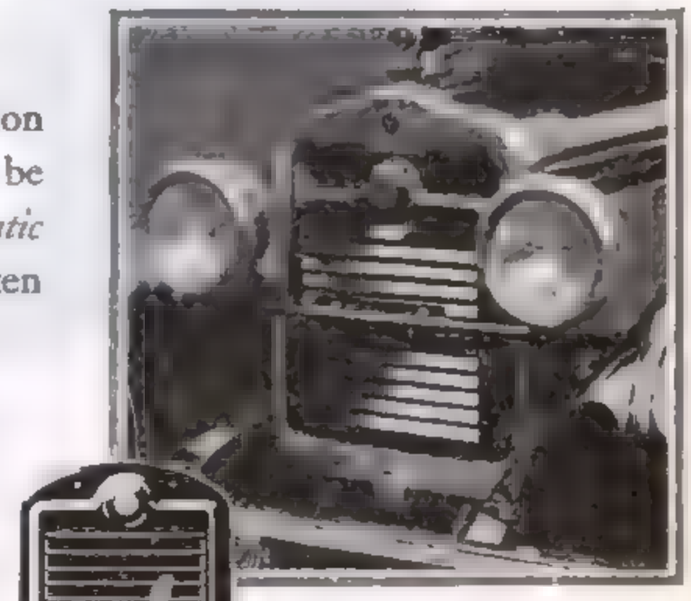
IT WAS the morning after the election, and Kate sat alone in her little kitchen with a cup of coffee on the table beside her.

She would drink her coffee, put away her cup and saucer, and wait for the postman, who would drop through the door some

Cold is a *Serious Menace* to Motors

A danger you can't afford to forget

Thus—motor protection must be *automatic* to be most effective—*automatic* so it cannot be forgotten



DON'T take chances with cold. It's the cause, authorities agree, of 50% to 75% of all damage to motors.

Many leading motor car engineers and the country's most prominent motor car dealers now urge *automatic* motor protection as the one means of preventing serious damage during the months of cold.

Automatic — because motor protection is too vital a problem to trust to the car owner's memory. *Automatic* because efficient motor protection must operate with scientific exactness. One hour of neglect in cold weather may bring costly damage. And cold doesn't just mean below zero. At 60° Fahrenheit your motor is underheated—and cold strikes its first blow.

Closes itself when your motor needs heat

Opens itself when your motor needs cool air

"Over-choking" warns you!

Coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting are the danger signals. Out comes the "choke"—flooding cylinders and cylinder walls with raw gasoline. Glass-like metal surfaces are washed clean of the vital oil film of protection. Vital motor parts are exposed to grinding friction. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. These are the troubles that bring *big* repair bills—troubles for which *cold alone* is responsible.

Winterfront regulates motor temperature

The radiator on your car was put there to waste heat—thus to prevent overheating in hot weather. An efficient radiator throws away 35% to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare—yet heat-waste continues through the radiator. Obviously, therefore, there is only one place to efficiently control motor temperature—that's at the radiator, where heat-waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront is the only Automatic Radiator Shutter on the Market

The only shutter that automatically gives you timely, constant protection against the destroying force of cold.

The only shutter that automatically eliminates the boiling danger—a danger that always exists when the radiator is completely covered by makeshift methods.

You can't forget to operate it. There's nothing to remember. Its results are possible *only* because it is *automatic*

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

Important — When your motor stops, Winterfront shutters start to close, and are fully closed while your motor is hot. Thus you are certain always of complete motor protection. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm-up" in seconds. You lose the dangerous "choke" habit because Winterfront eliminates the need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable increase in gasoline economy — snug warmth inside your car—summer-time smoothness and flexibility in your motor.

Put on any car in ten minutes

Pines Automatic Winterfront is sold by automobile and accessory dealers everywhere. It is installed in less than ten minutes. Models for all cars—priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15.00; Chevrolet, $17.50; Dodge Four, $20.00. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West—also Canada. Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago.

The motor car dealer who recommends and sells you a Pines *Automatic* Winterfront is considering your interests *first*. Take his advice. Your dealer will supply you.

134

PINES WINTERFRONT — *It's Automatic*

You can keep the thick hair of youth!

You *needn't* go on losing hair!

Not yet alarming, perhaps—that slightly-thin hair—but prophetic!

So soon thinning hair becomes noticeable—threatens to become baldness . . .

Yet you can check even pronounced loss of hair—make even markedly thin hair regain thickness and vigor—with a few minutes' *daily* care!

This is easy:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This refreshing treatment removes the two things which *cause* thinning, dead-looking hair—dandruff and poor scalp circulation.

Tired blood vessels that have "lain down on the job" of nourishing the roots of your hair are swiftly revived. Dandruff infection is completely destroyed.

Pinaud's Eau de Quinine helps your hair to grow strongly—thickly—keeps it young-looking, *well*-looking.

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine today at your drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

Copr. 1927, Pinaud, Inc

message from a furniture renovator or dry-cleaning establishment, or a receipt from the telephone company, or at best a colored post card or casual scrawl from a half-forgotten friend. She would do these things; and then what would she do with the rest of her day? What would she do with the rest of her life?

She wondered what other women did whose lives were emptied of the past. There were committees, orders, universal peace. There were the Armenians, themselves the victims of a thousand famines, fires and slaughters, but always ready to save others because they could not save themselves. She knew that she did not really care about these things, that she had never been profoundly touched by the procession of life. It was always Alfred who had absorbed her, who had strung the pageant of himself across her days; solemn, splendid, set with mysterious and majestic symbols, with its makeshift crudities still showing through for her pity and laughter.

She thrust away the untasted coffee and began to walk restlessly through the cluttered empty rooms. The little house that had been a refuge to her seemed alien and indifferent; to be unhappy in it was like confiding one's distress to an incurious stranger. She decided to go out, perhaps find Freda somewhere, stay away all day.

The doorbell rang when she was halfway up the stairs. And she turned to see Alfred looking through the glass into her little entrance hall.

Standing on the landing, she was conscious of a moment of wild relief. The stiff tips of the bright chamois gloves that he held in his hand appeared at the edge of the window as he rang the bell, and his face, staring down into the shadowed hall, was anxious and solemn like a child's.

She went down and opened the door. In the bright revealing sunshine his face was oddly white. But he only said "Good morning!" in a deep voice, bowing his slightly mannered bow, and followed her into the little front room.

He sat before her in a formal, uncompromising attitude, like a man in an old daguerreotype, holding his hat on his knee.

"I wanted to see you," he said, and added with inconceivable solemnity, "by yourself."

She got up without any sense of absurdity and shut the door into the little hall. Actually she borrowed a touch of his dignity to do it, as though the house were filled with gaping, curious people. Then she came back and sat down, and they faced each other for another moment of weighted silence.

"I have to congratulate you," she said at last. "The results last night ——"

He nodded.

"It turned out very well," he said; and added, "I was quite satisfied with the way it turned out."

"I was there to hear the results. Freda and I ——"

"Yes," he said, "Freda told me about it." And he got up suddenly and began to walk about the room.

"Well, you can see everything's settled now. You'll be getting word before long that the—the divorce bill is coming before the senate ——"

He paused suddenly beside her chair.

"Why do we need to go ahead with it? We—we're fond of each other yet."

She sat staring at the broad gold signet ring on his finger, with its elaborately enlaced initials: J. A. H.

"Did Freda tell you that, too?" she said in a low voice.

"Nothing Freda said made any difference in my feelings," he answered. The old majestic Alfred for a moment reappeared and made his solemn gesture above the propitiation.

"You are the only woman I ever cared for," he said. And she had to smile at the way he said the words; as though it were the first time they had ever been spoken, or as though they were the last pregnant sentence of a play. Well, perhaps there was meaning in them after all; perhaps their having been said so often somehow made them true.

She smiled up at him through tears.

"Oh, my dear, I've never made you happy," she said.

"Certainly you have," he answered sharply. "That's a ridiculous idea." And that was like him, too—to ignore the complexities of the past, accepting the moment like a child, as though it swept out the full circle of experience.

And like a child he cried out suddenly, irrepressibly, "You don't have to stay away! Why do you have to stay away any longer?"

She took his hands and pulled him to his knees beside her chair. She drew his head against her breast.

"We're each other's bad habits, my dear," she said. "It's too late to change our bad habits now."

It was only later that she thought of Mrs. Perley.

"Oh, poor Mrs. Perley!" she cried. "I've taken away her young man!"

And Alfred replied, with a touch of his solemn public manner, "I think Mrs. Perley will understand."

"Henry! What Do You Suppose These Ash Trays are For?" "What Ash Trays?"

"THE GREYHOUND"

"The Greyhound" is one of the most important trains in the fleet of 60 named Pennsylvania freights. It serves live stock shippers of the St. Louis Gateway and, in addition, takes on at Columbus, Ohio, Southwest shipments routed via Cincinnati, Ohio, which reach Columbus on a connecting train

for four-footed folk who ride East to "go West"

EVERY RIGHT-MINDED HOG hopes some day to be served alongside of a couple of "sunny side ups," or to come tableward escorted by a garnishing of parsley and applesauce.

And it is the ambition of cultured and educated steers to find a last resting place beneath a bountiful helping of onions or mushrooms.

So, if asked about it, the animal world would tell you that they look upon "The Greyhound," the Pennsylvania's live stock carrier from St. Louis to Eastern Markets, as a big bandwagon that bears them joyfully to the land of heart's desire.

Every evening without fail "The Greyhound," loaded with four-footed passengers that have come from National Stock Yards, Ill., or other Western Stock Yards routing via the St. Louis Gateway, swings out from St. Louis and takes the path toward Eastern Markets.

All the comforts of home are provided for the four-footed folk of the fields when they take this big train.

And no one has to dig down for one penny of extra fare.

Food and water are theirs for the trip. Music is furnished by the rhythmic click of "The Greyhound's" wheels as they glide smoothly over the steel rails. And all the fresh air and sunlight that hogs and steers from the great open spaces could desire are thrown in.

Dinner and Rest await at Pittsburgh

At the Pittsburgh Union Stock Yards—where the chefs know their stuff—a sumptuous repast awaits "The Greyhound's" passengers. And then, after a rest, they climb aboard again and "The Greyhound" resumes its journey toward the "Happy Hunting Grounds" of the animal world.

Regularly and dependably "The Greyhound" leaves St. Louis on schedule.

And its arrivals at Eastern Markets are just as regular. Month after month of exceptional and sustained on time performance has made this train a favorite with shippers of live stock from St. Louis to the Eastern Seaboard Cities.

Here are three other Pennsylvania freight trains whose regular on time arrivals have earned them distinctive names:

"THE METEOR"
Perishable—Merchandise
Seaboard Cities to Cleveland

"THE GAS WAGON"
Merchandise
Detroit to Seaboard Cities

"THE NORTH STAR"
Perishable—Merchandise
Pittsburgh to Buffalo

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

The Key To Your Car

What does it mean?

OF COURSE you have a key to your car—no one, these days, would consider buying a car that could not be locked. And any car worth owning is worth stealing—so you must keep that car locked.

But is the key to *your* car a guarantee of ownership? Does it mean that you can park the car *anywhere* and be sure it will be waiting when you return?

That depends on *how* your car is locked. If you own a car equipped with a Hershey Lock, the key to your car means real security—for a Hershey Lock *locks the steering*. Hershey Locks have been designed to have more than a moral effect on car thieves. Successful car builders are furnishing them as standard equipment for more than just a talking point in the salesroom. Hershey Locks are standard factory equipment on almost two million cars today because a *hardened steel bolt locks the steering* so car owners will have *real security* with justifiably low insurance rates.

Be sure your next car has this modern protection. Let us send you the latest list of Hershey equipped cars together with the interesting booklet offered below.

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COINCIDENTAL LOCKS

Every person who drives a car should read this booklet—especially important before buying a new car. Send for it today.

Name

Address

"FOR ONE DOLLAR AND ——"

Continued from Page 11

A guy's got a heart, after all." He ate a huge piece of pie in gloomy silence. The home office would speak to him bitterly if he showed his good-heartedness with the company's money.

After dinner he procured another so-called taxi to take him out to the tank farm where Jethro had worked. It was a place about a mile out of town, consisting of long rows of half-finished tanks, numbers of sheds for sheltering building material, and bunk houses for the workmen. The taxi stopped and the driver pointed out to Curtis a small shack marked Office. A man sat therein at a board table, evidently checking time sheets.

"I'd like to see the manager," said Curtis.

"I'm him," replied the man at the table.

"I'm from the Eagle Mutual," went on Curtis, showing his identification card in the palm of his hand, as do the movie detectives their badges. "What about this Jethro Manners?"

"He's dead," said the manager.

"Well, yes, I gathered that from the telegram," said Curtis. "But how?"

"Well," began the manager, "he come to work here about a month ago. He wasn't much account. We had him helpin' here an' helpin' there. It come on cold, d'yuh see, an' we was blastin' some rock for Number 10. So the dynamite used to freeze overnight. You know dynamite freezes? Well, it does. We kept it in a house down the track a ways. Well, it was part of Jeth's job to get the dynamite outta the house an' take up a box or two to the tool shed where there was a fire an' put it on the stove to warm. Then when it was warm he'd take it down to where they'd been drillin' the day before an' we'd place our shots. We did all our blastin' early in the mornin'. It was near the road an' we got it over with 'fore people was around to get hurt.

"Well, it come to a foggy mornin', Jeth gets a box o' ca'tridges an' takes 'em up to the tool shed. There was two or three in there sharpenin' drills an' the like o' that, an' Jeth talks with 'em while he was warmin' up the stuff. He builds himself a cigarette an' burns it up an' bums tobacco off a driller to build another one. Finally he picks up his box o' dynamite an' starts off with it. There's fog an' they lose sight of him right off. They wouldn't watch him a great while anyway. They tell me he was gone about five minutes; that'd bring him darn near to where he was goin'. Then the fellars hear the explosion."

"Where did they find Manners?"

The manager smiled. "There was two dozen sticks o' dynamite in that box," said he, "'n' he was carryin' it in his arms. He'd take some findin'."

"Well, just let me get this down in writing so I won't forget it," said Curtis. "The witnesses I'll see later. Do you suppose it's too late to get a death certificate? I want to do all this as quietly as possible at first. Don't let anyone know I'm from an insurance company just now."

"I've got the death certificate," said the manager. He reached behind him to a file case and, after a short search, drew out a paper that he handed to Curtis. It said, in substance, that one Jethro Manners, of the town of Messkit, had come to his death by accident, through the medium of an explosion of dynamite. Curtis folded it away and went on taking the manager's statement—how old he was, how long with the company, where he lived when at home and what lodges he belonged to, so that if the case should somehow go wrong and come to trial, the manager could be found through his lodge, for construction workers have no more fixed habitation than the fowls of the air.

Curtis interviewed the other witnesses, measured the ground, drew a plan, and otherwise employed the afternoon. When he had finished he was assured of one thing—that the liability was clear. As to why the dynamite had gone off, who knew? The workmen informed him that dynamite possessed feminine characteristics. It would and it wouldn't. Under given circumstances would it explode or not? No one could say. Nor could they throw any light on why it had not exploded on the stove. The heating had had something to do with it.

Well, it was immaterial. It had gone off, and with it had departed Jethro. All these things Curtis thought of as he walked home. He was going to have to pay on this case, and through the nose. But somehow it did not sadden him as it might have. Miss Manners was so frail, and so—h'm, what? Well, she needed a guy to look after her. If she had any money coming to her, he was going to see that she got it. He'd set a fair value and make her an offer.

He ate his supper in the lonely dining room, with only two other guests—an oldish man, and a rather stout, jolly-looking younger man who exchanged smiles with Miss Manners when she happened to pass through. The waitress suddenly approached just as Curtis was finishing.

"Your name Curtis?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Feller here to see you. Waitin' outside."

Curtis went out, expecting to see the manager of the Gopher, but instead there was a long-whiskered individual waiting in the office—a man Curtis had never seen before.

"You the young fellar that's down here about Jethro, ain't yuh?" he asked.

"Why, no. What's it to you, anyway?"

"Well, I'll tell you," replied the other solemnly. "I'll hev a seat. My name's Dobles. I run a lunch counter an' billiard parlor here. I heerd you was in town an' just thought I'd step right up an' see you. Now Jeth owes me—was owin' me—a little matter of fifty-six dollars. Some of it's f'r playin' pool, most of it's for sandwidges an' truck at the counter. Cigarettes an' the like o' that. The boys play f'r the drinks—jus' tonic, yuh know—an' Jeth lost a sight."

"Well, what's this to me?" asked Curtis in surprise.

"Why, I was hopin'—that is, I understood you was down here to settle. I presented the bill to his sister here right after the accident, but she wouldn't do nothin' about it. Said she give orders he wasn't to have no credit. Maybe she did; I don't remember. Took my bill out to the farm, an' they said out there he hadn't no wages due him, but that when the insurance man came down he'd fix everything up."

"Insurance man?" cried Curtis. "What makes you think I'm an insurance man? Can't a man drive out to a tank farm without being an insurance man? Where d' you get that stuff? Insurance hell! I'm ——"

A short red-faced man had entered the office without being noticed by either of the speakers, and this one, panting slightly, interrupted Curtis by tapping him on the shoulder.

"Just a minute, please, sir," said the red-faced man. "I ain't meaning to—huh—interrupt. But—huh-huh—now, Arthur, you keep your mouth outta this—huh—'tain't neighborly to be runnin'—huh—up here with your bill ahead—huh-huh—o' me. Mine's older'n yours!"

"About this little account," began the bewhiskered Mr. Dobles hurriedly.

"About this little account!" cried the red-faced gentleman, struggling for breath. "He's been owin' me for three suits o' clothes an' a half dozen first-quality balloon-silk shirts ever since the fall o' 1920. Who's to pay? Four pair o' patent-leather shoes, by Jeepers! His sister won't pay it, the Gopher won't pay it, but, by goramighty, you're goin' to, or there'll be trouble! I got Jim Catlin with me, young fellar! He's the Law o' this town, an' he's right outside!"

Mr. Curtis wondered who the Law might be. Possibly the town's leading member of the bar. He did not know that in Oklahoma the local guardian of the peace is so designated. A heavy tread on the porch and the abrupt opening of the hotel door seemed to intimate that the Law was already coming in. It was not the Law, but two men, very stern. Sighting Mr. Dobles and the red-faced man, they turned and came straight to the group. The newcomers were thick-set and rough-looking, their clothes shining with the gloss that comes of long riding in automobiles, and their hands dark with the ingrained blackness of those who work with internal-combustion engines all day long.

"Evening, Arthur," said the first. "Evening, Tom. No grass growin' under your feet, is there? . . . Name's Trupp," addressing Curtis. "Me an' my brother Ned run the Pawhuska bus. Taxis at all hours to Bartlesville, Whizz-Bang and Tulsy. Make Your Trip with Trupp." He drew out a small book from his pocket and began to read aloud:

"June tenth, Bartlesville 'n' return, fifty dollars. Supper for driver, one dollar 'n' a half. August wunst, Bartlesville an' return, fifty dollars. Supper for driver, one dollar an' a half. August fif', Pawhuska, return. Ten dollars. . . . That correct, Ned?" The other brother nodded, whereupon the first Mr. Trupp put back his notebook in his pocket and both brothers looked very sternly at Mr. Curtis.

"What makes you think I'm going to pay these bills?" asked Curtis, to gain a little time to collect his wits.

"'Cause you're the insurance man!" They chanted in chorus. Each one looked at the other with disgust. "Mine's the oldest," they muttered.

"We been goin' out to the farm," said the red-faced man, "every day an' some nights. The manager said there'd be a man down from the insurance comp'ny to settle."

"You come int' town just about the time we expected you," added Mr. Dobles. "If you come by Bartlesville, Ned Trupp was to tell us. So when the fellar drives stage from Corcoran was in my place eatin' ham 'n' eggs an' says he brought a man in an' took him right out to the farm, sye, 'That's our man!' Now my bill's fifty-six dollars, thutty-eight cents. Call it fifty-six dollars an' 10 p'cent off for cash."

"No!" cried the Trupp brothers. "Ours is the biggest 'n' ours is the oldest. He's goin' to pay ours first. If he don't, we'll have the Law on him. Been foolin' around about this long enough."

"Well," said Curtis helplessly, "come around and see me in the morning. I've just got into town. Come and see me tomorrow."

He was caught. They knew he was an adjuster. Whether the manager, harried to distraction by these men, had betrayed him, or whether the creditors had just spotted him, did not matter.

"Come back tomorrow," said Curtis again, "and I'll talk to you." And with that, after some grumbling, they left him.

Curtis was not allowed to spend the evening in peace, however. A continual flow of visitors arrived, all asking to see him. To this one the deceased Jethro owed five dollars on a lost bet; to another seventy-five dollars' worth of repairs on an automobile that he had purchased secondhand, paid one installment on, then sold and squandered the money. The man who had sold him the car arrived in the course of the evening. Four hundred dollars was still owing on it. Curtis fled to his bedroom, but just as he was dropping off to sleep there came a knock at the door. It was the brothers Trupp.

"We've just come to say," announced the elder to the shivering Curtis, "that if you'll settle our bill first we'll split with you. Ten p'cent of it is yourn. . . . That right, Ned?" The silent Ned nodded. Curtis groaned and, bolting the door, leaped into bed. What a case! This Jethro owed

(Continued on Page 77)

CHRISTMAS WEATHER IS ZIPPER WEATHER

BUSY days! Eager hours! You search the thronging stores and brilliant windows—you brave the miles of slushy sidewalks for the thrill of discovering just the gifts to light a spark of joy in the hearts of all on your Christmas list.

In these days when you think of others, your own dainty feet should have protection—warm, light and stylish.

Start your Christmas shopping with Zippers—for yourself!

When you feel their glovelike lightness, and see their alluring variety of colors and fabrics—you will think, "What a gift for others!" Even those women who now have Zippers will welcome another pair—for it is the style to wear different Zippers with different costumes. Children delight in the novelty of the HOOKLESS FASTENER, and thousands of men appreciate Zipper warmth and convenience.

(LOWER CENTER PICTURE) *There's the name that tells you—and the person who receives your gift—that you selected* genuine Zippers. *Look for the name on the flap,* and find it, *to be sure of the* HOOKLESS FASTENER *which cannot stick, rust or loosen.*

(UPPER CENTER PICTURE) *Zero days do not chill the feet that wear this fleece-lined, snug-fitting Mottled Brown Zipper. The gleaming vertical line of the* HOOKLESS FASTENER *enhances its slenderness.*

Send for complimentary copy of Hazel H. Adler's GOODRICH ZIPPER COLOR HARMONY GUIDE, *containing the Taylor Color Harmony Chart, which shows the authentic color combinations of Zippers, shoes, hose, dresses and accessories. Address Zipper Dept., Desk S2. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ontario.*

Listen in every Wednesday night, Goodrich Radio Hour, 9.30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over WEAF and the Red Network.

JUST high enough to set off the graceful lines of the ankle—these Lo-Zippers with striped tops in Tan or Gray add a smart touch of style to the semi-sport costume. A touch of soap and water keeps them clean.

LIGHTEST of all is the Lo-N-Hi, this new Zipper with the top so flexible that you can turn it down to form a neat, shapely cuff. Colors: Gray, Black or Beige, with harmonized rayon linings.

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Give a living gift of
to sing a daily carol

joy and beauty. . . . when Christmas is a memory

THERE is only one sort of person for whom a Christmas gift of a bird in a Hendryx bird-home would not be appropriate. That is the person who is never unhappy, never in need of a cheerful companion, who does not like music and love and shining, winged beauty.

If you have such a person on your Christmas shopping list, do not give him a bird!

But for all the others, young or old, sick or well, rich or poor, there could be no gift more appropriate than a bird in a charming Hendryx bird-home.

His Royal Shyness, the Baby, Loves a Bird

Even the smallest child can be amused for hours by a singing bird. And this is one pet that can be safely left in the nursery without needing as much watching as baby himself.

A Bird Will Teach Older Children to Care for Pets

The gift of a bird will arouse an interest in living pets in older children. They will soon learn to feed and care for the bird and thus develop an intelligent understanding of their "kindred of the air."

The Ideal Pet for City Apartment or Country Estate

A canary sings with the same joyful abandon looking down into a crowded city street from the narrow window of a "hall bedroom" as from the sunfilled rooms of a country estate. It is equally at home in the humble cottage and the spacious mansion.

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The most helpful and inspiring gift for the shut-in is a little song bird. No other pet can be depended upon at all hours for cheerful companionship.

The Bird's Christmas Carol is Sung in a Universal Language

"Joy to the world," sing the little birds in a language that every heart can understand. For the bird is "little brother of the air" to every man, woman and child, of every race.

Be Sure to Give Your Bird a Hendryx Home

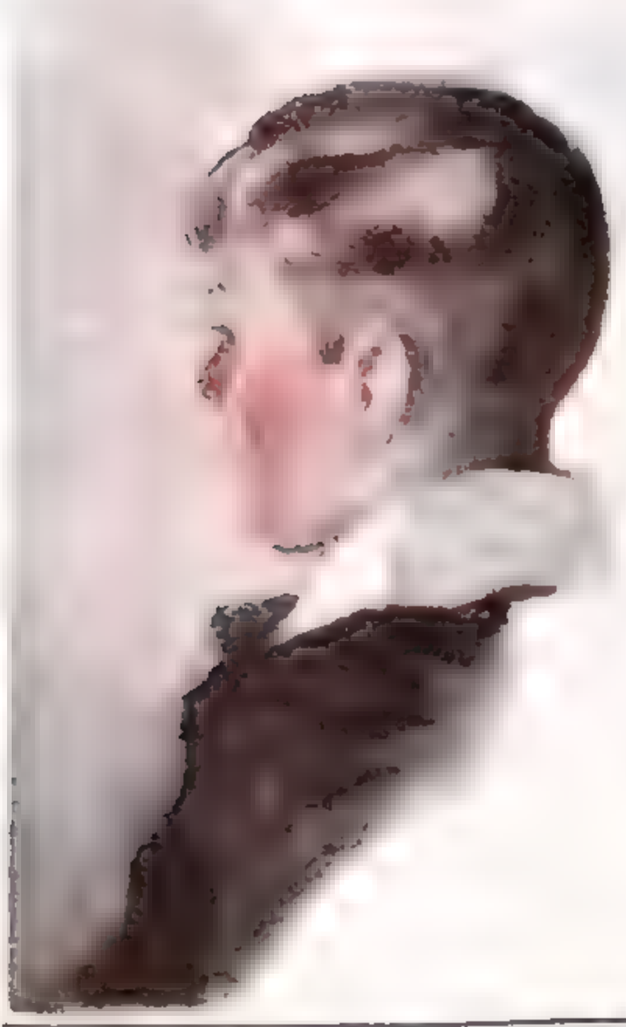
A bird is the only pet whose living quarters add colorful distinction and charm to your own home. The newest Hendryx designs are of colorful Pyralin or Duco finishes in many smart color combinations, to harmonize with any decorative scheme.

When you buy a Hendryx bird-home you can be sure that every provision has been made for the health of your bird, for The Andrew B. Hendryx Company have been the leading makers of bird-homes for more than half a century.

Look over the charming new Hendryx designs at your nearest pet shop, florist's, seed, hardware, house furnishing or department store. Prices range from $2.00 to $150.00; stands from $2.50 to $25.00.

In the Bird Store

"Hear me, hear me," trilled the Littlest Bird, "I've been practising my Christmas carols, and don't you think I can sing them fine?" "You surely can," said the Wise Old Bird. "And I am hoping that someone will get me one of those beautiful new Hendryx cages in color. They look as though Santa Claus himself had made them."



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Continued from Page 72

everyone in town, and when the news got to Bartlesville, that city would also send its contingent of creditors. This country was wild too. What if they started shooting to collect what was due them? The investigation of the case would be conducted with a pack of creditors at his heels! It was nothing to Curtis or to the company he represented how much the deceased owed, but if he did not pacify these creditors they would go storming back to the Gopher Construction Company, which company would write an acrid letter to the home office of Curtis' company, pointing out that they expected to be saved from annoyance in death cases, and that if the Eagle did not care to or could not do this, there were other companies that could. This letter would not redound to the credit of Mr. Curtis. There are many things to a case besides getting a release. Mr. Curtis groaned and beat the pillow. He lay awake for a long time. The blankets were thin, the bed hard, and this was a tough case.

The next morning Mr. Curtis proceeded with the further investigation. As for the new creditors that he met at every turn, Curtis received them solemnly, taking down the name of each and the amount owed. Offers of splits on the amount due were not infrequent, even as high as fifty-fifty on a forty-dollar bill for cigarettes and candy. This from a Bartlesville man. Jethro had kept company there with a young lady of the locality. Happily, Curtis discovered that she had publicly and brutally jilted him by eloping with a driller from Tulsa some weeks before, hence she was definitely removed from all possibilities of becoming a claimant.

Curtis decided after dinner that he was going to end the case that afternoon. An adjuster has a stomach like any other man, and pork steak, fried potatoes and soggy pie, meal after meal, are liable to have dire effects. Departure from this town was indicated. He sought out Miss Manners and besought a word with her in private. They retired to a tiny parlor.

"I'm going to begin," said Curtis, "by telling you that I represent the Gopher Construction Company."

"Yes," said the girl, "you're the insurance man."

"Well, no matter. I'm an insurance man, all right, but I work for a mean, hard-boiled company. They won't give away any money unless they have to. And in this case it's going to be hard to show them why they should."

"But wasn't my brother ——" cried the girl.

"Yes, indeed," said Curtis, "but the law says that unless you were dependent upon your brother for support you have no—no claim against the Gopher Company."

"Oh, but he used to help me a lot with the hotel. I'll have to hire a man to carry trunks now, and do the heavy work. A man in the house—why, I can't get along without one!"

For one wild second Curtis was on the point of offering his services, but a thought of the pork steak restrained him. And the town was such a hole.

"I know," said Curtis softly, "but the hotel is in your name and he used to cash checks payable to himself and signed by you." His morning's investigation on the subject of dependency had not been without result.

"You don't mean to say," cried the girl, "that I'm not going to get a cent because my brother was killed? Well, I just guess I'll see Judge Thomas about that! He promised me that if I needed help ——"

Here she wept a little while silently into her handkerchief. Curtis writhed. What a hell of a job his was anyway. But since it was his job, let's get it over with, he urged himself.

"I was prepared, Miss Mannera," he began softly, "to pay you a certain sum, not because there was any legal liability, but because the Gopher people thought quite a lot of Jethro and felt they should show it in some way. But"—he paused impressively and, reaching into his pocket, drew out a long list—"these are the names of your brother's creditors. Any money that I pay you will be at once attached by them, so that you won't get any anyway and they'll be the winners."

"Oh, them dirty dogs!" sobbed the girl. "They just worked and schemed to get my poor brother into debt all they could!"

"You wouldn't want them to get any money, would you?"

"No," agreed the girl, drying her eyes, "that I wouldn't."

"Well," said Curtis, "we'll leave the case there, and I'll go back to St. Louis, if you'll just sign this blue paper to show that I have seen you and that you are satisfied with the arrangement we have made."

She automatically took the release form all filled out that Curtis handed her. "Margaret Manners, spinster!" she read. "Why, I ain't a spinster!"

"That's just a legal term," explained Curtis. "It means you're a single woman."

"One dollar and other good and valuable considerations! Why, I won't get but a dollar if I sign this! No, I won't do it! I'll go right down and see Judge Thomas!"

She rose to put this resolution into effect and started out into the office. She paused suddenly at the door. Mr. Dobles sat there, making himself a toothpick, and beside him were the brothers Trupp. They rose and bowed as they saw her, but she paid no heed. She turned about and, coming back into the parlor, sat down again.

"Poor kid!" thought Curtis. How he would like to comfort her, to give her about five or six thousand dollars! But it was the company's money after all, and he had no more right to give it away than the cashier of a bank to pass out the same amount to anyone on whom his fancy centered.

"I'll sign," she said finally, "if you'll give my brother a funeral. I want he should have a funeral."

"A funeral!" gasped Curtis. "Why, I thought—that is—why, what will you have a funeral with? No, I didn't mean that. What I meant was ——"

"I'm goin' to have a funeral," said the girl. "If you won't pay for it, I won't sign! You're getting out of this cheap enough, to laugh at a poor girl the minute you're outta town!"

Curtis protested vehemently that laughter was far from his thought, but he reflected rapidly that a funeral, especially if the principal object thereof was not present, could not cost very much money.

"Well, if you insist," he said, "I guess I can arrange it. How much do you think it would cost?"

"You'll have to talk to Mr. Arnold about that," said the girl.

"Mr. Arnold?"

"Yes, he's the undertaker here. The nice man you may have noticed in the dining room. He boards here. He's ——"

"Undertaker!" gasped Curtis. "Why, what do you need an undertaker for?"

"'Cause every funeral has one! I suppose you think that that great rich company like the Gopher that's got millions where a poor girl like me has got cents can't afford a preacher and a hack to go to the cemetery in. Well, I guess Judge Thomas can tell me if they've got enough to pay for it or not."

Curtis would have inquired the purpose of a trip to the cemetery, but he did not dare. The girl might explode just like the dynamite, for no known reason. Judge Thomas would tell her how much money the Gopher had, and then some. Also, if a few of Jethro's creditors should get a place on the jury and see a chance to recover their lost money, the case would become serious. And bitter would be the comment of the home office regarding Mr. Curtis' feeble efforts to adjust same, and his incredible stupidity in allowing it to get away from him. He thereupon wrote, "Including funeral expenses" after the words "and other good and valuable considerations," and the girl, having first written that she had "read this release," signed upon the line. Curtis affixed a seal with his thumb and put the release in his pocket.

"This time tomorrow," he thought, "I'll be in the best hotel in Kansas City in front of six square inches of steak, and if they ever get me into Oklahoma again they're welcome to do with me as they will."

The morrow found him, however, still in Messkit. The funeral had been set for Sunday, and Miss Manners and the genial man who ate in the hotel—Mr. Arnold—went about the preparations with considerable zeal. Curtis assisted in gloomy despair. They had bought a coffin, price seven hundred dollars. Curtis had actually shrieked, but the girl had wept and he had backed down. Those big gray eyes swimming with tears would melt any claim adjuster's heart. The girl wanted conveyance into town, auto and hippomobile. Curtis had endeavored to point out that the mourners, especially the thirty or more fellow employes at the Gopher Tank Farm, walked great distances each day to go to their daily toil, or to come into Messkit to spend the fruits thereof at Mr. Dobles' Food, Drink and Billiard Parlor.

The girl had said that if he was not prepared to keep his word regarding the funeral he might give her back the release. He was sorely tempted for a minute to do so, but after all she was so frail and those big gray eyes were so soft—like a fawn's—and the question of dependency would be one for the jury—well, all right.

Mr. Arnold, to Curtis' surprise, took charge of this matter. He explained that he had arrangements with the owners of all vehicles in town for just such occasions, and that the price for such hire arranged by him would be just half what it would cost if Curtis did it himself with each owner individually.

Arrived then, Sunday afternoon, and with it the entire population of Messkit for the ceremony. It would be necessary and appropriate, explained Miss Manners the night before, to serve a collation, since many of the mourners would come from a distance. Mr. Arnold would take charge of this. Chairs had been hired, a tent spread, flowers in profusion—Mr. Arnold had ordered them from Bartlesville—and the collation laid out in the hotel dining room. Everything, reflected Curtis, had been well done. And among this last, none so well as he. Twenty-seven hundred smackers! And this case which he had sewn up so tightly he had had to unsew, and so arrange that it looked as if there had been a serious question of dependency. After all, any death case was cheap under four thousand! But he had done such a nice job on this one—all but the adjustment! Came to him Miss Manners, where he sat with his head in his hands.

"Do you see those men?" she asked, pointing to thirty-odd very horny-handed gentlemen who stood in a group near by.

"Yes," said Curtis, recognizing Jethro's former fellow workers.

"They've all got on flannel shirts! That's no kind of clothes to wear to a funeral. They should all have white shirts with black neckties. The idea!"

"Well, you tell 'em," said Curtis.

"I did. They haven't got any."

"Tough luck."

"Tough luck nothing! You just take them out and buy every one of them a clean white shirt, a collar and a tie."

"It's Sunday," replied Curtis, "and not a store is open. I didn't agree to clothe the city of Messkit. Next you'll want me to buy all these cowboys and oil drillers a plug hat."

The girl wept silently. After all, thought Curtis, Jethro was her brother, and she was only doing what she felt she should.

"It's—it's Sunday," he said gently. "I'd buy you some shirts if I could, but there isn't a store open."

Appeared on the left hand the genial Mr. Arnold. "I think," said Mr. Arnold, "that the matter could be arranged. I have some shirts that I keep for my—er—clients, that I could let you have."

"But they can't change their shirts in the open, right before all these women!" exclaimed Curtis.

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MANY of us find time for regular exercise to keep our bodies in trim. And even when the "daily dozen" is forgotten, our muscular tissues in the course of a busy day get some work and stimulation to keep them healthy. But our gum tissues get none.

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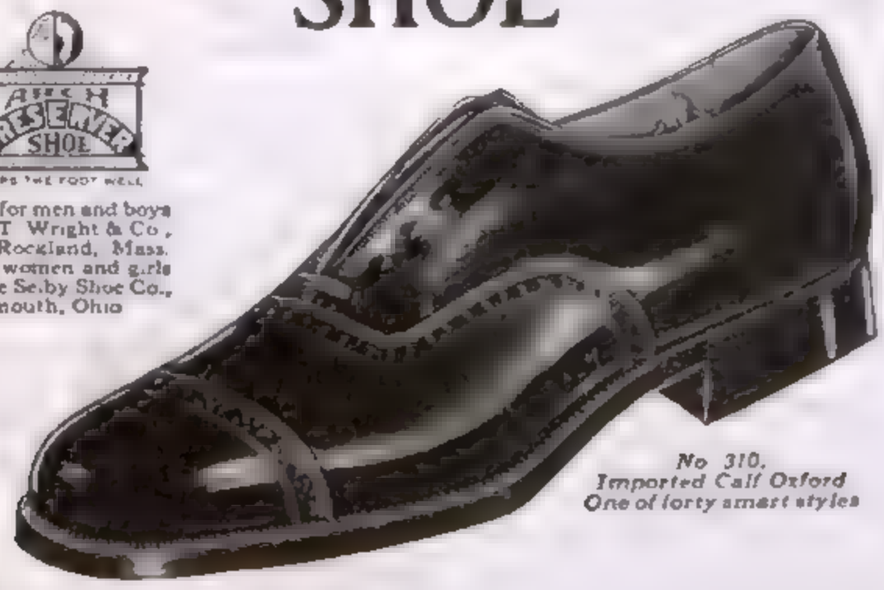

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"These shirts of mine," coughed Mr. Arnold, "are arranged—ahem—special. The collar and tie and bosom are in one piece. There's no back to 'em—only a piece of elastic. You just put your arms in the sleeves and then fasten the elastic round your neck and across the back."

The tank farmers thereupon went with Curtis to Mr. Arnold's establishment across the street and emerged shortly after, resplendent in collar, black bow tie, and shirt, bearing a strange resemblance, from the uniformity of their haberdashery, to a chorus in a minstrel show. The price of the shirts was five dollars apiece. Curtis would not pay it. The wearers, however, had all left the place. Curtis had no money. Mr. Arnold would trust him. He had but to sign the bill and it would be sent to the company.

"Couldn't you just rent me the shirts?" asked Curtis in desperation.

"No," said Mr. Arnold. "I couldn't hardly do that. These shirts is ahem—is only intended to be worn once."

The ceremony thereupon proceeded without further hitch, and that night as soon as it was dark Curtis proceeded himself even as far as Coffeyville, Kansas, by means of one of the Trupp brothers' competitors, whence he took train for Kansas City, and shook the dust of Oklahoma from his feet. He wanted no further debate with the lamented Jethro's creditors.

Three months passed, and Mr. Curtis, on his lawful occasions, found himself aboard a Gulf and Ship Island train, en route for Hattiesburg, Mississippi. The way was long, and Mr. Curtis had joined with three fellow travelers in a slight game of penny ante.

"Jever hear of a town round here called Diamond Springs?" suddenly asked one of the players, as a hand was being dealt.

"This'll be Seven-toed Pete," announced the dealer, "an' the one-eyed jacks are wild. . . . You don't mean Holly Springs, do you?"

"Naw, that's up near Memphis. Diamond Springs is the place. It's here. I got a letter with a postmark on it—Diamond Springs, Mississippi."

"Prob'ly Crystal Springs," suggested the third man. "Down below Jackson. Diamond Springs! Ain't no such town."

"I tell you there is," replied the other hotly, "I got a letter with it on."

"Lemme see the letter."

"Never mind," interjected Curtis, "look at your cards and see what you think. This reminds me of the time I went hunting Messkit, Oklahoma. That's a town you want to find. It isn't even on the map."

"Pair o' jacks bets," announced the dealer. . . . "What kind of a name for a town is that?"

"Oh, they got funny names in some places for towns. Come on, pair of jacks still bets."

There was a stir from the seat behind and a fat man leaned over Curtis' shoulder.

"Did I hear someone say they'd been to Messkit?" asked this man.

Curtis turned about. "I was there about three months ago," he said. He could see nothing of his questioner but a round, fat face that bore an expression as though its owner were in a continual state of hurt surprise.

"It's my home," said the fat-faced man. He seemed to strangle a sob. "What a pretty place it is!"

"The hell it is," said Curtis. "Whenever I eat mince pie I dream I'm back there and wake up in a sweat."

"Yuh in on this or not?" asked the dealer. "Whad'dyuh go for if yuh didn't like the town?"

"There was a bird down there blew himself up with dynamite," answered Curtis, turning over his cards.

A scrambling came from behind him as though the fat-faced man essayed to climb right over the seat.

"A man blowed himself up with dynamite?" cried the fat-faced man. "Did he—did he—out on the Gopher tank farm?"

"Yes, he did. Know him? Name's Jethro Manners. They never even found a shirt button of him."

The fat man's face took on an expression of extreme solemnity. He reached slowly up and removed his hat and, as Curtis wondered who this man was that Jethro's death should affect him so strongly, the other rotated his hat so that Curtis could see into the interior. It was lined with blue silk, somewhat soiled, but a gold stamp was plainly visible. "Turk," it said, "Gents Outfitters, Bartlesville." On the leather band was punched the letters: "J. M."

Curtis turned about with freezing heart. "Deal me out of this," he choked. "Come back here!" he said to the fat man, and he led him to the end of the car where they could be alone.

"Where did you get that hat?" demanded Curtis.

"It's mine," said the fat man, his expression of hurt surprise becoming more and more marked. "I bought it."

"You never paid for it!"

"Well," said the fat man rather helplessly, "I never did quite get around to it."

"Your name is Jethro Manners!" went on Curtis in horror. The fat man agreed, and Curtis' heart turned to ice. He had hoped that it wasn't so—that it was just a coincidence. If this man was alive, then where was his wonderful case? Twenty-nine hundred dollars gone to hell! The man was still alive!

"How did that dynamite go off without blowing you up?" demanded Curtis. "Did it hurt you at all? What's the grand idea of all this?"

"I put it down," said the fat Jethro, quivering like a mound of jelly at the remembrance. "I'd built me a cigarette, but I hadn't no match. I put down the box and went back to the tool shed for a light. And she let go. Whoop! Like that! Oh, man! What a narrer escape!"

"Does your sister know you're alive?"

"She's my half sister," replied Jethro. "She turned me outta house 'n' home! Business was bad, the hotel was broke, the whole town was broke, and she said I should go to work for my victuals. Thinks I, 'She'll be sorry when she finds I'm blowed up.' It come to me like a flash when I heard the explosion. I was owin' a piece o' money, too, and if they thought I was dead I'd be shut of 'em. It was a foggy morning. I walked to Corcoran and tooken a freight."

"So she still thinks you're dead?"

"No. I wrote her from Little Rock. I didn't want she should suffer, and my money run out on me. I'd been workin' in Fort Smith for a week. Then I got to Little Rock. She didn't send me no answer. I tooken a freight for Arkansas City, an' I been workin' in a sawmill. No letter. No word." Jethro strangled a sob. "Then I got hold of a Bartlesville paper. It was a old one a fellar had round his lunch. It told about my funeral of a Sunday, an' Wednesday my sister married that Arnold." The fat man's tears flowed. "He never had a cent, but he could get free meals when her own brother once removed couldn't even have a bit o' hawg 'n' hominy. An' when they should be grateful to me an' give me a home the rest o' my life, they leave town an' no address!"

Curtis turned cold. "Here!" he pleaded. "Sit up and wipe your nose; everyone's looking at us. What do you mean grateful to you?"

"'Cause outta buryin' me they got money enough to get married on." And he wept bitterly.

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DEER TRACKS IN THE SNOW

(Continued from Page 23)

bears, without, however, catching a glimpse of their makers. That region was again productive in the shape of a big buck track and the trails of two bull elk. My companion followed the buck while I elected to take up the trail of the elk. After riding on their tracks for two miles, I dismounted and followed them on foot for an hour. It was a bright winter day, the temperature hovering round zero, which was unusually warm for that time of year, and the sun's rays were reflected from the snow with dazzling intensity. For a space I was almost snow-blind when crossing open expanses, but the condition was somewhat relieved when the way led through timbered stretches. The tracks crossed over a pass and pitched down into a canyon of such dimensions that it was no part of my plan to enter it.

Returning along a route roughly parallel to my in-trail, it was not long before I crossed the tracks of two deer and, accompanying them, the footprints of my companion. He had jumped them and they had crossed behind me. He rejoined me at the spot where my horse had been left, and we elected to ride down by a different route instead of the way by which we had come. Not another sign of game did we encounter, and just at dusk we made our way down through a break in the last rims, rode out into the open bottoms and headed for home. A neighbor of my hunting partner had commissioned us to hang up a deer for him if the opportunity offered within a reasonable distance, saying that he would pack it in later. He had specifically stated that if we should encounter game at any great distance we were to refrain from shooting anything for him.

When within a mile of his land we encountered a buck track that led down from above and headed out across the open snow-covered flat at right angles to our course. There was no deer in sight between us and the far edge of the timber. The track was somewhat blown over, evidence that it had been made some time before. That would have been the last of it except for the fact that within thirty yards we found the tracks of a wolf in the bottom of a shallow depression, and this track was fresh. Wolves were extremely rare thereabouts and it intrigued us. There was no wolf in sight across the white flat; nevertheless, we decided to ride out into it a short distance to determine whether he had turned up country or down. We had covered perhaps seventy-five yards when the nature of the tracks was suddenly altered. The animal had whirled back upon his course in a sharp V, heading back for the shelter of the hills from which he had come, and he had departed on the run.

"He saw or heard us coming and took back to the hills on the jump," I commented.

A Neighborly Act

My glance strayed again across the open, and suddenly I stiffened to amazed attention. There was a little sag in the flat, and there, standing in the open and not twenty yards from us, were a dozen or more mule deer. The sag was barely of sufficient depth to have prevented our seeing their heads or backs as we rode at the base of the hills a hundred yards away. They were looking directly at us and it flashed to my mind that while I could see them in their entirety, they could see only our hats.

Hissing sharply to my companion, I swung from the saddle. Two steps took me within view of the deer. They had burst into full flight the instant our heads disappeared in the act of dismounting. Several broke back to the left and I dropped two. Upon wheeling round to see how my companion fared with the deer that had fled to the right, I was just in time to see him make a marvelous shot. The safety on his rifle had caught, but he managed to slip it. A deer was running at right angles a hundred yards away, traveling in great leaps. The first shot stopped him at the very top of a bound and he collapsed in mid-air much after the fashion of a shot quail. At the eleventh hour we had fulfilled the injunction of the neighbor who had wished us to kill a deer for him if one proved available near his home. These were virtually in his back yard.

The tracks showed that these deer had started to cross that open flat in our direction, but had stopped in that shallow sag. The buck, coming from the opposite direction, had joined them. One might have hunted that flat for jack rabbits, but he would not have chosen it as a likely place in which to prospect for deer. Save for that wolf track, which was the only one I saw during that whole year, we would have ridden past that band of mule deer in the dusk without sighting them.

On another occasion the same man who accompanied me that day started up to hunt for a deer behind his ranch. He was shod with moccasins and they afforded but a poor grip upon the loose snow and steep sidehills. He had decided to turn back before climbing to the hunting country, shoe himself differently and return another day. Heading back toward home, he found himself face to face with a fine bighorn ram in the foothills three-quarters of a mile from his cabin, and proceeded to bag that noble trophy forthwith.

Just Around the Corner

Within a mile of that spot, at another time, I was wandering round a curving ridge with nothing much on my mind and without having seen so much as a track in the snow. Stepping to the edge of the rim, I allowed my gaze to rove idly over the country below. Then my glance shifted to my very feet, so to speak. The rim was sheer for the first ten feet, with the slope pitching down abruptly from the little shelf at the base of the drop. And there, reclining comfortably ten feet below me, a bighorn ram slept undisturbed. Later investigation revealed the reason why I had seen no tracks. The ram had come in from the direction in which I was heading and he had followed round that little shelf under the rim. It was getting late in the winter and the ram's scalp was beginning to bleach out to grass color, worthless as a trophy, and as I did not feel inclined to shoot so rare an animal for meat, the ram was left unmolested.

It is the uncertainty, the occasional unexpected incident of that sort that lends fascination to hunting, that serves to lure one on and on through the hills. Just one more ridge, then one more valley. There is always that optimistic whispering that success will favor one just round the bend or over the next divide. Invariable success would tend to make hunting too cut and dried, reducing it to routine. Hunting failures, therefore, might properly be classified as relative successes, since they tend to serve the purpose of keeping the interest whetted to a razor edge. The trophy, even if of the same merit, is the same only in its relation to other factors. For example, I have been in a country where mule deer were so plentiful and easy to secure that shooting one, dressing it out and transporting it to camp became a task similar to butchering a beef. The element of uncertainty, and therefore of sport, was eliminated, reducing it to work. On the other hand, after having hunted fruitlessly for long, I have seen the time when all my thoughts centered upon securing a deer no matter what the effort.

In other words, while a deer is always technically a deer, to the hunter it is a deer only in relation to the time, place, particular need, consideration of the difficulty involved in securing it and a host of other factors that pertain to the moment. That is equally true of any game, large or small.

(Continued on Page 82)

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(Continued from Page 80

And after a sustained period of failure one is apt to go to extremes of effort and accept opportunities that offer slim hope of success when under more favorable circumstances he would not consider them.

When I was somewhere round the middle teens, I found a buck track on a new snow in Colorado and trailed it with all the enthusiasm of a hound pup for many a weary hour. Even then it began to filter into my mind that tracking down a mule-deer buck in the running moon of his tribe was no sinecure. Subsequent experience strengthened this first impression. At that season a lovelorn buck seems to keep ever on the prowl, visiting first one band of does, then another, seldom attaching himself to any one group for long. Tracking him in the snow is a thankless job in most instances. He may bed down, of course, and provide opportunity for one to overtake him, or he may join a band of does and loiter with them until the hunter comes. But it is a five-to-one shot that he will keep rambling.

A mule deer is not a difficult animal to hunt, ordinarily, so long as one has the wind on him. That is an essential. When a buck beds down he usually veers away from his former course, making a bend so that he will be downwind from his back track; also, preferably, he will work uphill to bed Neither is an invariable rule. Eventually I made up my mind never again to take up the track of a lone mule-deer buck in the running season and start following his trail through the mountains. Nevertheless, when meat proved scarce, this self-imposed rule was violated on occasion, sometimes with success, more frequently the reverse.

One winter day I started early on a buck track. The snow was piled high on the branches of the pines and the wind was shaking it out in clouds. The fact that the prints left by the deer's hoofs were almost entirely free of this down-drifting fluff indicated that he was but a few minutes ahead of me, and this lent encouragement. For some three or four hours he proceeded to keep ahead of me. I gave it up as a bad job and was on the point of turning back when a buck appeared some hundred and fifty yards to the right and proceeded to walk straight toward me through an open stand of lodgepole timber. At the opportune moment he was dropped in his tracks. But it happened that he was not the animal that I had trailed so persistently, but another buck, also on the prowl, that had walked straight to me out of nowhere.

When Deer Means Meat

Another occasion when hunting had been poor—when a deer no longer was merely a deer, so to speak—led two of us to make a long, grueling hike on a slim chance that it might result in success. Four of us, all near neighbors, had been camped for a week in a valley surrounded by good hunting country, but luck had failed to attend our efforts and there was not so much as a piece of camp meat hanging near the tent. On the first day out I saw five sheep, but they had seen me first and were running. They were still running when I last saw them and still headed into the peaks. Another member of the party met two rams in the bottom of a canyon on the same day, but failed to score. That first day filled us with high hopes. Then day after day we hiked the snowbound hills and not one of us sighted game—that is, game that was available. I met a bull moose, on which the season was closed at the time, and the evening of the fourth or fifth day two of us saw a fat barren cow elk regarding us from the far side of the stream that marked the near boundary of a game preserve.

One morning after a new snowfall of about a foot or more we rode up the valley for some eight or ten miles in a wagon, then set out on foot. An old hunter, more than twice my age, climbed with me for some two hours. Then, high up, we struck the trail left by a large herd of mule deer coming out of Goff Creek. It was evident that they were on the march down country. The migration route at this point held high to the flanks of the range. Migrating deer are not good subjects to follow even worse, perhaps, than traveling bucks in the running moon. But meat was meat and there was a chance that some of the animals would turn aside and bed for the day, so we took the chance, hoping to overhaul that herd.

The old hunter was a sturdy traveler and, young and husky as I was, it pressed me to keep up with him. After a mile or two we came out upon the upper benches of Gun Barrel Canyon, a mighty slash in the hills. Even my companion, who was familiar with that whole country, did not know of a crossing point; but the trail of those migrating deer showed us the way, leading down precipitous slopes to rims that were apparently impassable, then down some chute to another bench. At last we reached the floor of the canyon. Starting up the far side, our way was barred by a cut some thirty feet in depth and with perpendicular sides. A slender fallen lodgepole trunk, perhaps five inches through at the butt and three inches at the tip, spanned this miniature canyon. Eight or ten inches of snow stood rigidly upon this insecure bridge.

Dividing the Work

The old man stepped out upon it unhesitatingly, kicking the snow from it as he progressed. It bent under his weight, sagging at least a foot in the center, then developed a sidewise play of that much more. It gave me a sinking sensation in the region of the midriff to watch him. None of that for mine; so he waited patiently while I consumed a precious ten minutes in going down to effect a crossing where the deer had negotiated the cut. Then the steep mile-and-a-half climb out of the canyon. We rounded the head of Newton Creek above its uppermost tributary, dropped into Moss Creek Canyon and up its far side, and at last out onto the ridge where we could look down into the depths of Clearwater Canyon. It was almost dark and there were no deer in sight. We backtracked ourselves across Moss Creek Canyon and headed down country. After some hours of traveling we came out into the bottoms perhaps two miles below camp. My friend estimated that we had hiked between eighteen and twenty-two miles in a foot of snow and through country that was largely on edge. That casual crossing on a slender, swaying, snow-clad lodgepole sapling was just one of his usual feats. I rambled through the hills with him many times and discovered that he would tackle anything.

That camp hunt of the four of us resulted in blank failure for us all. Not one member of the party so much as fired a shot. Under such circumstances a deer looms as a prize worthy of effort. It was after a similar stretch of meatless days that I rode out on one occasion with a man whose eyesight was poor and who, confessedly, could not shoot.

"I'll never get one myself," he predicted. "If you get a chance, down one for me."

Several fruitless trips during the past few weeks had whetted my eagerness to secure a deer. We tied our horses and prepared for a long, hard hunt. We had not gone thirty feet on foot when I saw two young bucks standing something over a hundred yards away in the timber. My companion could not see them.

"No use," he whispered at last. "They'll be off before ever I make them out. Couldn't hit one anyway at that distance. Pile 'em both up if you can."

One buck fell at the first shot, but the other was out of sight before a second shot could be fired. My companion then made a proposition. He was a better hand at butchering than at hunting, he said, and insisted upon remaining to dress out the deer while I went on in search of a mate for it.

The snow was deep in the timber, but the ridges had been scoured fairly free of it

(Continued on Page 85)

THIRTY-ONE MEN—

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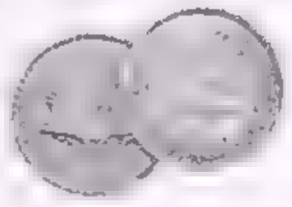

It is well to remember occasionally that creative genius is not a characteristic peculiar to moderns. . . . Ancient Greece had incomparable artists. Unknown Chinese engineers planned the Great Wall and the Grand Canal—the only two works of man that are said to be visible from Mars. Two thousand years ago Persian shepherds were making rugs that are hard for us even to imitate today. And medicines of Egyptian physicians occupy a most important place in modern *materia medica.*

What characteristic is it, then, that distinguishes this age of amazing progress in invention from the sluggishly moving ages of the past? . . . Does it not lie chiefly in the fact that new information of value to society is no longer confined to cloistered scholars or isolated groups of favored classes? Is it not because new discoveries almost instantly become the possession of millions of people *whose minds begin simultaneously to work upon them?*

Newspapers and magazines yield up to everybody every last iota of information. And everything of value is put to work the moment it comes into the modern civilized world.

Consider, for instance, the unanimity with which the radio has been accepted. Think of the almost universal adoption of the automobile as a vehicle—or the typewriter as a means of correspondence—of the telephone for direct conversation. Accurate information on the basic principles of these great tools of civilization was divulged to all literate human beings within an extraordinarily brief period of time. *The great enlightener was the press!*

With this modern world keenly conscious of the civilizing and stimulating power of the printed word, is it any wonder that great industries thrive on clearly stated informative advertising? N. W. Ayer & Son, Advertising Headquarters, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco.

(Continued from Page 82)

by the winds. Holding largely to the ridges in order to find easier traveling, and peering down into the bottoms, I hunted for several hours without success. Coyote tracks were plentiful, and one bobcat track meandered through the timber. A group of foxes had come down from the peaks and followed the backbone of a ridge, four or five of them, apparently traveling together. A band of mountain sheep, all ewes and lambs, had wandered down from the heights along a sharp ridge and returned to the high country by the same route. Eventually a series of tracks left by half a dozen deer were discovered. A mile after striking them, I came to the spot where the animals had bedded in the snow, but they had left their beds in haste, as evidenced by the tracks—all four feet grouped together and with twenty-foot gaps between. A mule deer is an inquisitive animal as a rule, or else overtrustful, for in most instances he will stop to look back. Not so with these deer. They were still running when they went over the edge of a canyon in which, had I followed them, night would have overtaken me before the return trip out of it could have been effected, so their trail was deserted.

When within a quarter of a mile of the horses, I undertook to cut off through a gently sloping patch of timber. Snow had been sifted into it from the adjacent ridge and it seemed to have no bottom—the most difficult traveling encountered during the day. I floundered on, sometimes in snow that came to the pockets of my jacket. In such a spot, halting to regain my breath, my eyes centered on a dark object that showed on the snow through a two-foot aperture between a pair of big tree trunks. It was within thirty feet of me. Even as I stared at it there was swift commotion and a great buck leaped into flight from behind that double trunk, beyond which he had been bedded in the snow. Had he kept that barrier between us he would have escaped, but instead he crossed in front of me, a broadside target, and at the end of his second leap he went down with a bullet clear through him. The shot was too far back to kill him instantly and I sent another through his neck as he struggled to rise.

It seemed probable that my companion had packed up the other deer and departed, leaving my horse. But immediately following my shot his call drifted to me. He had elected to wait for me and had built a fire in a sheltered spot. This buck, disregarding my shot of the morning and the fact that a man had been sitting round a fire within two hundred yards of him, had remained bedded in this spot throughout, then had waited while I floundered through the snow to within thirty feet of him.

Holding the Trail

There are occasions that stand out above all others, though the quarry may have been inferior to that secured on other hunts. It was during the winter of my eighteenth year, I believe, when three of us went into camp for a week or more of hunting. There was snow on the ground when we made camp and it snowed intermittently for two days thereafter. Each of us went his separate way in hunting. My two companions were anxious to secure meat, whereas sport was my principal consideration. Late in the forenoon of the third day I found the fresh track of a big doe and followed it. The trail led across a series of intermediate ridges, traversed down-timbered sidehills and crossed forested flats. Twice the animal had bedded, only to rise and resume her journey. The only other track encountered was either that of a lynx or of a small mountain lion, the round plugs in the snow coming in at right angles, following the tracks of the deer for perhaps a dozen yards, then quitting them again.

The one great purpose of life seemed to be bound up in attaining to the end of that trail and bagging the deer that had made it. All else was forgotten, or at least relegated to the background as unimportant. Time and distance meant nothing. I had hunted small game for a great many years, including geese and coyotes, and had killed some few head of big game, but not many. That plain trail seemed to link me with the animal at its far end. I had only to travel far enough on those tracks and success would be mine. The trail could not be broken with a foot of snow on the ground. Inevitably it linked hunter and hunted, so I kept on and on. It was a gray, windless day, the lowering skies threatening a renewal of the intermittent storm of the past few days. The trail looped back so that during the last half hour my travels did not increase the distance to camp, may even have shortened it somewhat. It was after four o'clock when the threat of the leaden skies was fulfilled by a first flurry of snow that proved to be but a forerunner. Within five minutes a smother of great white flakes was sifting down through the trees. Fifteen minutes later there stood my deer, a big barren doe, in a little opening in the timber some sixty yards ahead. A lifetime affords but few moments of elation such as that.

Hard Work After the Fun

A single shot sufficed and I stood viewing my quarry with swelling pride. My first thought was to dress the deer, prop it across a down log and head for camp at once. Then it occurred to me that the snowfall might presage a night-long storm that would blot out all tracks and that I would be unable to locate my deer again on the morrow. Appalling thought.

Finding my way back to camp would present no particular difficulty, even at night. One had merely to keep moving down country until he reached the banks of the stream on which it was located, then follow the stream to camp. But if my tracks should be blotted out during the night, would it be possible to post off up country and find this exact spot again? A very different sort of undertaking. This big timbered bench differed but little from scores of similar ones. It was now snowing too hard to permit of my seeing any landmark that could be utilized, and it would be dark in another half hour. Old-timers had remarked upon losing meat in this fashion. It was customary, I knew, to make a meat blaze—that is, to blaze a few trees to some point that would be easily located later. Since then I have seen scores of meat blazes in the hills. But there was no easily located point within view in this smother of snow.

Usually, in big-game hunting, one is keyed up by anticipation, there is a brief period of elation after the kill, subsequent relaxation and the realization of hard work ahead in transporting the quarry to camp. In this particular case my elation failed to subside. No chance must be taken on losing that deer. It would soon be dark anyway, so another half hour of travel by night would mean little.

Wishing to save the hide, I skinned out the animal, packed the hide and the saddle on my back and struck out for camp in the dark. It was not easy traveling with that slippery hide and the hindquarters of a deer to manage in addition to my gun. I had not so much as a rope with me. It would have been a much simpler feat to transport a smaller deer intact. Nevertheless, my spirits were too greatly buoyed up by elation for any amount of minor hardship to dampen them.

I had my deer and it was going to camp with me. Nothing else seemed to matter. There was nothing to indicate the distance to the stream, but I would get there eventually. The time did not even seem long, though it was several hours before I came out on the banks of the river and turned down country.

Presently there sounded the faint barking of a dog, then a shout, which I answered I rambled into camp four hours after dark. My companions, both much older men, had been considerably worried lest I had had

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an accident or had lost my way in the hills. They had fired an occasional double shot, none of which reached my ears. That one deer meant more to me than any other half-dozen deer that have fallen to my lot. It has been ten years since I have killed a deer, but if I thought that it would produce even an approximation of that old-time elation I would drop everything at loose ends and start planning a deer hunt tomorrow.

The psychology of hunting is not to be compressed into a few set rules and left there. Too many elements enter into it. The prospect of unexpected occurrences is one factor, as previously cited. But here was an instance when the result worked out as expected yet afforded the maximum of satisfaction.

The snowfall continued throughout the night and most of the following day. It was my first big camp hunt and I made the most of it. Two bull elk fell to my lot the day after the storm, but as this is a deer-hunting tale the facts need only incidental mention. My companions, out for their winter's meat, were glad of my contribution, since luck did not attend their efforts to the extent that the fickle goddess seemed to roost on my shoulder.

The day before the hunt was to break up I tracked two deer and toward dusk found myself in a timbered flat that was littered with a number of blow downs. Presently there was movement. A down log, its butt still resting on the stump some three feet from the ground, seemed endowed with spidery legs. It gave me something of a start. The open space beneath the log, between the stump and the point where it rested upon another windfall, was perhaps thirty feet long. I stared at the legs and had almost arrived at the conclusion that they were branches adhering to the parent trunk and that I had only imagined the movement, when two legs, separated by some twenty feet, moved a bit. My spine prickled at the oddity of it.

A Two-Mile Race

The log was of goodly dimensions and there was a foot or so of snow on its top. I knew now that a bunch of deer stood behind that blow down, their legs showing while the log and the snow surmounting it obscured their heads and bodies from view. My pulse hammered with this pleasing knowledge. Should I veer round them to secure a shot? I decided to let the deer make the first move. For a space of five minutes, affording a year's tense excitement, I stood motionless and watched the spidery legs of that down log. Whenever one moved it seemed to presage the immediate appearance of a deer, but the animals seemed content to remain where they were.

Presently a head appeared from behind the upright stump that supported the butt of the log—the head of a fork-horn buck. The point where the neck joined the body was just visible. I pulled close to the tree; so close, in fact, that the ball creased the bark—and down went the buck. Two more bucks bounced into view. One halted to look back and a shot brought it down. It was up again and off through the timber with a wabbling gait. A snap shot failed to connect. The ball had been placed too far back and too high. The deer could not travel fast or far and I managed to keep well within range of it at all times, but the view was obstructed by the trees and it was growing too dark to see the sights of my gun. Four times I lined down the barrel as if shooting a shotgun, and cut loose at that deer, scoring as many clean misses. The race continued, the buck in the lead and myself a more or less close second. After a half-mile heat a sharp rise slowed the buck and enabled me to draw within thirty yards and drop him.

That was the farthest, with one exception, that any deer has traveled after being hit with a bullet from my old .33, which assertion may furnish excuse for me to digress briefly upon the topic of guns. It may have been observed during the course of this article that, though deer were missed, when a deer was hit he went down and, as a rule, stayed there. The reason for this is not that each deer was hit just right, but that I used a gun that would stop a deer if it was hit wrong—that is, struck in a part of the body that would not prove immediately vital if the weapon used had had less shocking power. The .33 is really heavier than necessary for deer, but the greater part of my hunting has been done in localities where much heavier game might be encountered at any moment. In all that time there was not a single deer that was hit anywhere in the body with a .33 bullet and escaped. It has always been my belief that there is far too great a tendency to go afield with too light a weapon, with the result that many a fine animal is wounded and eludes the hunter, to die in the hills alone, when it would have been brought to bag if a heavier weapon had been used.

Guns That Hit Hard

For the past twenty-five years to my knowledge, and perhaps for a longer period, there has been persistent inquiry for an all-round gun—one that was not too heavy for medium game and yet with sufficient power to serve as a big-game weapon. The controversy still rages. My not being a gun crank in the accepted sense of the word may disqualify me as a participant in this argument of long standing. Nevertheless, all contentions to the effect that this or that light-weight gun is just heavy enough strike me as more than futile. Why try to determine the minimum power that will serve when greater shocking power cannot be anything save an added advantage? One hears repeatedly, year after year, the assertion about some light gun: "If you hold it right and hit your game in the right place, it's heavy enough." Certainly. But why advise any man to go afield with a gun that will down his game only if hit just right? Why not advocate the use of a gun that will put his game down for the count no matter where it is hit?

From instances cited earlier—of deer being hit and going down in a heap instanter—it might be assumed that I posed as such an excellent shot that I could plant a rifle ball in a vital spot on any deer standing or running.

Any seasoned hunter, however, upon learning that the weapon used was a .33, will remark, "Oh, an old corn sheller, eh? Well, why wouldn't a moose gun knock down a deer?"

The answer is that it will. The fact that it is heavy enough to stop any American game, including the big bears of Alaska, does not detract from its merits as a deer gun. I have killed not less than forty head of deer with a .33, hitting many of them not "just right," but everywhere from the butt of the ear to the roots of the tail without losing a single one that was hit in the body. Also, I have seen much game butchered up with lighter guns, only to escape. "I hit him, but he got away"—every hunter hears that tale many times annually. The great percentage of the deer that are crippled and lost annually, and the total is tremendous, is occasioned by the use of guns that are too light. The very men who have done the crippling will scorn the thought that the gun is too light, and assert that it has killed deer in the past. Well, I have killed deer with a .22 rifle, but that is no convincing argument to the effect that it is a logical weapon for deer hunting.

Some few heavier game animals, not to exceed four or five head all told, have escaped after being hit with a slug from my old .33 musket. That only goes to prove that in such instances it would have been better had I been equipped with a 405. Many hunters of far greater experience than my own are advocates of the hard-hitting gun. The .33, of course, is practically obsolete and will soon be classed with the old Sharps, the .45-90 and others of that ilk. Many of the modern high-power rifles,

(Continued on Page 88)

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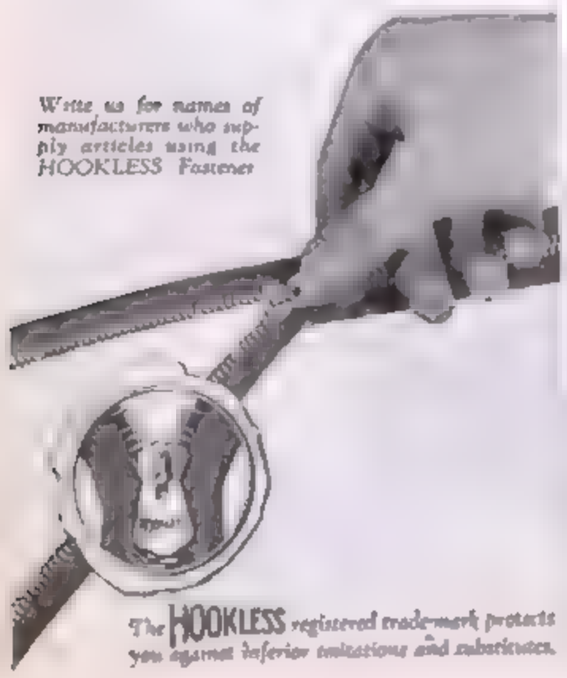

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making up in tremendous velocity and consequent shocking power what they lack in lead, now outclass it. But the same thing holds true with the moderns that was true of the old—the greater hitting power the better. I have seen the 250, the 256, the 280, and several of the high-velocity .30 calibers tried out on game; also smaller and larger guns, old style and new, ranging from the .32-40 to 405.

All of which has convinced me that there is no such animal as an all-round gun. Any gun sufficiently light to hit small game in the body without tearing it up is too light to do quick or sure execution on big game except when hit in the head. If I were forced to choose between such guns as the .25-20 or .32-40 and the 405 for a general hunting weapon, my choice would go to the latter. The ideal all-round gun for America would be a 405 rifle, or its equivalent in hitting power, and a long-barreled .22 or .25 caliber pistol. On the whole, I have no particular choice of guns, and certainly no specific advice to offer, except the conviction that when a man selects a gun for any field purpose, whether he inclines toward the old slug-slinging type or the modern high-velocity, lever action, bolt, automatic or pump, he should err on the side of greater shocking power than the purpose would seem to demand rather than on the side of too little. If that rule were generally followed there would be more game brought to bag, fewer wounded animals to elude the hunters and die alone, and more game left alive and unscathed in the hills.

The time-tried search for the all-round American gun might well be laid away in moth balls. An interesting diversion to take its place would be a search for the all-round automobile—one that could be used as a town car by the wife one day and by the head of the house as a five-ton truck the next.

Lest this be considered the saga of a deer slayer, it might be well to insert that I have seen not less than 200 deer for every one at which I have fired a shot. The only deer that ever escaped after being hit with a .33 bullet was not hit in the body. A long wild shot broke a buck's foreleg below the knee, after which I discovered that the magazine was empty and that there was no ammunition within five miles. That fact did not come to light, however, until after the buck had been tracked more than a mile, with no snow on the ground, and the hammer of the gun fell with a lifeless click on an empty chamber when the animal presented a standing shot within twenty yards.

When Every Hit Counts

From the foregoing incidents it will be apparent that I have missed many deer and hit some, perhaps an equal division, neither of which is of moment save to illustrate a point. It does not stand to reason that a man who accepts chances in snap shooting and scores clean misses on occasion—as I have done many times—could succeed in placing a bullet in some immediately vital point on practically every deer that he does hit. Wouldn't that be asking a bit too much of coincidence? Say a score of forty clean misses against a score of forty hits, and every hit just right. Wouldn't that be almost equivalent, in range shooting, to missing the entire target occasionally yet scoring a direct bull's-eye for every shot that did find the target? The answer is that if one uses a gun, not "just heavy enough," but one that is presumably too heavy for a given purpose, a miss will still be a miss as with any gun; but a hit, even if not placed just right, will knock his game down for the count.

A friend once inquired why I insisted upon packing an antiquated cannon. In one winter, with a lighter gun, he shot three different bull elk through the body, tracked each one for hours and failed to bag a single one of the three.

I once had an experience somewhat similar in action to the incident first related in this article, but in a different part of the country and with different results. A friend had invited me to join him at his place for a deer hunt. The snow had been on for some time and it started snowing again the morning of my arrival, continuing on into the following night. It was arranged that we were to hunt separately and that the first one to jump a bunch of deer was to endeavor to stop three, as my host wished to secure one for a neighbor.

An Outdoor Shooting Gallery

We worked up country, then branched apart and I mounted to the crest of a sharp ridge to the right. As usual on the morning following a storm, there were few tracks. The ridge became steeper and the crest increasingly knife-edged. Not a track to be seen in the bottoms on either side or on any of the open ridges or sidehill parks within view. Presently the ridge became an affair resembling the teeth of a comb. It could not be negotiated on top and the slopes beneath were so precipitous that one was almost certain to touch off a snowslide if he should attempt to cross round beneath this saw-edged effect. Below on the left was an open basin less than two hundred yards across without so much as a single tree in it. Also it was quite devoid of tracks. The descent was too steep to tackle with two feet of new snow on top of the old, unless one wished to ride with a snowslide. I turned back for perhaps half a mile and picked a less precipitate route to the bottoms. There were places where the loose soft snow came to my pockets. My host joined me in the bottoms, having returned from the left-hand heights after a similarly unproductive jaunt. We held on up the valley and within half a mile came across a trail made by a big herd of deer. It crossed from the heavy timber and entered the mouth of a deep, narrow gulch on the right-hand side. This gulch must inevitably lead out into that open basin into which I had peered from above less than an hour before.

"There's not so much as a tree in that country. They wouldn't stop there," my host predicted. "They've gone over the ridge and down the far slope."

"Not unless they have crossed over in the last few minutes," I objected, and explained about having looked down into the head of the place. A single deer could scarcely have made a crossing anywhere up there without leaving a trail visible for a mile, much less a swarm of them that left a trail resembling a wagon road. It seemed certain that that aggregation of deer was somewhere up the bottom of that bare, treeless gulch; so up its course we started, one on either side. When either of us sought to mount the slope to obtain a view ahead before rounding a bend, the snow gave way and let him down. My companion was skeptical about finding a big herd of deer half a mile from a tree in the middle of the day, but I was equally confident that they had not yet crossed out and hoped that we would be in time to get shooting as they toiled up the last steep slope in the open.

We had reached the last bend, just beyond which the gulch opened out into that upper basin. My host attempted to climb a knob on his side to peer over before we rounded the bend. Just before attaining the top the snow gave way and he fell back to the bottom, accompanied by several tons of snow and one loud, startled oath. Either the miniature snowslide or the expletive touched matters off with a bang. That whole mob of deer had been bedded in the mouth of that gulch, the nearest within ten yards of us round that bend, and they spurted out with a rush. We could hear them go, but couldn't see them.

From my position, up to my middle in snow, I could command a small cross section of the basin to the point where an intermediate dip to the left obscured the view. Instantly I was primed to shoot in case a deer should elect to cross out that way. They all crossed that way, strung out nicely. A deer would be in sight for perhaps ten or twelve yards. One bound ushered it into view, the second leap was effected in plain sight, and the third jump landed it on the edge of that dip, from which it was whisked from sight as if by magic. The first one negotiated that crossing before I could center the sights on it, but I cut loose at the next as it touched the edge of the dip and skimmed out of sight. In effect it somewhat resembled the iron deer that sweep over the top arc of the shooting galleries in endless procession and disappear. This procession was not endless, but I blazed away and managed to get in four shots before the last deer had crossed, every shot fired just as the target made that final dip onto the edge of the sag and away. Then it was over.

Three in a Row

My companion, extricating himself from the snow, had been unable to get sight of a deer from his position. We thrust hurriedly round that last bend, past the place where the deer had been bedded and out into the basin. There was not a deer, dead or alive, anywhere in sight in the white, treeless landscape. Then a buck topped out on the sky line some two hundred yards or more above. He stopped for a look, as mule deer will do, and presented a broadside target in silhouette against the sky. We both tried for him at the same time and he performed in a fashion that was unique in my experience. He rose on his hind feet and stood erect, stiff as a ramrod, balanced there for several seconds, then toppled over the rim, struck the steep slope, touched off a miniature snowslide and came down with it.

"Didn't you get one during that bombardment?" my host, inquired, viewing a deerless landscape.

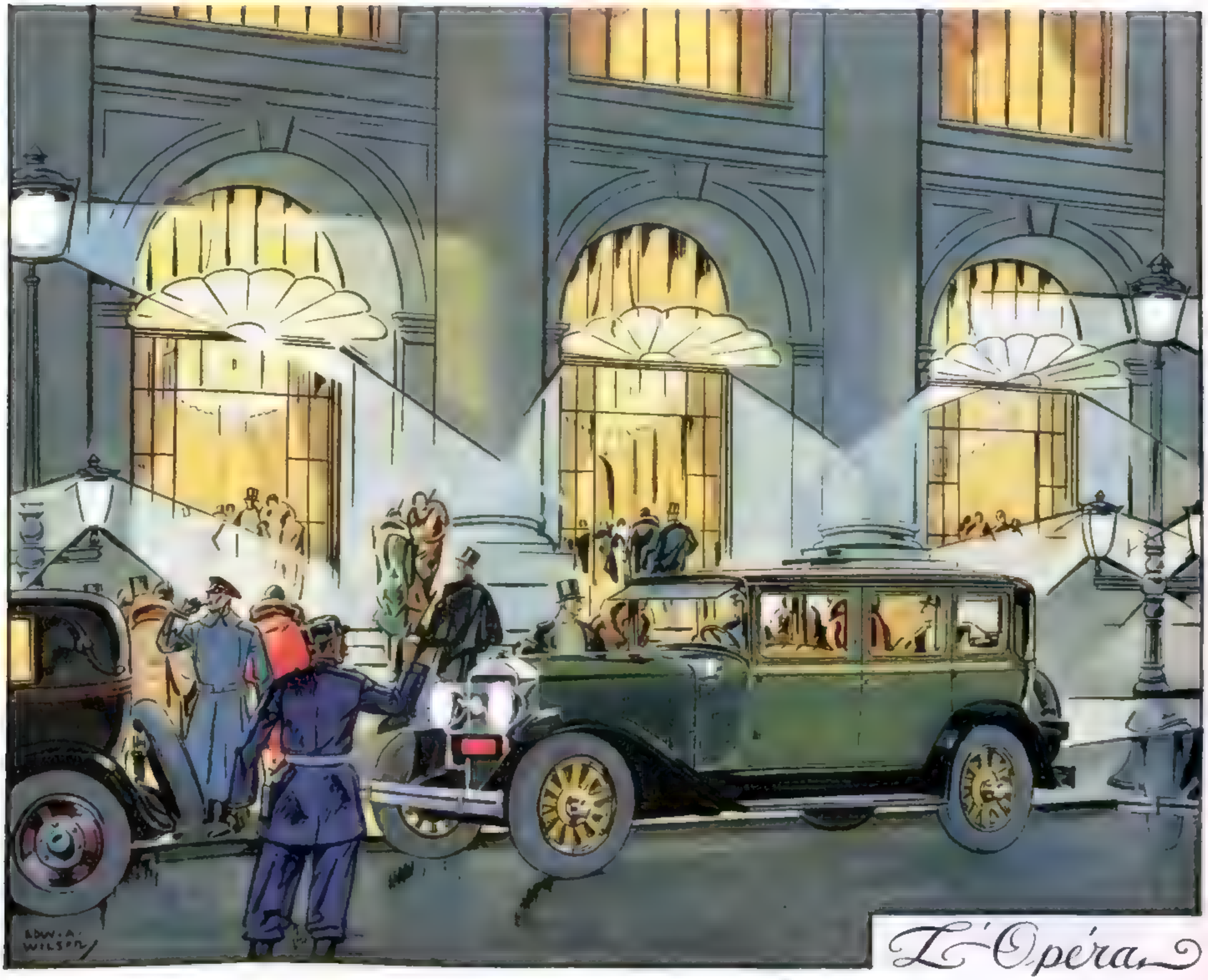
"Must have pulled a feather or two at that range," I said. "It wasn't much over sixty-yard shooting."

We started along the trail that the deer had made in their flight across the left side of the basin. The blood in the snow would tell the tale of a hit. But when we reached the edge of that little sag we halted. There, all within twenty feet of us, were three deer, and all quite dead. Each one had been hit when just in the act of pitching over that sag out of view, and each one had pitched, but remained where it struck in the snow.

That made four deer, one more than we had planned to bag, which was only an item, since another neighbor whose hunting had been without result was delighted to fall heir to it. We were both using rifles heavier than those ordinarily used for deer hunting, with the consequence that every deer that was hit curled up in its tracks like a rabbit.

The deer is the cottontail of big game, so to speak—that is, most youngsters do their first hunting for cottontails, and probably eight out of every ten sportsmen that essay big-game hunting in the United States have their first tryout on deer.

A novice selecting a gun for his first deer hunt might do worse than to follow my plan. Being just a fair average game shot and not always able to hit them just right, my idea of selecting an ideal gun for deer is to inquire round until you find a gun that is highly touted as a moose getter, then take it out deer hunting and leave the popguns at home. That operates as insurance for more meat in the pot and less for the coyotes.



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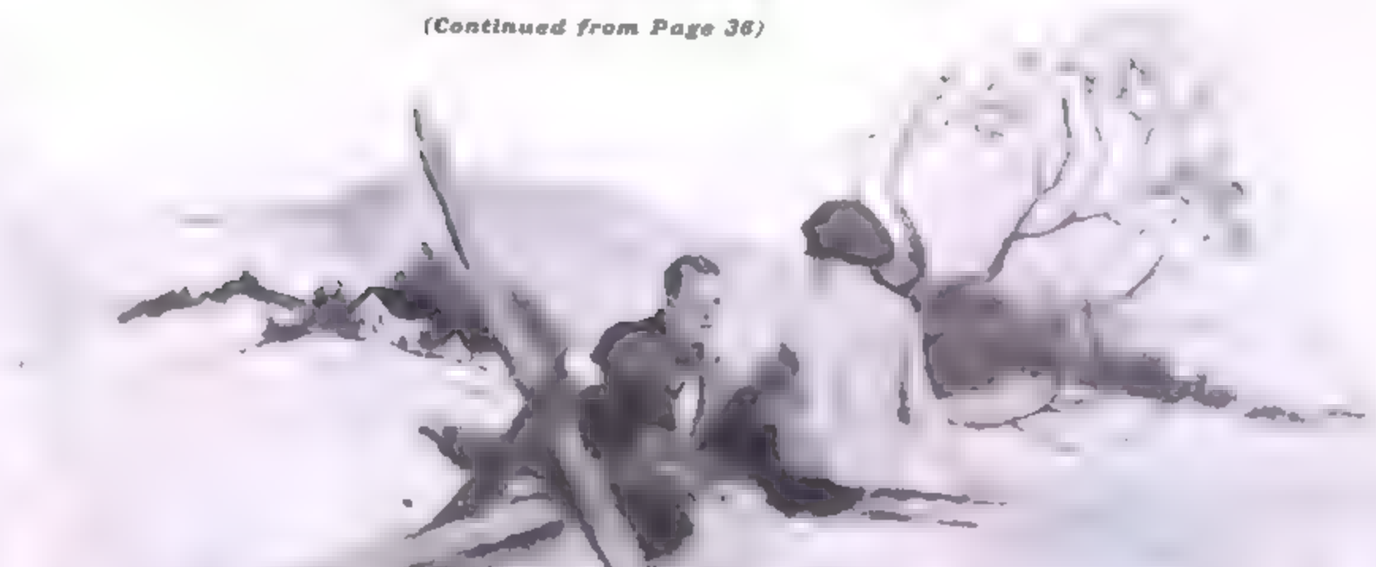
THE RIVER

(Continued from Page 36)



"Allen John, I Had No Idea You Were So Strong!"

sticks of wood with which to kindle a blaze. I thought of the mountainous woodpile at Rosalee's—enough to last two winters. The vision of it wavered before my eyes. Then I remembered the ax had been in my hand when I left there, and fumbling in the darkness, found it on the floor.

Outside I chopped up a log and, returning, built a fire. I went outside again, chopped more wood—enough to thaw me out. The shanty became sweltering. The glow of the stove depicted objects, painted them red and cast black shadows. I took off my coat and shirt, sat there naked to the waist, with my head revolving and my brain filled with a maelstrom of nothingness. My eyes closed. I warned myself not to fall forward against the glowing stove.

When my eyes opened, the fire had gone out. My half-naked body had become rigid. And this darkness—it came to me that darkness and one other thing antedate God. It was the other thing that had awakened me. It pressed in on all sides. Getting up stiffly, I wrapped a blanket around my shoulders and crawled into the bunk. My eyes stared into the impenetrable. Yes, darkness and silence are older than God. But what had become of the roar of the rapids? This silence—then suddenly I knew what had happened. Winter had come. The river had frozen over.

Winter

THE days and nights, merging into one, left fantastic impressions of a shipwreck in a fog and the agony of an icy sea. Nothing, however, which people have not gone through before; merely a delirium; nothing in fact—with the exception of an incident of chaste beauty—that is even worth recalling.

And now for the first time in more than a fortnight I had dressed myself fully and made my way along the silent river over crunching snow to Rosalee's house. The kitchen was warm—too warm—and as neat as if nothing had ever been cooked in it. I opened the window and sat at the table listening contentedly to the ticking of the clock and the occasional soft sound of snow falling from the pine trees. Never having been ill before, I had never before known the tranquil emotions of convalescence. I felt at peace with all the world; an unaccountable happiness, as though in merely getting well I had accomplished some great thing. It was good to be here, good to be alive and to feel newborn.

A notion, at odds with idealistic theories, worked its way into my thoughts and startled me into believing I had come upon a fundamental verity. Back in the years my grandfather—a scholarly man—had said more than once: "We are seekers of truth; that is the primal quest, and explains the restlessness of humanity." But it came to me that we are not seekers of truth at all. We are seekers of warmth. This was an echo of my illness. We are seekers of warmth; and the greater the necessity, the greater the joy in finding it. In this connection I kept thinking of Rosalee.

She must have gone for a brisk walk up the river or down the river or through the winter woods to Widow Thompson's. She would be back presently; radiant, no doubt, and surprised to find me. But if she tried to read me a lecture on leaving my shanty, I would convince her in one way or another that I was no longer to be told what I could do and what I could not do. The time for that had gone by. I never felt better in my life, newborn.

Nevertheless, one or two memories of the past two weeks floated through my mind to warn me against indiscretions—memories of Widow Thompson's sharp face and the touch of her bony hands, and the shuffling footstep of Sam, her half-witted son. Around them had centered many a torturing hallucination; but at dusk these two had never failed to vanish, and at nightfall I had always found Rosalee sitting quietly beside me. Her eyes, even when she had smiled, had appeared perplexed and tragic.

Then one day I knew I had been left alone with Sam Thompson. I could hear his heavy footsteps and I could hear the demented wind whistling through the cracks of the flimsy shanty and tearing at the roof. A blast broke open the door and Sam threw his bulky weight against it. Again the gale swept through, and this time I saw Sam's saturnine face above an armful of logs.

His features and long shaggy hair became illumined by the flames from the stove as he piled in wood. I could see him grinning, and I called: "You'll burn down the shanty!" He continued to pile in kindling and logs. And I shouted again, above the noise of the storm, and tried to lift myself out of the bunk. With a slow shuffling gait he came to me and pushed my head down into the pillow. We grappled each other—a delirious man and an idiot with the strength of a gorilla. Each time I tried to get up he pushed my head down and leaned over me, grinning. I became weaker and weaker, and finally he held me in a distorted shape with my face against the wall.

At dusk when I opened my eyes I knew he had gone; still I could feel his gorilla-like arms and see his grinning face and shaggy hair illumined by the red flames of the stove. I called for help, and the insensible wind gave the only answer. Gusts of sleet drove against the side of the shanty and particles of ice came through the warped clapboards. And now trembling, now rocking, the shanty ceased to be a house. To my distorted mind it took the form of a ship, and the ship was slowly sinking.

A voice came to me from a great distance: "Allen John, what have they done to you! I'll never leave you again—never; not for a minute!"

And I could hear my own voice: "I'm sinking now."

There were blurred movements. Something burned my body, but gave no warmth. "Rosalee, you're trying to warm an ocean of ice."

"Oh, this storm!" Her voice, a whisper, mingled with the wind. "This awful shack!"

I felt added weight—sheets of ice weighing me down. And now the hallucination took firmer hold: A maniac had set fire to the ship; had burned it to the water's edge. I could feel the spray and the trembling of the charred hull, upon which each wave, as it swept over, left a thin crust of ice. The cold struck in; a glacier seemed to be forming around me, while in my body there remained only a single spark of fire. A notion came into my mind: If this spark could thaw this glacier, then the engineers would make me a levelman. This idea became frozen—a separate block of ice at the side of my head.

I knew someone was working from the outside, trying to get down to me; but this was hopeless. Then, for a moment, my brain flared up and each sense became vitalized. I could see Rosalee more clearly than ever before.

"Rosalee, the engineers are going to make me a levelman when they come back in the spring. And about those furs—you've put them over me, but they are not for me. The squirrel skins and the fox furs. I had something in mind—something I've been saving them for. What was it now? But, no matter. I love you. Maybe that's what I had in mind. Yet a little spark can't melt a glacier. The warmth is leaving me. The spark is going out. It can't melt a solid river of ice."

"It must!" I could hear the wind wailing. "It must!" And the voice became fainter: "Allen John, do you hear? It must!" Then the voice softened to a whisper, close to my throat, and through the driving sleet there came a breath of spring. From somewhere warmth was coming to me, penetrating slowly, trying to reach the spark before it went out. I could feel the warmth around my shoulders and against my chest. Sunlight worked its way into my mind, and I caught a faint fragrance and could not be mistaken—the fragrance of water lilies. Spring had the potency to thaw the earth, warm the sea and cause the river to flow again. The noise of the storm became evanescent, fainter and fainter, far away. My body was no longer exposed to the gale; a sense of protection crept through me.

"Rosalee," I asked in the darkness, "is it spring?"

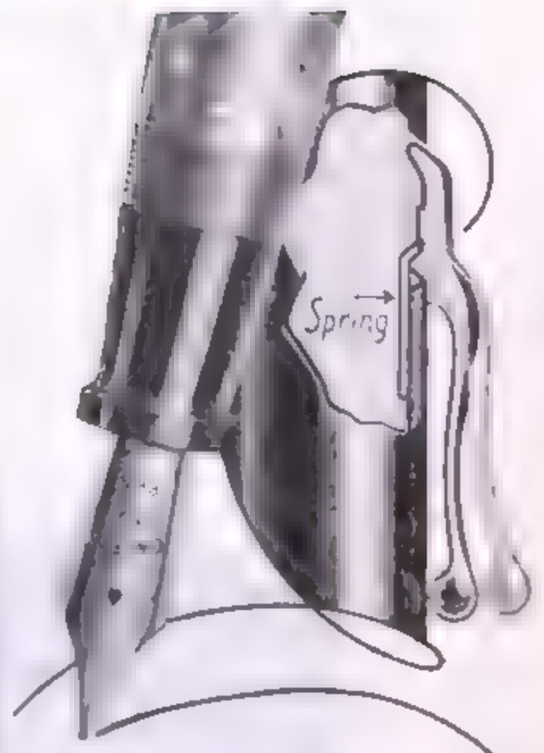
"Yes," she whispered.

"Is it you, Rosalee?"

"Yes. Go to sleep now."

Upon awakening I could feel the silence of winter. The window, heavily frosted,

(Continued on Page 95)



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(Continued from Page 91)

retarded the light. Outside, no doubt, the sun sparkled on ice and snow, but in the shanty the light was gray. Rosalee, sitting at the side of the bunk, looked down with dark, solemn eyes. It required a long moment to disentangle dreams from realities.

"I had a dream, Rosalee, in which you were close to me, giving the warmth of your body to save my life last night."

She leaned over me. "You're better. That's the only thing that counts."

Days had passed, days of convalescence which had not been altogether wasted. From hickory and rawhide which Sam Thompson had brought to the shanty, I had made a pair of snowshoes, and Rosalee was out on them now.

Sitting beside her kitchen table, I kept thinking and thinking about her, and presently I caught a glimpse of a vivid red spot in the world of black and white. I could see Rosalee's red tam o' shanter bobbing along as she came through the woods from Thompson's Valley. I wondered if she would notice my footsteps in the snow drifts. And now she had paused at the intersection of the woods road and the river path; and now she was running with some skill toward the cottage. I put a stick of wood in the stove and turned around grinning, just as she burst into the door.

"Allen John Pender, what do you mean!" She stood in the doorway glaring at me. "You shouldn't have come out, and you know it! It's nothing to grin about!"

"Rosalee, don't think for a minute you can read me a lecture. Tomorrow I'll explore the source of the river!"

"You won't either." She shook the snow from her skirt and hung up the snowshoes on the wall. "If you get sick again I won't come near you. I hate sick people."

"That's why I'm well again—so you won't hate me any longer."

"I didn't hate you." After pulling the kettle forward to boil she came to the table, seated herself on top of it and held my head against her body. "I didn't mean it. You weren't sick anyway -only sort of frozen." She shuddered.

"I'm not frozen now." And I showed her, by putting my arm around her, I was neither so frozen nor so weak as she might suspect.

She sighed. "The worst part about sick people is when they're getting well. You have to be good to them."

"You don't have to be good to me unless you want to."

"I want to." She leaned over and kissed me. "Are you hungry?"

"Yes."

"Do you like tea?"

"No. But I could drink a cup."

She made it, and I drank two cups. She made several slices of toast, and I ate the toast and asked for another cup of hot tea.

II

THAT night, alone at Hellhole, I sorted out the furs which represented the net result of the autumn hunting. The perfect skins, soft as a glove, were placed in a pile, together with the pelts of four gray foxes, and these made a surprisingly large bundle; the rest, marred in one respect or another, were done up separately. And on the following morning Sam Thompson, who had attached runners to the axles of the farm wagon, drove me to Olive Springs.

As a little further touch, Sam, just before leaving, ran out to the barn and got a cowbell, which he tied to the horse's collar, and this kept him amused all the way to town.

The drive and the jingling of the bell delighted me too. But Olive Springs in winter, with the hotel closed, was not a place anyone could honestly admire. It straddled the Southeastern Railroad tracks; while the houses, with their backs and corners turned indifferently toward each other, seemed to say: "We're not on speaking terms." The general store, however, breathed friendliness. Large and uncrowded, it intoxicated the eye with colorful displays of dry goods and bereft the purchaser of reason by exhaling clean inviting odors of many commodities. Mr. Wilbur, the proprietor, a great friend of mine by now, had a way of smiling quickly and nodding his head when he had what you wanted; also, he smiled and nodded his head when he did not have what you wanted. He would get it. He gave me the name of a furrier, and finally became so interested he offered to take the furs to the city himself.

This was to be a particular piece of work. The squirrel skins were to be made into a cloak or cape, with a wide band at the bottom and a collar made from the fox furs. One of the fox tails was to hang from the shoulder—the left shoulder. I had drawn a detail plan of this, exactly to scale. Also, there must be a close-fitting cap or toque of fur to match the cape, with another fox tail coiled around it somehow, in a cunning manner. The glory of both garments, I impressed on Mr. Wilbur, was to be the lining of cardinal red. No other color would do. There must be no mistake about this; and both the cloak and the cap must be finished no later than the twenty-second of the month. What would they cost? As to this he had no idea, but made a guess and promised to find out exactly.

I gave him the second bundle of furs for himself, and we went around the store selecting provisions and one or two things for Sam and Widow Thompson, also an eider-down quilt for Rosalee. In exchange for these I gave up the final check received from the railroad, and left the store with a feeling of elation that lasted all the way down Thompson Valley.

Upon turning in at the woods I asked Sam to take the provisions to Rosalee's house. He would not fully understand her wrath, even if she should hurl the supplies at his head. And carrying the eider-down quilt to my own shanty, I set myself the difficult task of writing my half brother a letter.

There was no use mincing matters. He had been named executor in my grandfather's will, which gave me a one-third interest in the house where my half sister lived. As I had received no rent and would never again occupy the room reserved for me on the third floor, the argument that I would be in a better position if the house were sold and my share put out at interest could not be easily controverted. The house and grounds had been appraised at sixty thousand dollars. However, as my needs were urgent and immediate, I wrote my half brother I would sell my share for five hundred cash. This sum, I reckoned, would cover the cost of making the fur cape and toque for Rosalee.

With this off my mind, I started down the river, carrying the eider-down quilt, and on the way thought up a plan for circumventing any anger Rosalee might feel upon seeing the fine present I had bought her. When she opened the door I reeled in and lowered the huge bundle to the floor as though it weighed at least a ton. Rosalee declared she would never speak to me again—never. I was trying to kill myself to make her sorry for me. Well, she would show me! I asked meekly if she would help carry the bundle into the kitchen; and when she lifted one end she began to laugh. It weighed only a few pounds.

"What in the world is it?" She cut the string and gave me a quick glance.

Mr. Wilbur and I, with our heads together, had selected this particular quilt because of the red design—flowers considerably larger than life size.

Rosalee folded the quilt in a way that pleased her, and put it on the foot of her bed. "It's pretty," she said, looking at it with her head a little on one side.

I thought: "Wait until she sees the furs!"

This was the first week in December. I got together a pair of snowshoes for myself and took some long tramps with Rosalee. We ran most of the time, up the mountains and down the mountains; ran until we were winded, then sat in the snow and panted for breath. Sunlight slanted through the trees and dazzled our eyes, and the long shadows across the valleys were things to marvel at. But the river moved not at all.

Also during these early December days I hunted with Sam Thompson—a great huntsman. With wrinkles in his low forehead, he grinned perpetually, except when following a trail; then his appearance would become ferocious. He made noises in his throat like the animals he killed, and when he aimed his dilapidated shotgun he straddled his legs and stood awkwardly, yet never missed a shot. He fired at whatever he laid eyes upon—birds on the ground and birds on the wing. He was not a sportsman; he was a huntsman. What a figure! Stocky legs wide apart, feet turned in, he would knock down a pheasant with a left-hand shot and take a squirrel out of the crotch of a tree with the right before I could raise my rifle.

Again and again in these winter woods I found myself gazing at nothing at all. The bark of Sam's gun, far away, would bring me back to myself, and my eyes, becoming focused, would stare down at a trivial thing—a few drops of red on the virgin snow. A vague foreboding laid hold of me and refused to be shaken off. It was nothing I could see with my mind or name with my tongue. If I could have grappled it with my hands, that would have been another matter, for my strength had returned. A nameless dread. I kept asking myself: "What can it be?" Was it a premonition of failure on the part of my half brother to send the check I had demanded? Perhaps; yet within a week there came a letter containing both a check for the amount desired and a lecture upon wanting to sell one's birthright for a mess of pottage. I put the check in my pocket and the letter in the stove, and on that day my exultation knew no horizons. But a few days later I found myself again standing motionless in the woods gazing down at a few spots of red that marred the snow. Walking away slowly, I heard an echo in my brain—an echo of Rosalee's voice: "I killed it because I wanted to."

What did this mean, or was it meaningless? Dismissing it from my mind, I told myself the leaden feeling in my chest was nothing more than the fear that the furs would not be ready by the twenty-second of the month, and to settle this for once and all I made a special trip to Olive Springs, where Mr. Wilbur reassured me. The furs would be waiting for me on the day set, without fail, and in every respect they would be up to specifications. Well then, this dread was nothing at all—merely an aftermath of my frozen illness. I put the matter out of my mind.

Rosalee and the river flowed endlessly through my thoughts. I hunted farther and farther, but Sam Thompson was no longer with me. He had found work up the valley, felling trees for a farmer named Reed. "You come with me and chop wood," he said each time I saw him. He received a dollar and a half for putting up a cord. Not bad pay. But with the check in my pocket I felt contented and continued to explore this vast, lonely region. A little game for Rosalee and Widow Thompson satisfied me; the joy was to wander through the mountains dreaming of the hour when I should turn back in order to reach the river by dusk.

And now the evenings, lengthening toward the winter solstice, became more intimate in small ways, and even afforded time sufficient for study in an interesting and unique manner. I gave Rosalee lessons in engineering. She would sit on the kitchen table with her knee clasped between her hands, or else sit on her bed with her back against the wall and one foot under her, while I explained the proper method of running levels. Now and again with our heads together we pored over a book one of the engineers had left at Widow Thompson's.

"What'll we do tonight?" she would laugh. "Run a bridge over Black Mountain or a tunnel under the river?"

(Continued on Page 99)

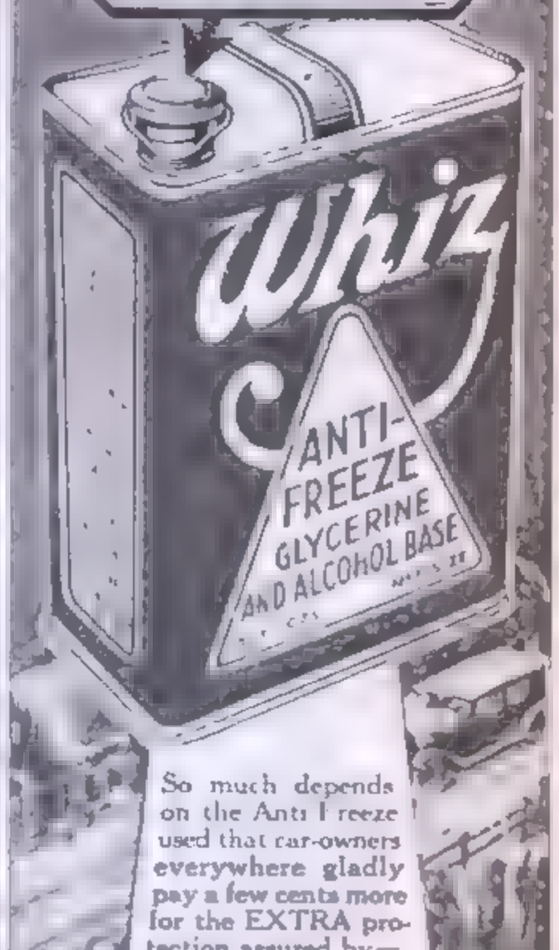
Whiz
Anti-Freeze
keeps radiators from freezing

It has a base of Glycerine and Alcohol, the approved ingredients.
(Circular L. C. 28, U. S. Dept. of Commerce.)

Its proportions are balanced scientifically to make it—

Safe, Sure and Economical

sold in sealed cans and serviced from bulk



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Whiz Anti-Freeze added to alcohol already in your radiator will materially strengthen the solution and assure GREATER protection when the temperature drops.

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Mak

A BUICK for

e This Christmas last for thousands of miles . . . .

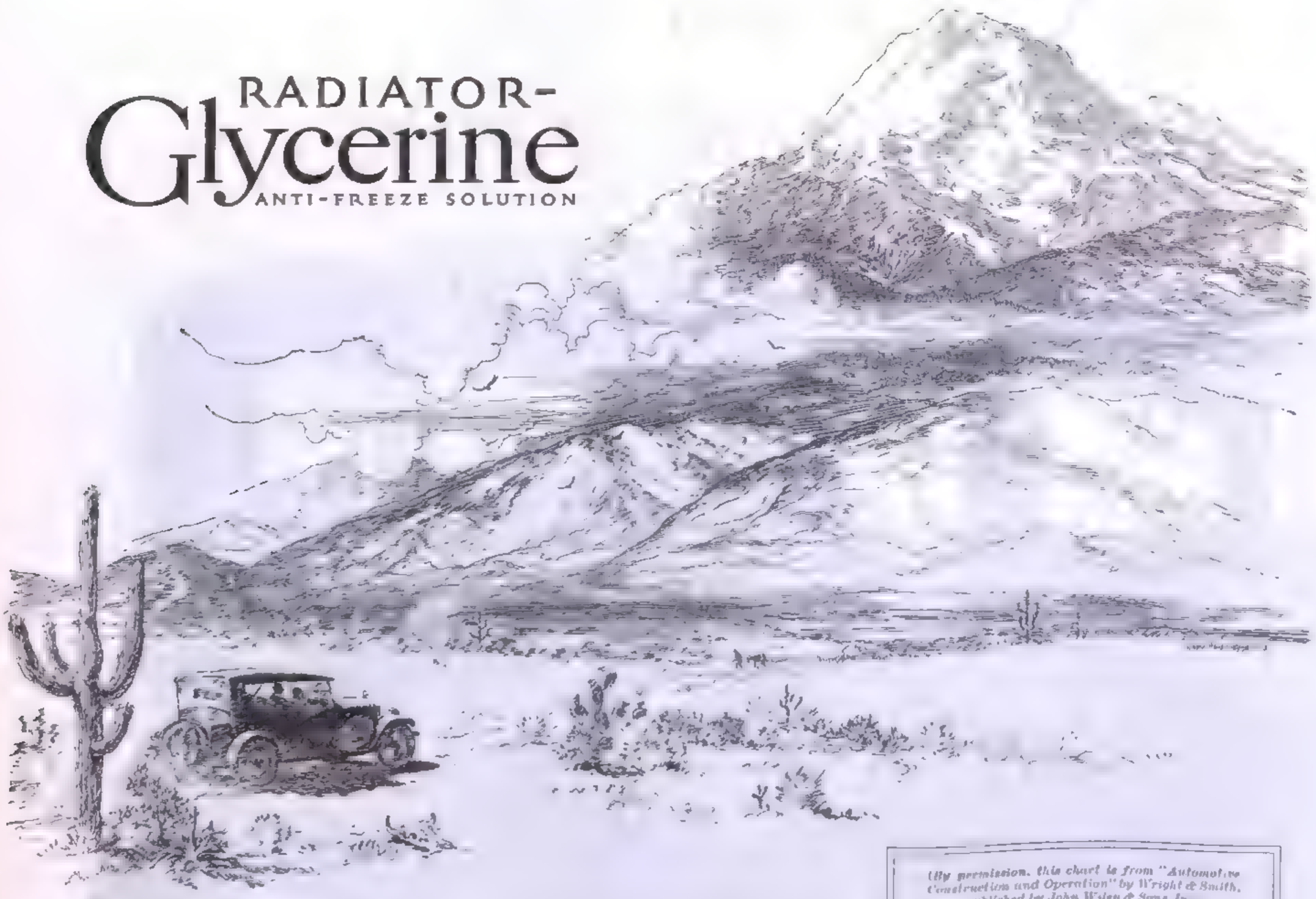
Body by Fisher

Buick

r Christmas

The anti-freeze that won't evaporate

RADIATOR-
Glycerine
ANTI-FREEZE SOLUTION



Desert Heat won't evaporate it
Mountain Cold won't freeze it

IT is a curious fact that the ideal anti-freeze must be proof against extremes of heat as well as cold. Radiator glycerine meets this requirement. Unlike volatile anti-freeze agents, it will not evaporate even on those occasional warm days in winter nor will it boil out after a long and hard drive which heats up the motor.

One filling a season

There is solid comfort in knowing that your engine is protected from Fall to Spring by the one filling of radiator glycerine.

And that means complete protection from freezing. It means easier starting even after several hours' parking. It means a motor that runs more efficiently—because glycerine has a higher boiling point than water and therefore enables the engine to run safely at temperatures where it can deliver more power on less fuel.

It is a protection that brings no disadvantages in its train, particularly since radiator glycerine is odorless and also harmless to all the materials of the cooling system (*including* rubber) and to lacquer body finishes.

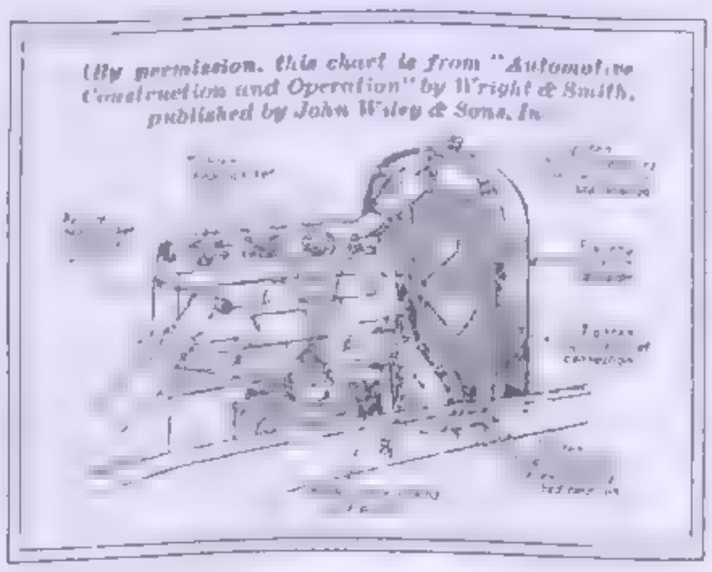
Although its first cost is greater than some anti-freeze solutions, every man who runs a car can readily realize the economy of radiator glycerine, when he figures its cost on a seasonal basis. It is essential, however, to see that none of it is wasted by leakage. Guard against this by carefully noting the instructions in the next column.

Look for this label

Use only pure distilled radiator glycerine from cans or drums bearing this mark—the label and endorsement of the Glycerine Producers' Association laboratories.

These approved brands are listed in a booklet, which also describes in detail the use of radiator glycerine.

Write for your copy.



(By permission, this chart is from "Automotive Construction and Operation" by Wright & Smith, published by John Wiley & Sons, Inc.

Glycerine-tight—
a prime essential

Above all, be sure the cooling system is tight. And glycerine-tight must be tighter than water-tight, because glycerine takes advantage of minor leaks.

Your garageman can easily flush all dirt and sediment from the cooling system, tighten hose connections, cylinder head gaskets, and pump packings—so there can be absolutely no question that the system is leak-proof.

Also don't waste glycerine through the overflow pipe *inside* the radiator. Never fill radiator higher than within 3 inches of the top of this pipe (Fords 4 inches). This allows the solution to expand without overflowing when heated up.

For free booklet, address Glycerine Producers' Association Dept. A4, 65 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 95)

In this mood she was hopeless, and there were other and possibly more interesting ways of amusing ourselves. In fact, most of the studying was done alone in my shanty after I had left her.

"Allen John, you'll never make an engineer of me, never."

"No? Well, in that case, Rosalee, I'll make a confession; I'm no great mathematician either. History's my subject. Give me any date that comes into your mind and I'll tell you what the world was doing at that time, down to the smallest detail."

She had read history in the usual way at the convent, and her memory was a thing to marvel at; but for years I had lived in the past and took delight in painting lurid pictures of whole periods.

"Allen John," she would say, "no other man ever talked to me about such things—never in my life."

"No; perhaps I have a little the advantage of them there. But it's nothing to boast about. Rosalee, you should have known my grandfather."

Sometimes she picked me up on some minor point and then there would follow an argument without quarter.

"Allen John, I don't believe you know what you're talking about. I believe you're making it all up; every word."

"Perhaps you're right; perhaps I'm ignorant of such matters; particularly about the Crusades, seven in number —"

There was no possible way of settling such a dispute—no books whatsoever—and so they usually degenerated into categorical assertions and devastating personalities:

"Allen John, you're a mule! The stubbornest person I ever knew!"

"You're the one that's stubborn, Rosalee. I'm right, but you won't admit it."

"Mule! I hate stubborn people—hate them!"

I would pace up and down the room, then go into the kitchen and fumble the pages of a field notebook or plunge desperately into the intricacies of the book on engineering, while Rosalee, sitting on her bed, bent her head over a piece of sewing, taking small stitches with incredible swiftness.

Always Rosalee was the one who had the courage to break the tense silence: "Allen John," she would call, "will you put a stick of wood in the stove?" Then, presently: "Come here! I'm sorry! If you don't believe it," she would laugh, "look in my eyes and see."

"Rosalee, I'm sorry too. I like you. It's one of my failings. I can't help liking people."

"Like me all you want. Where were you hunting today? Tell me about it." And there would follow a minute description of some valley or frozen stream or mountain I had discovered. Then: "What did you do today?" "Nothing; not a thing." But possibly I had come upon a hole cut in the ice of the river and knew she had been fishing. "Did you catch anything?" "Didn't get so much as a nibble! Look in the box outside the kitchen window." And a moment later I would be admiring two or three fine fish she had caught through the ice.

I did not want this life alone on the river with her ever to end and told her so. To this, Rosalee's only reply was a smile, reserved for the occasion and followed by silence. She seldom mentioned Jorgensen; and whenever she did burst forth with Kingpin this, and Kingpin that, I listened for a time, then in one way or another tried to distract her mind.

At times we played pinochle, a game I particularly liked; or perhaps she would show me a set she had made that day.

"But, Rosalee, what's it for?"

"To wear."

And the devil being in me: "What does it look like on you."

At which she would slip a glance at the crow: "Shall I show him?"

I got so I liked the solemn bird, even became used to his noises and taught him a few tricks. With a little help he would turn a somersault on the bed; and you could make him go to sleep by putting his head under his wing and rocking him in your hands. Also he would catch pieces of bread with his long black beak when you threw them to him. Rosalee persisted in trying to teach him to laugh; but his rasping "Caw-haw!" did not in the least resemble the inimitable lucid notes of her own laughter. This keeper of her conscience—what a bird! What a confessor! Always hiding bright things in unimaginable dark places!

And I remember a warm rain that melted the snow, and we had spring for a day in the midst of winter. Then the following night, beneath a high cold moon, we skated on the river, and the next morning, working together, we built an ice boat—a crude affair with a small canvas sail. Thereafter we spent hilarious evenings tacking back and forth endlessly, to sail before the wind and cover the distance in a few minutes. When we returned reluctantly to the house Rosalee's eyes would outsparkle the stars of midnight.

While these days rushed past, swift as the ice boat sailing with fair wind, I worked in my shanty on another contrivance. This was nothing that required great skill, yet I took endless pains to make it perfect and beyond criticism. Not a crude affair, but a fine cedar chest with the top correctly hinged and the edges rounded off with sandpaper. The cedar chest was just the length of the fur cape for Rosalee. Hinges, staple and hasp were of heavy brass; and the padlock—a small red heart—opened with a stout key. Also, as a finishing touch, I made a large circle on top, and inside the circle carefully lettered a few words and burned these into the fragrant wood:

To Rosalee
From Allen John Pender
Huntsman, Engineer
and Woodchopper

III

ON THE twenty-second I walked to Olive Springs. The cape and toque had not come. But Mr. Wilbur, a man to be trusted, and a good friend in the bargain, told me with a quick reassuring smile and a nod of his head the furs would be here tomorrow without fail. I gave him the check from my half brother and started back on the homeward journey.

Though the fields for a mile or two seemed unusually desolate, with patches of snow in the deep red gullies, still one would be lacking altogether in imagination if unable to think of other matters. Take, for instance, this valley, with the hills on each side, Black Mountain in the distance, and the winding wagon road. Now it seemed to sleep—had slept in fact for countless centuries—but soon it would be startled into wakefulness by the coming and going of an army of men—engineers driving center stakes fifty feet apart down its entire length, laborers leveling the right of way. The circle of my thoughts returning to Rosalee, a phrase formed in my mind; Rosalee of the River. She was waiting for Jorgensen; yet if Jorgensen ever came back, I felt sure he would be married to Ellen Marsdon. Vague emotions, like the mist that at times filled the valley and concealed the mountains, arose within me and momentarily blotted out my own desires. What would Rosalee do then? What would become of her? There would be other men—Monty and Healy and Hart and a hundred others. She could have any of them, but not the one she wanted, and curiously this made me infinitely sad. But no matter; possibly among all those men she would find one or two worth loving; as, for instance, a certain rodman who could cut a mountain of wood to keep her warm and bring down enough game with unfailing marksmanship to satisfy her hunger and make her a squirrel-skin cloak in the bargain.

Lagging along I dreamed this dream, seeing nothing until the sunset turned the sky to flaming red; then it came to me that Rosalee was alone on the river, waiting for me; and I started to run across the naked fields, jumping the gullies and awakening the valley prematurely with shouts: "I'll take her away from all of them!"

"Allen John," she said that evening, "do you know what day it is? Where are you going to spend Christmas?"

"I could go home." By leaving on the midnight, I told her, I would be home the next morning.

Rosalee became silent, and I felt at once I should not have mentioned that I had a place I could go. Essentially it was not true and, further, she had no place to go either. Yet I was quite unable to admit even to myself that virtually I had no people. The best I could make myself do was to laugh shortly: "As to the matter of home—a place to go—half brothers and half sisters are not always like half loafs. Ha-ha!"

When I arrived at the Olive Springs general store before noon on the following day, I found Mr. Wilbur had gone out of town. One of his clerks, a good friend of mine, Miss Annie May, told me Mr. Wilbur had gone to the city. I talked to her for an hour, then left the store and walked up the railroad tracks to the summer hotel—a dreary frame building, with green blinds tightly closed and dead leaves in the pavilion. I sat in the pavilion trying to prepare my mind against disappointment. But when I heard the low, distant wail of the local I jumped up and ran all the way to the station.

This was the last train and Mr. Wilbur was on it. He had made a special trip in a busy season just to get the furs for me. With a quick smile and a nod of his head, he stepped down from the passenger coach and handed me a huge pasteboard box.

As we walked toward the store I could think of nothing to say, except: "Well, so you got them! You're sure they're in here?" For some reason I did not want to open the box in front of anyone, so I left him presently and walked rapidly out of town. Once I paused, but decided to go a considerable distance farther, to a place I remembered where there were no houses in sight and the lonely road forded a stream. So the furs were in this box! Here they were at last under my arm! I strode along, and upon reaching the frozen stream, fumbled with the string. In a moment the box lay open in my hands. The toque fell to the ground. I picked it up quickly and brushed off a few flakes of snow; then carefully lifted out the cloak and held it at arm's length.

What a beautiful garment! The weight and warm appearance of it! But perhaps it was not a thing to gaze at so long. I stood there motionless, transfixed by the sight of the soft gray fur, with its deep border and the large collar of fox—three shades of gray all blending—and the corded silk lining, cardinal red, in contrast to the gray. And what was this? One of the fox's tails hung gracefully from the shoulder. Had I specified which shoulder? No matter; here it was, the finest brush of the four, attached with inimitable art to the left shoulder.

Standing beside the frozen stream, I visualized the cape wrapped around Rosalee and the toque on her head, pulled down so that her dark eyes sparkled from underneath like lovely jewels.

I put the garment back in its box, then lifted it out again to feel its weight and warmth, thinking to myself: "We're seekers of warmth. She will never be cold. It's well worth spending one's days and nights, week in and week out, through the autumn and the winter, to create a thing so warm and beautiful for Rosalee." The vivid orange reminded me of her. No, she would never be cold!

Upon reaching my shanty that night I lit the lantern and got the cedar chest from under the bunk. Now that I thought of it, no doubt the dimensions of the box were wrong as to length, and possibly, also, there had been a miscalculation as to height. I turned the key in the small red padlock, lifted the top and laid the squirrel-skin coat inside. It fitted exactly. When the cape was properly laid out at full length, there

(Continued on Page 103)

Safer than an iron-bound chest

A lost key or a robber's ingenuity and the strongest strong-box gives up its precious treasure.

While—

American Express Travelers Cheques

are without value until your *second* signature is added to their "sky blue" face. If you should lose cheques that have not been countersigned by you or exchanged for value, the American Express Company makes good your loss.

Then, too, from Piccadilly to Bombay your Travelers Cheque links you with the world service of the great American Express Company. Wherever you are, whatever your predicament, your "sky blue" Cheque entitles you to help, advice and guidance from an American Express office, representative or Courrier.

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Secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations and itineraries; or plan your cruise or tour through the American Express Travel Department.

Which of these grace your living-Christmas

... and earn your husband's

English Coxwell

No. 1520. Moquette—tan background, patteras in crimson, blue, lavender and sienna. Arms and trimmings, soft crimson mohair. Complete with stool

$114.50

YOU have heard about the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair, of course . . . the truly patrician piece of furniture that has added a new note of beauty to so many lovely living-rooms.

Probably you have seen this aristocrat of occasional chairs gracing the tasteful interior of some friend's home.

And if you have given ear to the man of the house while he held forth on the luxurious, cuddling *comfort* of this unique chair . . . if you have listened to his enthusiastic description of its lulling support in just the places where his tired body *craves* support . . . if you have seen him take his ease in it like a gentleman . . .

This man strives vainly for comfort by trying to make his body fit his chair.

Notice how seat and back tilt as one to form a comfortable pocket for the work-weary body

Tudor

No. 1532. Arms and trimmings in small-checked Jacquard Velour. Back and seat in Jacquard Velour also—warm maroon, blue, gray and brown hues. Complete with stool.

$90.00

Queen Anne

No. 1522. Jacquard Velour—dark red background, raised patterns of black and dark pearl. Complete with stool

$71.00

The

chairs shall room, on morning

heartfelt gratitude?

Modern Overstuffed

No. 1528. Jacquard Velour, multi-colored design. Arms and trimmings in small, varicolored patterns. Complete with stool.

$101.00

Florentine

No. 1525. Ratine Tapestry—dark cream background, soft-relief floral pattern in blended browns, blues, dark red and burnt orange. Arms and trimmings in plain velour. Complete with stool.

$75.50

Queen Anne

No. 1517. Arms and trimmings, dark brown mohair. Back and seat flowered Linen Frieze. Complete with stool.

$166.00

Heppelwhite

No. 1519. Arms and trimmings, dark brown mohair. Back and seat in Linen Frieze—floral pattern in tan, brown, azure and old rose. Complete with stool.

$180.50

Modified Coxwell

No. 1533. Arms and trimmings in plain gray velour. Back and seat in rich, flowered Ratine Tapestry—blended blue-greens, siennas and browns on background of deep cream. Complete with stool.

$85.50

you will know that for all its grace and distinction it is a man's chair.

There is no other chair in all the world like the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair. And with Christmas almost upon us...well, *there is no other gift for a man that could bring such joy to the whole household.*

See the eight NEW *models*

This year the best stores are offering no less than eight models of the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair for your selection. Here they are, faithfully reproduced in their actual colors. There is one among them that will fit into your decorative scheme as though it had been made to order. Over on the next page are listed the names of the shops where you may see these chairs "in person" . . . you will find them even *more* beautiful than their pictures . . . at least thousands upon thousands of women have . . . to the everlasting joy of thousands upon thousands of husbands.

Look for this name plate on every chair

The Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair

A slip-cover *free* Until January 1, 1928, we are authorizing merchants to include, free of charge, a well-tailored, perfectly fitting Streit slip-cover with every chair delivered. The cover is of excellent material and workmanship, of a quality selling for from $5 to $7 in most stores.

Be sure that yours is not forgotten

THE C. F. STREIT MFG. COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO
Since 1871, Makers of fine upholstered furniture

LOOK!
On the next page is listed the name of the store in your city where you may purchase your Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair.

Beautiful Streit "Slumber" *Chair*

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The stores listed here are displaying the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chairs pictured on pages 100 and 101. Visit one of these stores—see the Streit Chair—sit in it. Or write for booklet showing how this chair will look in your home. The C. F. Streit Mfg. Co., Kenner St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SEE INTERESTING COLOR REPRODUCTIONS OF THE *BEAUTIFUL STREIT SLUMBER CHAIR* ON PAGES 100 AND 101

(Continued from Page 99)

was hardly an inch to spare. Also as to height, there was just sufficient room for the small gray toque. I closed the lid and gazed down at the carefully burned-in letters:

TO ROSALEE
FROM ALLEN JOHN PENDER
HUNTSMAN, ENGINEER
AND WOODCHOPPER

The s in "Huntsman" leaned forward a little too eagerly, and three or four other letters might be improved if I had them to do over. But let them pass! I turned the key in the padlock and pushed the chest back in its place under the bunk.

This night differed from other nights. With one exception, the difference was subtle and elusive, each detail, without material change, being accentuated. The shadows across the hard-trodden snow, as I made my way to Rosalee's, seemed more intricate and of a deeper shade of blue than ever before. The river murmured mysteriously beneath the ice that gave it a glacial appearance; the sky, instead of being cluttered, held only a few brilliant stars and a moon too perfect to seem real.

The lights of Rosalee's windows flickered among colonnades of trees as fitfully as altar fires. I reached her house later than usual by an hour or more; yet she seemed not to notice this, except to say, "I thought you had gone home on the 8:30."

"Is that why you are wearing a new dress and slippers to match?" I asked.

Rosalee laughed. "They're not new, and you know it."

Also she had waited supper. Yes, this night was different from all other nights; a thing apart; to be remembered as one remembers a flurry of snow and forgets the storm; remembers a face among many faces and forgets the crowd; remembers a slender sapling or a stately pine and forgets the forest—things of no particular importance, nor could they be painted on canvas or graven in stone or described in words; yet innate within them they possessed that quality of immutability which lasts as long as the mind itself.

I remember the silences. We talked a little and we were silent. We talked of small happenings during the past months—Remember this? Remember that?—while the clipped-wing crow, inseparable in my mind from Rosalee's innermost conscience, picked up crumbs from the table. He followed us into the front room, hobbled after us lamely, and when Rosalee seated herself on the bed, he hopped to her foot and climbed into her lap.

"Tell me what you did today, Allen John."

For one thing, I had gone past Farmer Reed's. Sam Thompson was working there and wanted me to put up cordwood with him.

"Are you going to do it?"

"Yes." I told her I had heard Sam chopping alone in the woods. "In summer, Rosalee, an ax makes a dull and meaningless noise, but in winter there's a ring to it. Listen to a woodchopper who knows his business and there's no cadence more perfect, no sound more pleasing, no music which creates such images of the out-of-doors and the hearth. Sam doesn't believe I can put up two cords a day."

"I don't believe it either," said Rosalee.

"No, and you didn't believe I could chop enough wood to keep me warm."

"You didn't chop enough to keep you warm," she laughed.

"Anyway, I chopped enough to keep you warm."

Rosalee tried to make the crow laugh at this. A solemn bird, he refused to be amused. She brushed him off her lap and watched him hobble around the room making disconsolate noises; then jumped up and shooed him into the kitchen and closed the door.

"Allen John, do you remember the day you broke the pot of geraniums?"

"Yes, and I remember the reason. I put my arm around you and your body was stiff as a ramrod."

She said she would make up for it now, and she leaned close to me. A long silence followed. Her lips were like mulled wine, as red, as fragrant, as warm. A torrent rushed through my veins, the roar of the rapids beat in my ears and the seething whirlpool swirled through my brain.

Rosalee whispered an ineffable word or two. Presently she said, "Listen to that crow in the kitchen!" She jumped up. "I'll wring his neck, then come back to you."

But I followed her, and what happened had the unreality of a tapestry woven by maniac weavers. In the kitchen she repeated, "I'm going to kill him!"

"Rosalee!" She had taken a stick from the woodbox. I caught her wrist just in time to save the stupid bird.

"Let go!" she cried, and tried to pull her arm away. "I'm going to kill him. I'm sick of him. I've wanted to kill him all winter. Let go my arm!" A small paring knife lay on the table, and I tried to knock it to the floor. But Rosalee was quicker than I. "Let go," she said. "Allen John, if you don't let go I'll kill both of you."

I took the stick out of her other hand. I was clumsy. I must have hurt her. I felt something strike my chest. It was nothing—a slight blow—nothing at all. The paring knife, a flimsy weapon meant only for peeling potatoes, had bent double. It did not have the metal in it to straighten itself or even to break in two. It fell to the floor.

"Oh, Allen John," whispered Rosalee, "I've stabbed you."

"You've torn my coat. You'll have to mend it."

But she was frightened. "I've stabbed you," she kept saying. Her eyes were wide and beautiful, and I wanted to show her I had something to match her beauty.

I picked up the knife from the floor, straightened it and laid it on the table, and picked up the stick of wood and put it in the wood box. I was trying to think of some way to make her laugh. "Rosalee, I've come to understand the punishment you impose on yourself when you've been particularly wicked." I glanced at the crow. The diabolical bird had perched himself on the back of a straight chair and closed his eyes and gone to sleep. I carried him into the front room and put him in his barrel-stave cage. "Rosalee," I called, "come in here and sit in your chair until I tell you to get up!"

She laughed a little at this and came into the room and sat down and folded her hands. "I don't know what to do; I don't know what to say. You can lecture me all you want, but I can't help it. I'm not a saint."

"You're not a saint," I agreed, "but in one or two respects you are more to be desired. And, Rosalee, it has just come to me that some of the modern sinners are better, no doubt, than the ancient saints ever thought of being—cleaner, at least. That's my lecture."

At this the sanctimonious crow in the cage opened its beady eyes and made unearthly noises.

Rosalee jumped up. "Allen John, will you take a walk along the river bank? There's something I want to see." Then she sat down quickly. "May I get up?"

The night was brilliant, crisp and blue. We passed the dark shanties of Hellhole and I thought of the cedar chest and the treasure it contained; we passed under the bridge, high above our heads, high above the frozen water, casting a shadowy lattice upon the moon-illumined ice. Rosalee did not so much as glance up at the bridge. Walking slowly, we rounded the bend and came upon the old stone barge where Rosalee had lived during the Black Mountain days. She held tightly to my arm. Here the woods came down to the water's edge, a weird place; and yet the barge, a dilapidated hulk with a ramshackle house superimposed on the deck, struck me as romantic. I visualized it newly painted and calked and remodeled with my own hands, floating on the rivers of the world, a sheer delight.

Rosalee must have interpreted my gaze. "It belongs to me," she said. "You can have it." And both of us laughed.

When we retraced our footsteps something inside of us seemed to sing. What a night! What stars! Listen, you can hear the murmur of water flowing under the ice! Listen to the trees soughing! What makes them sigh that way?

An alluring person to be with, she could laugh, she could talk or be silent; she could walk in step or out of step, cling to your arm so close you could feel the warmth of her body, and she could walk alone. She was never cold. In her, it seemed to me, the music of the emotions had found their native instrument.

I left her at the door of her house. "Open the cage for the crow, Rosalee. I forgot to turn him out."

"Let him stay in. It serves him right! Allen John, I'll dream of you tonight."

A little later, in my shanty, I found myself staring down at nothing, nothing at all; yet when my eyes became focused I was gazing at a few drops of red which had dried on my chest. Eerie sensation crept through my body. Yet the wound itself was merely a scratch a pin might have made.

IV

IN THE darkness of the shanty I lay awake listening to the repetitious noises of the night. They seemed to say: "This evening you could have had her!" And though possibly this was true, the possession would have been ephemeral; whereas, on a later occasion, the river was to whisper inspiringly: "You can have her now and forever!"

Early the next morning I hurried to Widow Thompson's in search of four large sheets of wrapping paper. Nothing less would do. Widow Thompson wiped her hands on her apron and together we climbed the creaking steps. The wind moaned under the eaves and mingled with the woman's nasal voice while we hunted the musty-odored attic from end to end. We found nothing, and so I made my way across drifting fields of snow to the next farm. Here Sam was cutting cordwood. The farmer, stockily built, with a short white beard, said he could use me if I wanted work. We talked in the warm, odorous barn where the cows were munching fodder.

"What do you pay?"

"Dollar a cord."

"You pay Sam Thompson a dollar and a half." And I told him I could put up two cords a day.

He scratched his beard thoughtfully. He had seen men who could put up two cords a day and maybe more, but they didn't work steady.

"If I work at all it will be six days a week, sunup to dark, at a dollar and a half a cord." But now there was a matter of more importance. Did he have four large sheets of wrapping paper and a stout string?

He led the way to the kitchen, where his wife, twice his girth, allowed me to rummage in an upstairs closet. She had made a specialty of saving paper for twenty years, but in her collection, the largest I had ever seen, there was not a sheet without creases in it.

I trudged on up the valley. At Olive Springs I got what I wanted. Mr. Wilbur insisted upon me taking six sheets and refused to accept any pay. I had no intention of buying anything and told him so. However, on the way out of the store, a double-barreled shotgun attracted my attention. I thought of Sam and his antiquated gun with its broken stock. Also I owed Widow Thompson a large debt of gratitude for this and that, and further, there were two ox-eyed women down the valley a way—sisters, named Linsey. I ended by getting the shotgun and a dozen aprons, while Miss Annie May, with lips tight, picked out two calico dresses for the Linseys. This emptied my pockets, which was nothing to worry about, as I had a good ax and the arms and back to swing it.

Continued on Page 106

"Christmas is All Tied Up in Heartstrings," says

Tony Sarg

THIS whimsical cartoonist, author of children's books, and originator of the Tony Sarg Marionettes, adds:

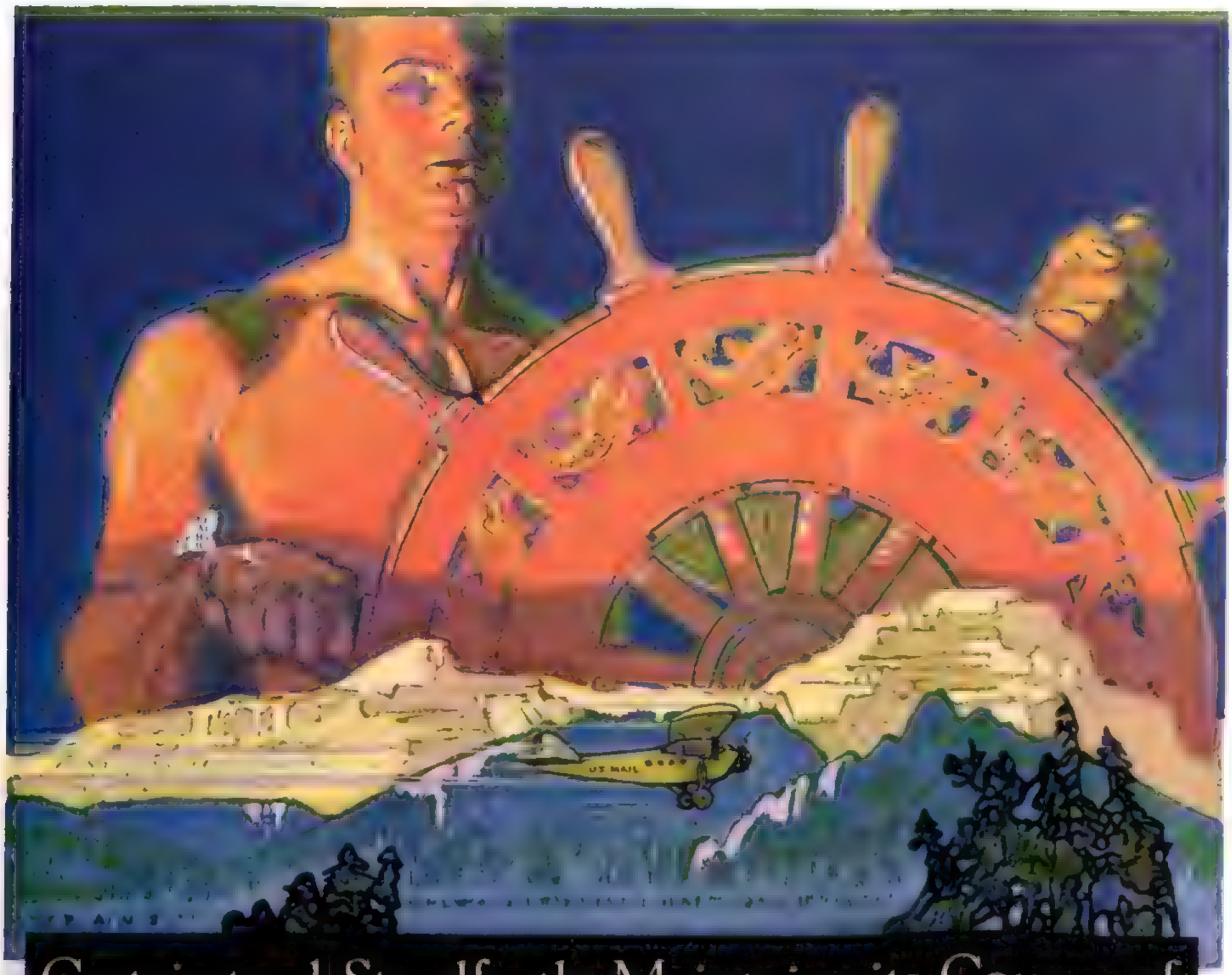
"Loved ones—in a merry circle—make the day. And if the loved ones be far off—how effectively Christmas messages widen that precious circle to include them all!"

Cards aglow with Christmas spirit vie for your favor in the nearest good shop, ready—every one—to go winging off with your Christmas salutations to your friends. And, while one's heart is bright with Christmas spirit, no doubt one will remember, too, the unfortunates in institutions—the sick, crippled and infirm—to whom a card would carry that precious message, "Some one is thinking of me!" Many kind folk are preparing lists of such unfortunates this very day!

Buy your Christmas Cards early—and mail them early.

Wherever this seal is displayed you will find complete assortments of Greeting Cards

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards



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To enhance their confidence, is the goal of every Certain-teed employee. Raw materials are purchased in all parts of the world with utmost care. New, efficient machinery and modern systems of processing are constantly investigated and adopted when practicable.

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LINOLEUM
FLOORTEX-(FELT BASE)
OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS
GYPSUM BOARD

(Continued from Page 103)

I marched down the valley through flurries of snow. One's pulse would leap to the sound of the ax and the chips would fly such weather as this. It was dusk when I stamped the snow from my boots, dragged the cedar chest from under the bunk and opened the lid for the last time. The cape was folded just right, with a bit of the red lining showing. Soft and warm it lay in there, and the small toque rested jauntily on top. Wrapping the box with particular care, I put it on my shoulder and started down the river.

Rosalee's house was dark, and her crow greeted me with harsh noises which only made me laugh. This was nothing out of the ordinary. Rosalee had probably gone for a walk and would be back any minute. I put the box on the table in the kitchen, where the fire in the cookstove cast flickering shadows. The noise of the devilish bird seemed to come from all quarters, as though he were everywhere and yet nowhere. Finding a match, I lit the lamp and went into Rosalee's room.

The crow had been confined to his cage, and this struck me at once as strange. The clothes closet, with door wide open, gaped vacuously. On the bed, pinned to the eider-down quilt, a note awaited me. Rosalee had left the river.

The note could be read at a glance—not a thing to gaze at for an hour, not a death warrant. She had written it on the spur of the moment; quickly, as she did everything; and the lines ran up the page in a way to wring one's heart:

Allen John, you go home to your people and leave my crow at Widow Thompson's. You can have him if you want him. But don't you kill him. I am going away, and maybe I will be back by new year's, and maybe not until spring. ROSALEE.

Even in greater haste, she had written on the back of the sheet:

Good-by. Oh, Allen John, suppose I had killed you last night! I want you to go home. I've got a place to go, but I'm not going to tell you where it is. It might make you laugh. I never had anybody like me the way you like me. I want you to keep on liking me. Maybe that's why I'm going away. And don't you forget my crow and let him freeze and starve. Now I've got to go. Look at that woodpile out there. I wish I was a saint; I'd stay right here. Good-by. ROSALEE.

Where had she gone? That was the thing that troubled me as I stared down, stupefied by her heart-rending note. I had driven her away from the river. She had told me more than once that she had a lot of places she could go, if she wanted to, and I was not so ignorant as not to know what she had meant. I thought of the men who had been at Black Mountain. She could go to any of them. Had I driven her to that!

On the following day I ate dinner with Sam and Widow Thompson and gave them the shotgun and the aprons. No one could cook a better dinner than the widow. We had Brunswick stew, concocted of corn and butter beans and tomatoes and rabbit and chicken, all cooked up together. Also there were two kinds of pie. We ate in the kitchen. The dining-room table had not been touched since the first week of last October. As Widow Thompson had said, it was set, and it was going to stay set until the engineers returned.

Sam was proud of his new gun. He got up from the table once or twice and fingered it and looked through the barrels, and finally sat down with it across his knee. He said no word of thanks, merely grinned; and I understood this.

I wanted to catch the afternoon train to go in search of Rosalee, but my pockets were empty, so I hunted until dusk with Sam Thompson. He carried his antiquated shotgun with its broken stock. Possibly he had grown used to it.

That evening I built up the fires and fed the crow. The next day Sam did not hunt with me, and I was glad of this. I fired only twice and missed both shots. Perhaps there was no target except the leaden sky. Each evening I pored over Rosalee's letter, trying to decipher the meaning between the lines, trying to fathom the depths of it. Where had she gone? But there was only one point of which I could feel certain: Some day she would come back to the river. I felt intuitively she would come back before the New Year.

Toward the last of the month I went up the valley to Farmer Reed's and spent the afternoon grinding my ax. I told him I would start work in a day or two. And on the first day of the New Year I arose at dawn and chopped wood all day, but not at Farmer Reed's. I chopped in the woods back of Rosalee's house; cut the trees into four-foot lengths and piled them up neatly. My hands were soft, as I had not used an ax for more than a month, and the best I could do was to put up a little more than half a cord.

That night I met the 8:30 at the Black Mountain station. The train was forty minutes late and passed without stopping. When I returned to Rosalee's house the fires were out. The crow had picked the fastening of its cage. And without building up the fire, I sat in a chair and watched the bird's strange antics. He was cold and hungry, but I neither fed him nor built up the fire. His noises and bewildered actions amused me. He peered under the bed and into the corners.

I asked: "Who are you looking for?" and laughed aloud. With guttural cries the crow hobbled into the clothes closet and pecked at a dress that had been left hanging there. I laid hands on him for this, pulled him out and closed the closet door; then opened the door and gazed in for a long moment.

Laughing maniacally, the crow climbed, with beak and claws, to the bed and ran up and down, ducking his head and crying aloud at each turn. I laughed at this, too, even tortured the bird without touching him. I told him plainly: "This is the first day of the year and she has not come back. She will not be back until spring; maybe not then. Maybe Rosalee is never coming back." I beat the arms of the chair with my hands to emphasize this, repeating: "You might as well make up your mind to it. She has gone to someone, and that's why she did not take you with her. You have served her as her conscience, and that's the reason she has left you behind. You've seen the last of her." When I beat my hands on the chair the crow let out piercing shrieks. I showed him my hands, pointed out the raw palms where the ax helm had taken off the skin; and I beat my hands on the chair again to show him nothing could hurt me. "I drove her to it! I drove her to it!"

And I told the crow I could look into the closet and not even touch her dress. And jumping up, I opened the door to prove this, then turned away quickly and yelled at the diabolical bird, "Get off that bed! She used to sit there with one foot under her. That dress in the closet is the one she wore the last night she was here! She made it herself!"

Presently I became transfixed by the cedar chest on the kitchen table. For an unmeasured time I gazed at it. The crow beat his clipped wings and climbed up to his cage, got inside and peered at me with head sunken between hunched shoulders. I sat down, thinking, thinking: "If she returns in the spring she will not want those furs." I thought of her finding them here. They had been made for the winter, to give her joy and to keep her warm. "I'm going to send them to her," I said aloud to the crow. "Wherever she has gone, I'm going to send them to her." Toward midnight, suddenly I awakened the crow with a shout: "She didn't need you where she has gone!" Something had come to me. I knew for a certainty where Rosalee had gone, and I began to shout at the crow: "I'll send it to her!" I would carry the box on my shoulder to Olive Springs. I would send it by express.

I put the box on my shoulder and, getting the homemade cage down from its hook, left Rosalee's house. The moon, in its

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last quarter, hung high in the heavens. How cold and wide the frozen river seemed! The rapids were silent as death. I listened. There was no undertone, not a murmur. But as I stood there a faint far-off wail disturbed the silence, the noise grew louder, became a roar that devastated my senses, and beyond the frozen whirlpool, beyond the motionless rapids, high above the river, streaming lights rushed across the darkness and flaming smoke turned the frozen river into a burning, sparkling ruby. The midnight had crossed the bridge and plunged beneath Black Mountain, leaving starlit loneliness. And now the stars seemed aloof, impersonal, high in the heavens, cold and small; and the river seemed a frozen torrent into which men since the beginning of time had poured their thoughts, their energies, their lives. Who knew its source, and what did it matter? A glacier moving imperceptibly toward a sea where restless waves reached up and up toward a high cold moon, only to fall back again and again.

At dawn, from the lofty granite shoulder of Black Mountain, I watched the winter world emerge from darkness. Far below me it unfolded itself—hills and valleys, black patches of woodland, trackless fields of snow. I could see the river, silent, motionless and cold, and I could see a dark speck down there—the old stone barge Rosalee had given to me.

Removing my coat from the homemade cage, I showed the clipped-wing bird the world that lay open to us—north, south, east and west. Which way should we go? "I could take you home," I told him, "but I have something else in mind." The crow, with hunched shoulders and round beady eyes, made not a sound. "You needn't be afraid of anything. Don't think for a minute I'm going to let you freeze or starve, and you needn't feel grieved that she left you behind. At the place she has gone she doesn't need you. It's in that direction." And for a time both of us gazed out across the barren country toward the south; then I showed the crow the carefully lettered directions on the wrapper of the box. "I know her a little better than anyone else has ever known her, and that's where she has gone. If I'm right, she'll return in the spring."

I had addressed the box to Rosalee, care of a convent in New Orleans.

Shouldering the chest with its precious furs and picking up the cage, I went down into the valley to the north, where, before the ice was out of the river, I was putting up two cords of wood a day, six days a week, for a farmer named Reed. Further, I had something to show for my spare moments during those long winter evenings.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

EASY COME, EASY GO

(Continued from Page 21)

of a local literary society, with her past fully buried. Chiefly, the occupation was that of a dance-hall girl; and, contrary to fiction, the life of a dance-hall girl was exactly what she cared to make it.

I have known some of the best of women and some of the worst working side by side on a dance floor, one running the gamut of life and the other as fully protected as though she had been in her snug Eastern home. It was wholly up to the woman herself to do what she pleased. If she chose to be of the lurid type, men accepted her as such; if she chose to be godly, even if the place were a dance hall, those same men acted as an impenetrable wall of protection.

During many years in some of the roughest, wildest camps of the West, I had cause to draw my gun only twice. Later in life I had occasion to shoot a repeating rifle with rather deadly effect, but that was after my professional gambling days were over. In the older times, my .38 hung year after year in its holster, undisturbed save for the times when it would be brought forth for cleaning and oiling. But it did bark once. A gamester attacked my husband with a knife, disregarding the fact that my gun hand was moving toward the holster. I shot him in his knife arm; that ended the quarrel.

The other time was during a faro game in which I was not the dealer. Luck, as I thought, had been running against me. I lost $500, then $1000. When I began on the second $1000 my eyes fastened themselves much harder on the faro box than on the play itself. There seemed something uncanny about the way I was losing. At last I thought I detected a little movement in that box and a thickness about the turn. I watched more closely—for $800 worth, in fact. Then I drew my revolver.

"If you'd done that cleverly," I said, "there wouldn't have been any kick. I could admire a clever crook, I'll admit that. But a clumsy one like yourself —— Now before I pull this trigger, you give me back my money!"

When I walked out of that gambling hall I had my $1800, but not my equanimity.

Crooks caused the death of gambling, just as crooks caused the death of the saloon. Greed, greed, always the greed to get a little more than they deserved, changed gambling into an outlawed—and properly so under the conditions—degraded business. I have seen the gamblers of the West flooding to San Marcial, New Mexico, during the session of court there that they might play against some of the ablest jurists of the country; nor was it at all unusual to note the judge himself there, playing faro or taking his chances in a game of poker in which every man was an expert.

In the Cactus Gambling Hall in El Paso I once saw a famous financier of the West lose $34,000 on what we called in those days shoot-mouth. In other words, he had brought but little money with him when he entered the place and, losing that, had begun to borrow from the game to make his bets. When he retired from the gambling hall there were no promises, no agreements, no signing of notes or writing of checks. It was an affair of honor; everybody knew that the next morning the colonel would arrive and in courtly fashion hand over to the game keeper $34,000 in bank notes in payment of his honest debts. That was in fair-and-square days.

Against that, I have seen men with their fingers sandpapered until the blood all but oozed through the skin. Card marking at that time was done by very fine indentations made with a pin or needle. The crook, as he dealt, must have fingers sensitive enough to read markings that would pass unnoticed in the ordinary man's hands; and the person who helped these men the most was the crooked saloon keeper.

When gambling was in the open it was in the main honest; there were too many shrewd men and women looking on who were only too eager to detect fraudulent methods and expose them. It was when gambling went into the rear rooms of saloons, behind closed doors and with only a few to watch, that it thrived in chicanery. Those were the days, incidentally, when the saloon-keeping participants in such divertisements would lift a drunken man from the floor and, reaching their own hands into the victim's pockets, spill his money upon the bar and shout "Come on, boys! He's just ordered drinks for the house."

If it is any consolation to prohibition forces, I can remember out of all my wanderings only four wholly and thoroughly honest and gentlemanly saloon keepers. Mike Russell of Deadwood and Wes Moyer and Harry Hines of Cheyenne were the best of these four.

I did not stay long at my first job. I never stayed long at any, in fact; there were too many other games to buck, too many

(Continued on Page 108)

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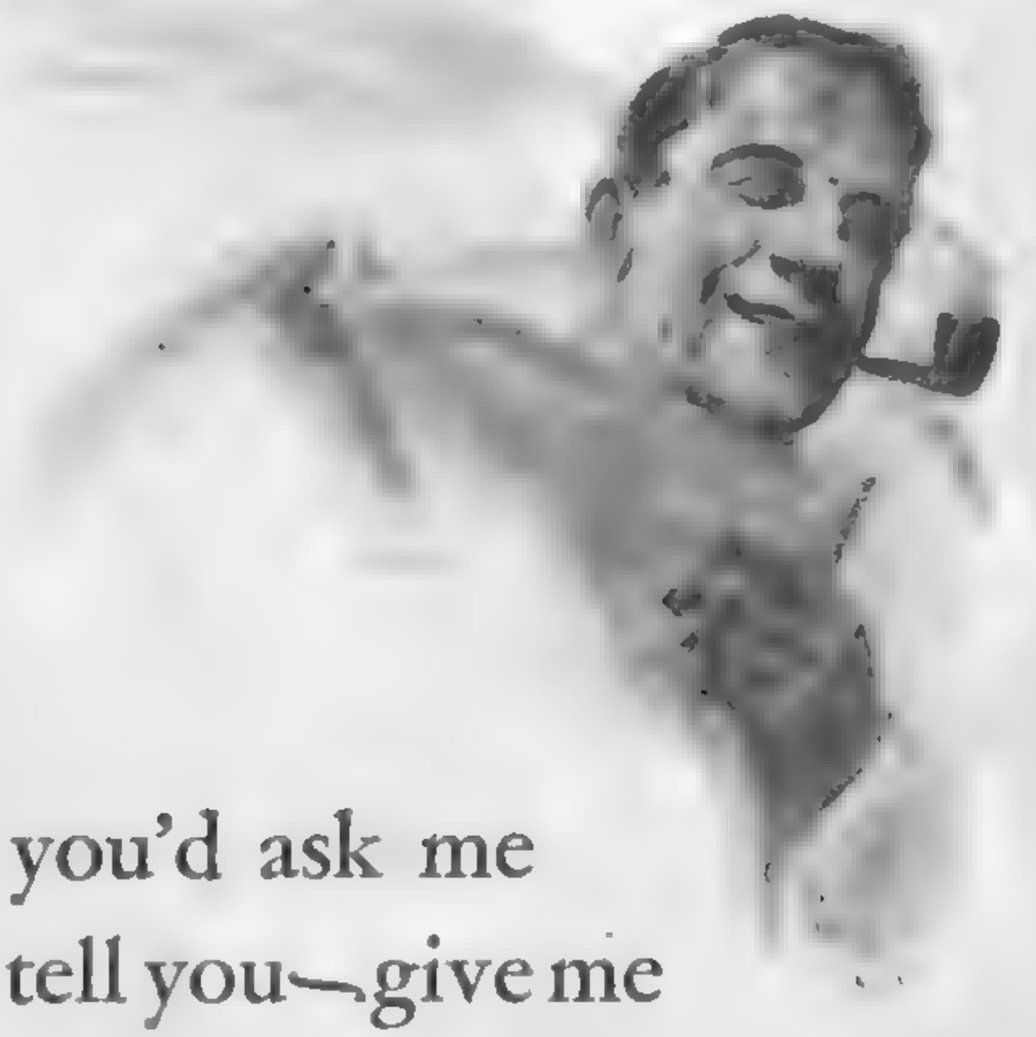

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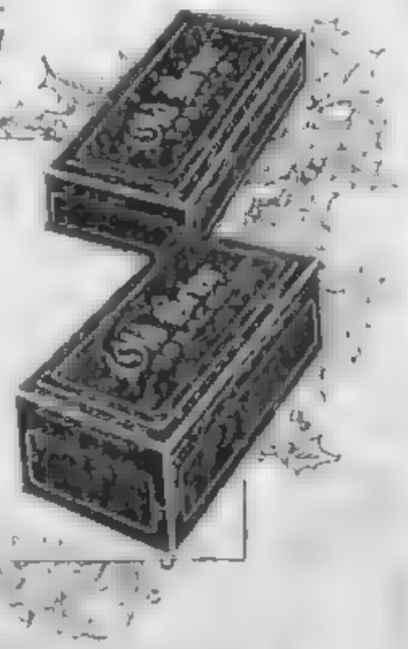

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United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER: On receipt of this coupon we will mail direct to you or anyone you name a $1 or $2 box of Old Briar Tobacco. In case you want to make more Christmas gifts send names and addresses for each gift also send your card if you want it to go with your gift

Print Name

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Send the coupon now with bills, stamps or check. Insure Old Briar's arriving in plenty of time for Christmas

TO DEALERS: *Old Briar Sizes—25c, 50c, $1 and $2—air-proof and sealed. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices. Every age of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.*

UNITED STATES TOBACCO CO., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 106)

chances for a big winning, too many camps waiting to be invaded. The life of a gambler was a life of travel, the constant excitement of something new.

I suppose I might be a member of the pioneers' society of Oklahoma if it were not for one thing. When that country opened in '89, I made the rush in there, driving alone in a buggy from Caldwell, Kansas, across the Cherokee Strip and down through the rugged territory into what is now Oklahoma. But I didn't go there to build a farm from the wilderness. There would be new towns, thousands of men with money in their pockets and but few diversions. Some of these men would be shrewd at cards and some of them would only think they were shrewd. A good harvest during the opening days of Oklahoma did not come for two years—except for persons like myself. Our harvest came at once; we had gone there to gamble.

A Magic City

Such was the life—wandering, always wandering, with ever a new camp beckoning, with rumors of great gold calling us first to one place, then another. Then, too, there was always the splurge which followed a big winning; it had come easily and it went far more easily. I never really computed how much in winnings passed through my hands in the quarter century or more in which I made my living by cards alone; I don't think that $250,000 would be excessive. A little of it stuck in passing; most of it went—well, the four winds, they say, blow to far places.

Of all the towns, however, that lured the gambler, I believe Creede was the greatest. An atmosphere was present in that town which to my mind has never been equaled save by the excitement of the Oklahoma rush, in which cities grew overnight and a place like Oklahoma City, only a station on the Santa Fe Railroad in the morning, was by midnight of the same day a complete little city, with portable houses set up on lots which had been claimed by the boomers, with a government under way, and stores, speak-easies and gambling halls running as though they had been in operation for weeks.

Creede was like that—a town which came into being so swiftly that the transition seemed next to impossible. Perhaps I was impressed more forcibly because I had arrived at its beginning, when, as I mentioned, I formed the eighth person in the place. Night and day, day and night, it grew, and by night and day it blared and blustered and celebrated. Keys were never turned in the locks; there were few locks for a key to enter. Gambling tables were set up in the streets; the crowds in the halls were so great as to impede play there.

Almost as if by magic, a railroad made its way into the canyon, to disgorge with its first train a horde of metal-mad enthusiasts who had brought both money and a desire to spend it. A part of that store went for mining claims. The town had gained, as though by magic, innumerable prospectors, each with his little sack of samples and his stories of hidden wealth extending for a radius of miles. For each claim, it seemed, there was an immediate purchaser—and some of those buyers never even saw the mountain in which their bonanzas were supposed to lie.

A mining camp in its flush days is hysteria personified. Something for nothing—that seems to be the general belief; and because of that hallucination, men will endure hardships, bad living conditions and discomforts in perfect happiness, chancing a life's savings without a thought, when, under other conditions, they would devote weeks of study before investing a tenth of the sum. Creede was the epitome of such camps.

In those days it was not at all unusual to see two strangers meet, converse for perhaps a half hour, and then, without a scratch of a pen or the exchange of a single credential, transact a business deal running into thousands of dollars. Creede itself wasn't enough as a camp: there grew into being, high on the mountains above it, a rival city, called Bachelor, where hammers clanged by night and day and life ran ceaselessly at a most turbulent pitch. Gambling halls were there, too, and a paying mine. I dealt faro and played poker in Bachelor when the predictions were common that this town would outrival Creede, and for that matter form the great metropolis of Southern Colorado. There would be smelters and a railroad running over the top of the mountains, great buildings and wide streets.

A Temporary Shelter

I met a friend not long since who had been to both Creede and Bachelor. There was no main street any more in the latter town; only a collection of tumble-down buildings with the roofs fallen in, the walls awry and the wooden sidewalks rotted back to the earth. The gambling halls where I worked, and where a play of $25,000 or $30,000 in a night was not at all unusual, are merely piles of rotten boards now.

In all the town during my friend's visit, only one spiral of smoke came from a chimney and that was not due to a permanent

The Main Street of Bachelor, Colorado, as It Now is—Only a Mass of Wreckage. Forty Years Ago Poker Alice Dealt Faro Where Now is Only Solitude, and Watched Thousands of Dollars Cross the Table Nightly

resident. A sheep herd was passing through on the way to higher country and a summer's grazing. The herd crew had selected one house of the town which seemed habitable and decided to pass the night there. As for Creede, there had not been even a restaurant open at 8:30 o'clock at night; only a few street lights glimmering and perhaps a dozen men on the street. And this was the town where there once had been no night whatever and where the trains, arriving as fast as the motive power would permit, carried such crowds that men even rode on the tops of the passenger cars!

When the term "gambling hall" is mentioned, it all too often brings the picture of a garish place, beautifully furnished perhaps according to the ideas of Monte Carlo or the establishments which once existed in New York. The frontier gambling hall was of a far different order. In the first place, the need for haste was too great for any time to be wasted upon furnishings. Then, too, the gambling hall of the frontier mining camp almost invariably grew before the railroad, with the result that it often was of logs, with a sawed floor for dancing, a bar at one side and the games placed where there could be the best light and the most opportunity to play. Dealers worked in shifts; from noon until six, six until twelve, and then the graveyard shift from twelve at night until six o'clock in the morning to accommodate those to whom gambling was more important than sleep. Of course there were halls which varied these hours, but they existed in the main. I liked best the shift which ran from noon until six in the evening. It gave me the rest of the night free to buck the game of somebody else.

It was after one of these sessions one night that I was returning to my little log cabin in Creede when suddenly, from both sides of me, shots began to spurt in the semidarkness of the little town. Vaguely I saw a man behind a woodpile and another opposite, each with a revolver and each pulling the trigger with intent to kill. I did the natural thing—I made for the first and nearest saloon, since saloons were about the most plentiful of business houses in the town. Steve Scribner's place was handiest, and while Steve tried to push the door closed to lock it I pushed as enthusiastically to get in, while the shooting went on behind me.

"Let me in!" I shouted. "It's only Poker Alice!"

The Downfall of Winnings

There was nothing else, incidentally, for Scribner to do; I was jammed in the door by this time. Wilder and wilder the shooting became, suddenly to cease that the noise of exploding cartridges might give way to heightened wailing.

"I'm a son of a gun!" said Steve Scribner, beside me in the darkness. "Is that one of those fellows who's just been shooting to kill? He's bawling like a baby!"

The sound grew louder, accompanied by words:

"Don't shoot any more! Don't shoot any more! You've knocked both my thumbs off!"

Then the battle, which had been intended a moment before as a struggle unto death, became quickly an affair of humor.

"Listen to the big baby cry!" shouted the man who had shot off his assailant's thumbs.

"Oh, what a baby!" echoed the spectators, flooding now from behind barricades and hastily selected spots of protection. With that, a howling man, mourning the loss of two thumbs, found himself the owner of a new name. He was Baby Joe, and Baby he remained as long as I can remember. Names came easily in the old days. I, for instance, was not always Poker Alice.

New York was the incessant downfall of my every big winning. Perhaps it was my beginnings and the call of civilization; whenever luck hovered beside me during a heavy play at poker or faro, resulting in the winning of several thousand dollars, the stages and trains could not run fast enough to get me to New York. There, fascinated by the sights of civilization, the stores, the theaters, the cafés, I would remain until my winnings were gone before returning to the mining camps. One thing would always accompany me on the return, however, and that was a new wardrobe.

On one occasion I had brought back a new corduroy suit to the little camp of Clifton, Arizona. On the first night of my return I wore it and it seemed that I couldn't lose.

"I'm glad you didn't buy two of those corduroy suits," said a miner as I took a third consecutive pot. "You'd have broken everybody in the gulch!"

With that I became Corduroy Tubbs, and Corduroy I remained until my passion for poker brought me a new and more appropriate name.

A Short Session, But Gay

The shooting of Baby Joe was not the only one I saw in Creede—or in other mining camps, for that matter. However, they had little effect on me. I was living a man's life, playing a man's game in a man's way, and I suppose I looked at things like a man. Besides, there was a certain lightness with which human life was regarded. The ties of civilization had been cut, existence was running largely upon a new order and a different deal. It was the fashion to wear one's life upon one's sleeve, and, say what one will, the mental attitude of a person counts for a great deal. The other day, for instance, I lent a friend $100 to send his wife to the hospital that she might add an heir to the family. As I did so I could not help reflecting upon the change in viewpoint; my son was born on a ranch twenty-five miles from a town and without a doctor. The experience was not a harrowing one; I knew a physician was impossible and that ended the matter.

So was it in the mining camps: old things and old customs had been abandoned; new and rougher ones had taken their place, lending a certain cynicism and fatalism to life which were typical of these places alone. One day in Creede I received an invitation to a funeral. It was just that—an invitation, with hints of a grand time to be had by all, following the wishes and provisions made for this affair by the host, who was also the late lamented. A gambler had died; it was his last wish that he should make his parting in the same way that he had lived—a short session, but a gay one.

In the afternoon the entire gambling fraternity, led by the departed gambler himself—with Soapy Smith acting as what might be called the toastmaster—repaired to the cemetery on top of the hill above Creede. There were laughter and joking, the passing of food and refreshments, and finally the popping of champagne corks. Soapy Smith raised his glass. We drank a toast to a lately departed friend. A box was lowered into the ground and we went back to our various occupations of attempting to take money away from somebody else—that others might take it from us. A short life and a gay one—that seemed to be the rule, so why not follow it?

We did just that. Nobody knew when a harsh word, raised in the excitement of a gambling game, might bring the crackle of shots, and a gaming place was crowded; there was always as good a chance for a spectator to be hit as a participant. Perhaps the knowledge that time was exceedingly fleeting gave to us a certain camaraderie and a generosity which we otherwise might not have entertained. If I had today the money that I have passed out during my lifetime as I turned from lucky sessions at poker or faro, I would be rich. But I'm just as glad I haven't it; there would have been in its place the memory of empty hands and gaunt faces to haunt me.

They were always present, those outstretched hands, those expectant countenances, when a lucky player turned to leave—the hands and features of those who

(Continued on Page 113)

Old Briar
TOBACCO
"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

Madam
the right tobacco means so much to him —give *him* Old Briar

GIVE him Old Briar Tobacco and you will give him more real enjoyment and contentment than he has ever gotten out of his pipe before. This Christmas many thousands of women will get almost as much pleasure from their gifts of Old Briar Tobacco as the men get themselves...When you see his enjoyment, when you, yourself, enjoy the fragrance of the smoke, when he tells you, as he will, that you've given him the best pipe tobacco he's ever smoked, your thoughtfulness will be more than repaid.

It has been the life work of experts, with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending tobaccos, that has produced Old Briar. Generations of tobacco culture have gone into its perfection. Its natural leaf—flavory, cool and slow-burning—has been developed and blended—and step by step perfected into the most satisfying tobacco ever made.

Give him Old Briar Tobacco this Christmas. His appreciation will be whole-hearted and sincere. The friendly fragrance of your gift and its good cheer will be enjoyed by him every day.

Of all the Pleasures Man Enjoys Pipe Smoking Costs the Least

IF THE NEAREST CIGAR STORE OR TOBACCONIST DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

Tear out this coupon and mail to: United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER: On receipt of this coupon we will mail direct to ____ or anyone you name a $1 or $2 box of Old Briar Tobacco. In case you want to make more Christmas gifts send names and addresses for each gift—also send your card if you want it to go with your gift.

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Send the coupon now with bills, stamps or check. Insure Old Briar's arriving in plenty of time for Christmas.

TO DEALERS: *Old Briar Sizes—25c, 50c, $1 and $2—air-proof and sealed. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply prepaid by Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices. Every size of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.*

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA.

THE FORDSON

OVER six hundred thousand Fordson power units . . . more than twelve million horsepower . . . are at work throughout the world. In almost every industry the Fordson is playing its part, in one way or another, in speeding up production and in reducing costs.

. . . pulling great loads . . . not only pulling them, but loading their own trailers . . . digging . . . and back-filling. Pumping water . . . compressing air . . . running rock crushers . . . and laundries. Hauling logs . . . and shifting scenery in a theater.

The Fordson maintains roads . . . thousands of miles of roads . . . bucking its way through drifted snows . . . or scarifying . . . or grading . . . or rolling.

Towns and villages . . . throughout America . . . own Fordsons. Counties have fleets of them. States have *several* fleets. For road work alone. Road maintenance costs are but a fraction of what they used to be with animal power and hand labor.

Cities sweep and wash their streets with Fordson power . . . it's cheaper than the old way . . . and more effective.

The Fordson is quickly adaptable to a wide variety of work . . . any sort of work that requires power . . . and, in most cases, may be expected to do *several operations* instead of only one. It is characteristically simple in construction and operation . . . and has the same rugged dependability for which Ford motor products have always been known.

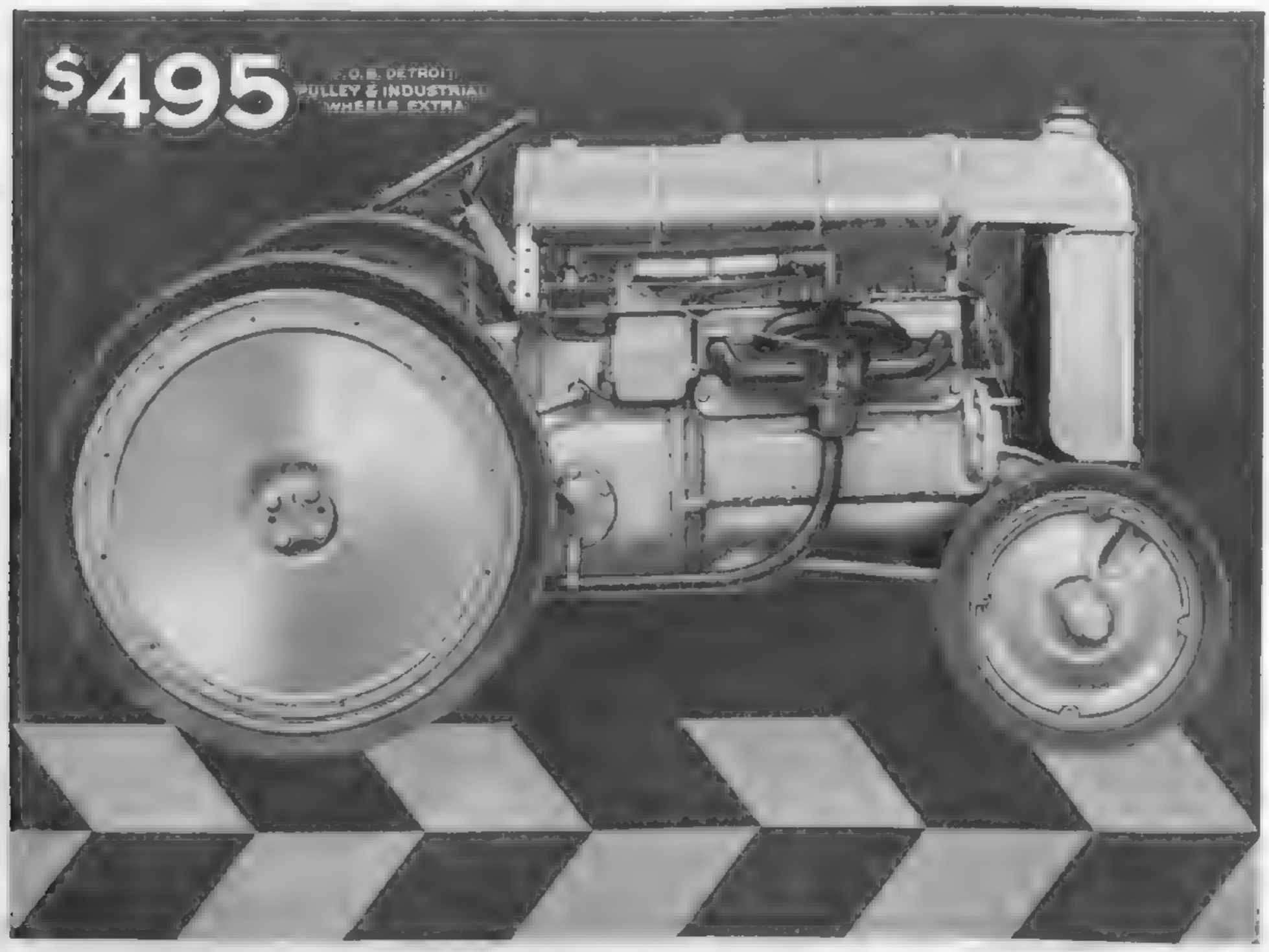
In first cost . . . and in the costs of operation and maintenance . . . the Fordson occupies a unique place in the tractor world. Fordson service and genuine Fordson parts are available wherever Ford cars and Ford trucks are sold.

Somewhere, in every industry, there is a place for the Fordson. The road builders have found it . . . and made it pay.

. . . so have manufacturers, farmers, contractors, oil companies, mines, railroads, lumber and timber companies, golf clubs, warehouses, storage and transfer companies . . . our engineering department has the figures on most of these savings.

Wherever men or animals pull, push, lift or carry . . . or wherever stationary power may be replaced by portable power . . . there is a place where the Fordson will save time and money.

Somewhere in your work there's a place for the Fordson . . . let us help you search it out and demonstrate it to you. Simply write us, describing the operation to which you believe Fordson power could be applied.



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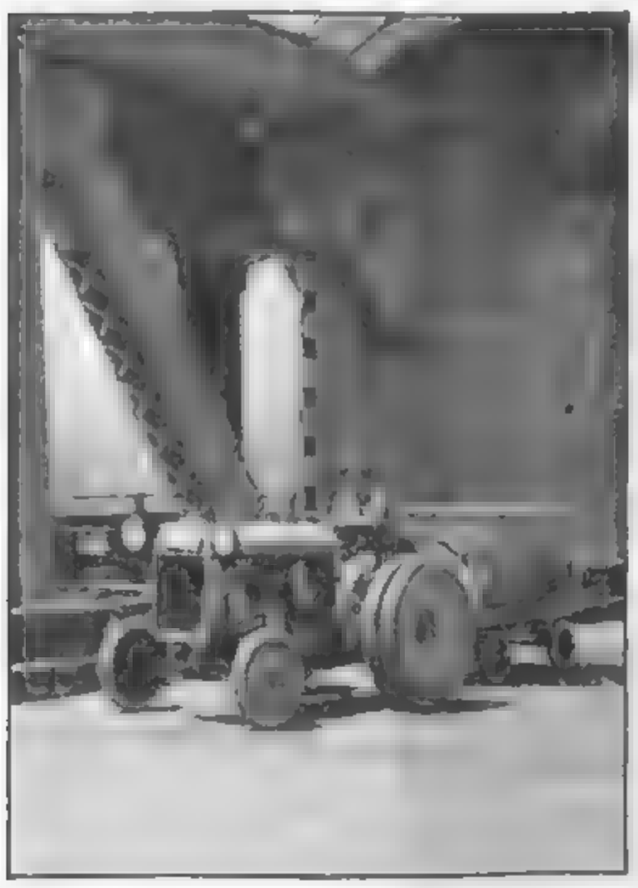

The huge Delaware River Bridge is kept spotlessly clean by three Fordsons

The D. T. and I. Railroad coals its locomotives with Fordson-powered shovels

The City of New York uses the Fordson for quick, economical snow removal

Paying for power

INDUSTRY pays for power . . . whether it gets it or not. The entire system of wages, of distribution and of retail prices . . . either for products or services . . . is based on a scheme of high production and wide markets.

Wages are such that hand labor can no longer earn the amount it is paid . . . for the modern wage scale is based on the earning ability of a workman with *power* at his disposal.

Distribution of merchandise . . . or the amount of territory that can be covered by an industrial service is based on new and rapid transportation facilities. Without these the markets are limited and the distribution slow.

Retail prices . . . either for manufactured products or industrial services . . . are based on the prices set by those who have lowered their production costs and are ready to meet any competition.

So the *under-powered* industry . . . with its slow, expensive production methods . . . is *paying for power* out of its profit account.

Perhaps, in your own business, there is a place where men are pulling, lifting or carrying. Perhaps you have already felt that their wages were more than the work was actually worth. Or, perhaps, as is too often the case, you have taken them for granted . . . high wages and all.

In most cases of that sort there is a power method . . . a Fordson method . . . of reducing those costs and of speeding up production.

If there is a place for the Fordson in your business . . . if there is a place where modern power methods of production and handling will save you money . . . you are paying for the Fordson without having it.

. . . and Fordson power has been found successful in almost every phase of industrial work . . . with over two million Fordson horsepower devoted to industry alone!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

BOSCH RADIO

NOBATTRY

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The Bosch "Nobattry A" in one investment frees you from all A power annoyances. Here is a self contained, compact unit, with no water or acids to add, no trickle charger to inspect, no gases or fumes and no noise. Simply connect the "Nobattry A" to your radio receiver, without wiring changes of any kind, insert the light socket plug and find a new enjoyment in radio. Designed to the tentative requirements of the Fire Underwriters' Bureau, the Bosch "Nobattry A" is safe to own and safe to operate. It is an investment for a period of years. Price $58.00

The Bosch "Nobattry B" will give a new standard of performance to your radio receiver. Outstanding in its power, the "Nobattry B" will deliver 150 to 250 volts of B current, just as you desire. This is an item of importance in your purchase. A simple control permits a fine adjustment of voltage to insure best reception. There are no liquids to add, moving parts to wear or filaments to burn out. Designed to meet the requirements of the Fire Underwriters' Bureau, the "Nobattry B" is safe to buy and use. It is an ideal B power source for AC tube receivers, as well as battery-type sets. Price $42.00

AMBOTONE REPRODUCER

The new Bosch Ambotone Reproducer is a distinct achievement in improved radio reproduction. The balanced armature responds to the high frequency notes as well as to those deep bass tones so necessary to full reproduction of music. There is a noticeable freedom from resonance, undesirable harmonics are eliminated and greater volume is assured. Beautiful in appearance with its colorful design and finish, the Bosch Ambotone pleases both the eye and ear. Price $25.00. There are eight models of Bosch Radio Receivers in six and seven tube types, of both battery and socket power operation, designed to fit any home or pocketbook. See and hear Bosch Radio before buying any radio. There is a Bosch Radio dealer near you—we will give you his name and address if you wish. All prices slightly higher in Canada.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Branches: NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 109)

had bucked the tiger and found that animal invincible. We had a rule in those days—perhaps a dollar, perhaps five; we would dole it out like a person dispensing tips in a foreign hotel. Superstition played its part, too; we might not be lucky next time if we forgot an unfortunate.

And of those who were generous, there was no one more sympathetic than this same Soapy Smith, about whom tradition has built in Alaska a reputation for hard-heartedness. I've known many bad men in my time, killers and murderers and robbers, and I've come to the conclusion that no man can be diagnosed by his surface conditions or what tradition may have to say of him. A cold-blooded murderer, without the slightest feeling of decency, may be extolled because he did one theatrically humane act; by the same token, a man who shot only when he was forced to it may be called a murderer, when he was at heart a gentleman.

Which brings me again to Soapy Smith. In Creede, he was a humorous, kindly, generous fellow who never refused a plea for help and was ever ready to aid an unfortunate. In Alaska, they'll tell you that he was a bad man. Queer, isn't it? The same was true with a much more notorious man, Bob Ford, heralded throughout the world as the slayer of Jesse James.

It fell to my fortune to become a faro dealer in Bob Ford's place when at last, some time following the killing of Jesse James, he came to Creede. I had met Frank James during one of his periods of hiding in Texas and found him to be the opposite of what I had pictured—a tall, quiet, thoughtful-appearing person with apparently much more attachment for literature than for robbing banks. Bob Ford I found to be an unobtrusive, commonplace person of the down-Missouri type, and with none of the heralded mock bravado which he is said to have assumed after the killing of the Missouri bandit leader. More than that, to me at least, he denied that he was the slayer he was charged with being.

I often talked to him about Jesse's death. Why, I do not know, unless it was that Bob Ford seemed as anxious to confide in someone as I was anxious to have him talk. His plaint was always that he did not fire the shot which killed Jesse James, and that it was not even his plot thus to remove the bandit leader.

On a Popular Pedestal

"It was Charlie's idea," he would tell me. Charlie was his brother, who, some time following the murder, committed suicide. "As for myself, I was always afraid of Jesse. I was afraid of him when he and his gang used to come to our house in Missouri; and if I ever had aimed a gun at him, I would have trembled so I could not have hit him. But Charlie was different, and he is the one who fired the shot. Of course, I was in on the killing—I was there, and I knew that it was going to happen. But Charlie is the one who did the actual shooting—I didn't have the courage."

Perhaps if Bob Ford had taken a few other persons into his confidence he might not have been killed by Kelly, or O'Kelly—the slayer was known by both names—as he crossed his gambling hall that afternoon in Creede.

Bob Ford, if he had not been known as the slayer of Jesse James would not have created the slightest ripple in the West. He was of the inconspicuous type, neither prepossessing nor overpowering in appearance; he would have been merely one of the crowd. But the notoriety of his alleged deed made him stand forth, and made others wish to stand forth upon what they believed would be a pedestal erected to the avenger of a bandit about whom tradition and controversy had built up a sort of halo. Jesse James was as much of a hero to many as he was a vicious character to others. I know at least one man who celebrated himself into a terrific headache when Bob Ford was killed.

Kelly wanted notoriety. A cub reporter came to Creede to write up the town. One of the persons he met was Kelly, and one of the things Kelly told him was that he intended to kill Bob Ford. The reporter, being a faithful soul, sent in the prediction and it was printed. There was nothing for Kelly to do then but to make good on his promise and do it quickly—before Bob Ford could read the paper.

I had just gone off shift and was standing near the bar. Bob Ford was there also, drinking. From the rear of the establishment, Ford's wife summoned him and he turned to answer, halting in the middle of the dance floor as someone shouted his name from the doorway. He half turned to see who was there. A terrific report sounded from a shotgun and Bob Ford dropped to the floor with his head almost torn from his neck by a charge of buckshot fired by the killer Kelly. I had often wondered whether it would have happened if Bob Ford had announced publicly what he told me in private. Perhaps Kelly would not have felt so much pride in shooting a man who had confessed to being afraid to pull a trigger.

When Fire Engines Fed the Flames

A perfectly natural cause, and, as it happened in those days, an inevitable one, sent me at last from Creede. It burned to the ground—a proceeding which could be counted upon in early-day mining camps with almost as much certainty as the seasons. A mining camp possessed, as a rule, two periods of history—before the big fire and afterward—and Creede was no different from the rest.

There was a logical reason for these fires, and experience changed the conditions not a whit. The rush to a new diggings was a mad affair; persons were concerned with one thing and one alone—that of making money quickly and then departing. No one had any idea of permanency. It may be a beautiful sentiment to think of the pioneer building for the future, but that romantic phase was largely lacking in the mining camps. They who came to a new camp wanted sudden wealth, and the more sudden the better, with no other thought than to get it and go back where conditions were more livable that they might enjoy it.

Hence the matter of civic betterment in the rush days was an ingredient wholly lacking. Cabins were erected upon the most accessible places; if four or five of them abutted to form a fire trap, little thought was given the fact. The occupants would have their millions and be gone before the eventuality occurred. So it was in Creede—wooden sidewalks; wooden, unpainted buildings; trash and rubbish in piles existed throughout the entire bottle shape of the town. The fire started in the neck of the bottle—quite an appropriate place for the Creede of those days—and spread as only a fire could travel in such a thoroughly inflammable place. There was an ironical aspect to it. Creede had reached the place where it saw itself as a metropolis of the future. Fire apparatus had been ordered and that day received, standing red and resplendent upon the depot platform. That burned too!

The lure of the wandering life came back after that. Other camps beckoned, among them Deadwood and Lead, in the heart of the last frontier of America's various mining rushes, the Black Hills. I went there, to find old acquaintances. Others had gravitated here also—Calamity Jane, for instance, whom I had seen at old Fort Fetterman, now selling post-card pictures of herself from door to door in an effort to gain enough by which to live. There was another well-known character there who would take a stranger into a back room and with a deck of cards show the stranger almost inconceivable feats of manipulation, thereby promoting a partnership by which he announced that he could win all the money in all the world.

But when he got into a game, with the sharp eyes of professional gamblers upon

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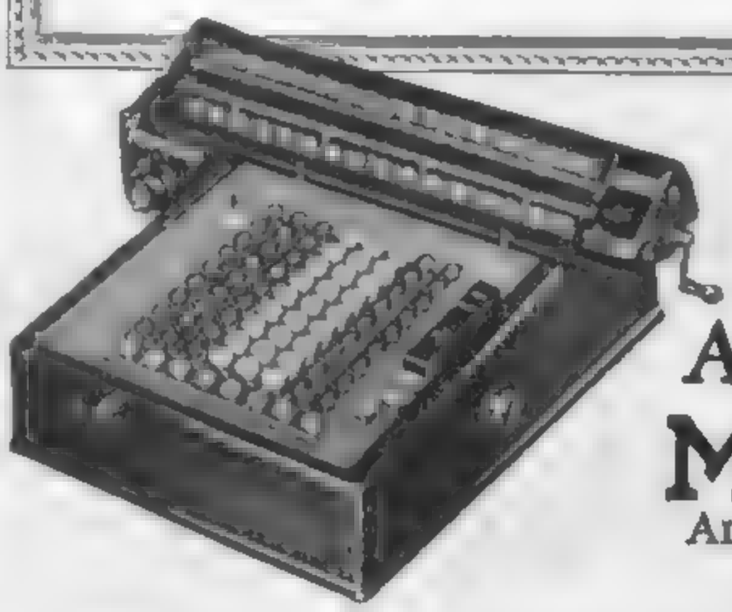
You can see it right in your own office



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This newest Monroe will handle all your figure work without the necessity of pre-setting any levers. The dials are automatic—regardless of whether the problem is multiplication, division, addition or subtraction, the answer automatically appears in one of the dials.

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Please let me see the new All-Purpose Monroe.
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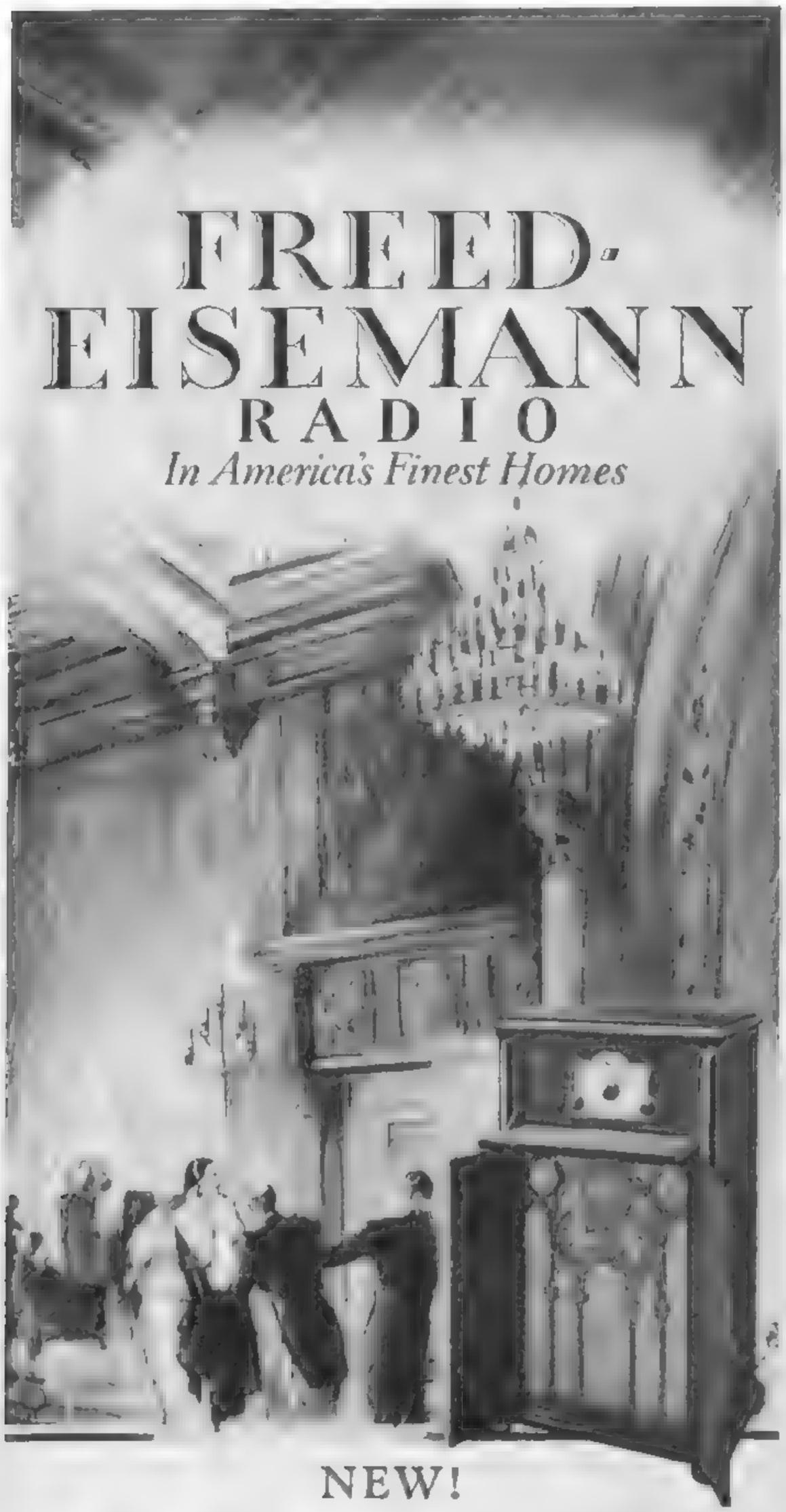

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In addition to quality radio apparatus, Freed-Eisemann acoustical engineers have developed a new device which will convert your old phonograph into the new phonic type. Simply replace old mica sound box with new Freed-Eisemann reproducer. The results will amaze you. Fits any make. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your check or money order and his name. Price $7.50

him, the courage necessary to that crooked skill wilted and he became only an honest, frightened, exceedingly bad player who lost his stacks of chips almost as soon as they were set before him. Which again proves my contention that open gambling was honest, because it was forced to be honest. More than that, it created a sentiment of honesty. The sharpers knew that they were watched and were afraid to try their tricks; only by the connivance of others could a shady thing be done, and then it was usually perpetrated as a joke.

My one excursion into double-dealing, however, was rather profitable. In the Black Hills district was a man who gambled incessantly and had only one view of the matter when he lost—the game was crooked, and he announced it. But if he won, the game was straight and square. It got on my nerves.

"I've a notion to run in a cold deck on him some of these times," I told a fellow player one day. "I ought to—to teach him a lesson."

Shortly after that the man came into a poker game. I never saw such luck. Every time he played, it seemed, I was his opponent, and the loser. By actual count, he beat twenty-seven sets of threes without me ever winning a hand. If I held three kings, then he would have three aces; and if I drew the three highest cards in the deck, he would have a small straight to beat it.

"I've got into a square game at last," he exulted over his pile of chips. I bit my cigar.

"You'll think it's the crookedest one you ever sat in before I get through with you," I answered. Shortly afterward, I excused myself from a hand, and in a back room fixed up a cold deck. Then I returned and at my deal switched the cards, fetching the player on my right a kick in warning not to cut.

"Let 'em ride!" he said, as he rubbed his bruised shins.

A Gambler's Clairvoyance

I dealt the hand and passed my opponent a pat flush. I took a full house for myself. The betting began, with my victim pushing forth the chips by the stack; he had won every hand he had played against me. I matched his every bet and forced a call, taking a profit on the night of some $900.

"Well, Sam," I asked as I mouthed my cigar, "was that pot crooked?"

"No, Poker," he answered; "I guess you've got a right to win a hand once in a while."

So I kept the money, nor was I ever able to convince him that the play had not been wholly natural and honest!

For that matter, it was not necessary to be crooked in the old days. Unless a person met with an unprecedented run of luck, the chances were all in favor of the professional gambler. It was his business; he knew every card in the deck; he knew the possible discards, the chances to draw a certain needed pasteboard, the chances against it. He could tell by the betting and by a person's mannerisms the approximate value of the hand he held; he was a professional, just as a baseball player or prize fighter is a professional, and excelled in greater or lesser degree according to the measure of his capabilities.

One night in Deadwood I felt the urge of luck and the stronger urge of gambling. I bucked the game with disastrous results to my own money. Then I took my husband's money and gambled that too. The result was the same. Broke, flat broke, I looked about for a new stake, and thought of Mike Russell, a pioneer saloon keeper of Deadwood.

Women were not allowed in Russell's place of business; only one was ever to break the rule—Calamity Jane—and that only because she dressed like a man and acted so like a man that the rule against femininity hardly held for her. I went to Mike's billiard parlor, as he was pleased to call it, and motioned him out.

Advice from an Old Hand

"Will you lend me $100?" I pleaded. "I'll give it back to you in the morning."

The money was forthcoming and I hurried away, knowing full well that unless I won, there was about as much chance of me having that $100 for Mike in the morning as for a Hottentot to deal faro bank. Back to the game I went—and once more ended broke!

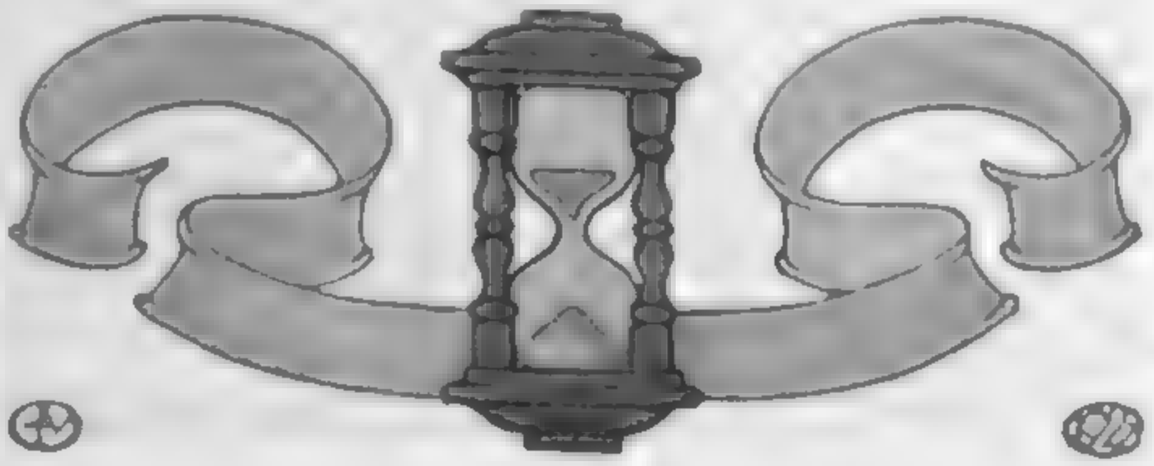
We walked home, my husband and myself, wondering what we could do. The lack of breakfast in the morning didn't worry us, but the $100 did. The next day I awoke with a great idea. I opened our trunks and took from them our entire wardrobe. There was no pawnshop in Lead, where we lived, but there was a secondhand store that would advance money and hold the articles for thirty days. I hurried there with dresses, suits, hats, shoes—everything we had—and pledged them for $250. When Mike Russell arrived at his billiard parlor in Deadwood, there was I awaiting him, calm and chipper, to pay him the $100 I had promised. Then with that remaining $150 I went back to the game, found that my luck had changed during the night, ran that $150 up to $3400, rescued the wardrobe, took another splurging trip East and ended again—broke! It was a great life.

The past tense has more than ordinary significance in that last sentence. That life is gone now—given place to connivance, crooked mechanisms, gadgets, gas, controls, signals, markings and the thousand and one methods by which greed must operate to get money quickly and money alone.

There was a something more than the actual money in the old days. A gambling house ran from year to year, piling up profits on small percentages and many of them, not upon the chance of a killing in some foul-smelling back room. Perhaps the best illustration that I can give of the change in times and methods is faro, which, when properly played, is the squarest game in the world. The percentage for the house is almost negligible; if ever there was a fifty-fifty break on a game of chance, it is upon this. But someone discovered that by putting a mechanical contrivance into the box from which the game is dealt the cards could be controlled, and faro now is looked upon as the most savage, crooked game in existence.

Such things as that take the heart out of an old gambler. It is still good to play, still a thrill to look at the faces about a table and to know that you are matching your brains against those of men with whom card playing is a passion. But I want those men, in these new and hectic days, to be ones with years of friendship behind them. Otherwise I obey the signs in the Pullman cars:

Don't Play Cards With Strangers.



ATTRACT NEW CUSTOMERS . . . That is one of the big purposes of your direct-advertising.

Every day mailing pieces go forth to *attract* new customers for thousands of products. Each of your prospects has only just so much time. Some of the mailings he receives will *attract* his attention and sell him goods. Others will be less fortunate.

So it becomes apparent that before your direct-advertising can *attract* new customers, it must be capable of *attracting* attention.

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You can help by printing them on Expressive Strathmore Papers. Strathmore Papers are *different* from ordinary printing papers. So interesting, so arresting are the colors, the textures and the surfaces of Strathmore Papers that they help get attention for your direct-advertising. And you can get inexpensive Strathmore Papers for all of your Everyday jobs as well as better Strathmore Papers for the finest printing.

There are Strathmore Cover papers for your catalog or booklet covers, for your display cards and other advertisements. Strathmore Book and Japan papers for your folders, booklets, broadsides and envelope enclosures. Strathmore Bond and Writing papers for your letters, envelopes, billheads and office forms.

All Strathmore Papers are sampled and listed according to price and purpose in the new Strathmore Handbook. Your printer will be glad to show you this helpful book and to make "dummies" of Strathmore Papers for your next mailing.

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The DISTINGUISHED GROUP *Very finest papers* For Distinguished Printing	Artlaid Charcoal . . Cockatoo Grandee Old Stratford Parchment Cover Strathmore D. E. Narrow	American Japan Parchment Artlaid . . Charcoal . . Cockatoo Grandee . . Old Stratford Book Strathmore Japan Strathmore D. E. Narrow	Strathmore Deed Strathmore Onion Skin Strathmore Parchment Strathmore Script Woronoco Bond	Artists' Papers Blue Print Papers Bristol Boards Detail and Drawing Papers Diploma Parchment Drawing Boards Greeting Card Specialties Jewelers' Bristols Lamp Shade Papers Manuscript Covers Papeterie Papers Patent Office and Illustrating Boards Special Finishes Steel Plate for Photogravure Strathmore Stationery for Men Tag Parchment Typewriter Papers Wedding Papers
The PRESTIGE GROUP *Medium price papers* For Prestige Printing	Alexandra D. E. Narrow Alexandra Japan Cloth Center Cover Munsell . . Old Cloister Covers Rhododendron Cover	Alexandra Book Alexandra D. E. Narrow Alexandra Japan Rhododendron Box Cover	Alexandra Brilliant Alexis Bond Snowdrift Telanian Extra Super Woronoco Damask	
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The DECORATIVE GROUP *Papers of wide price range* For Decorative Printing	Aladdin Cover Araby Cover Bannockburn Cover Fanfare . . Strathlaid Parquetry Cover	Aladdin Box Cover Araby Box Cover Fanfare Parquetry Cover Strathlaid		

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Expressive Strathmore Papers

Write Now For This Free Book

EVERY dog owner should read Dr. H. Clay Glover's famous book, "Your Dog". Gives scientific home treatments for the prevention and remedy of all common dog ailments. Gives details on proper feeding. Sent free if you write to H Clay Glover Co., Inc., Dept. P., 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

If Dogs Could Really Speak

then every dog owner would know these facts

MOST dogs look healthy. Yet practically all dogs at all ages suffer from worms. These intestinal parasites weaken a dog's health and spoil his appearance and disposition. They cause untold suffering. Often they lead to fits, distemper and other fatal diseases. No dog is immune.

Don't *guess* that your dog is free from worms—make sure! Give him Glover's Worm Capsules or the liquid, Glover's Vermifuge. Used and endorsed by leading dog fanciers and breeders and by dog lovers everywhere. All puppies should be treated monthly and older dogs regularly four times a year. Easy to give and entirely safe.

Sold by Drug Stores, Pet Shops and Kennels

The cruelest and most dangerous thing to do to a dog is to give him a medicine of questionable quality. Insist upon Glover's Imperial Dog Medicines. All are tested prescriptions, proclaimed by foremost specialists as the highest standards of safety and efficacy. Below are listed those few which are most often needed in the home that has a dog.

GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
DOG MEDICINES

Glover's Worm Capsules	65c
Glover's Vermifuge	65c
Glover's Distemper Medicine	$1.25
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Glover's Condition Pills	65c
Glover's Digestive Pills	65c
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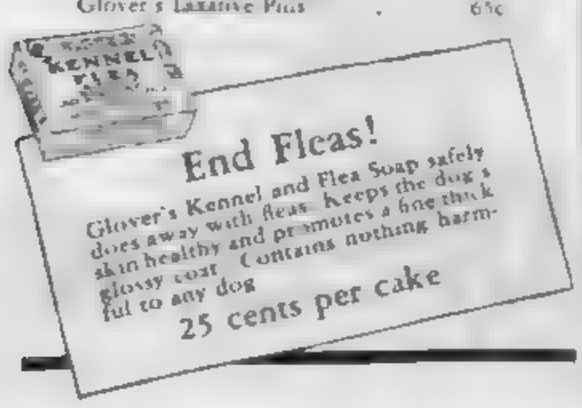
KENNEL
End Fleas!
Glover's Kennel and Flea Soap safely does away with fleas, keeps the dog's skin healthy and promotes a fine thick glossy coat. Contains nothing harmful to any dog
25 cents per cake

SINCE THE BEANS WERE SPILLED

(Continued from Page 15

a hundred to one, and win, that no money will be spent thus whereof the record can be traced to any candidate for the nomination—not a cent. We have entered upon a new era of campaigning. All candidates are coming clean to the bar of the national convention. It may be that there will be an occasional supporter, promoter, manager or agent who will be a bit soiled, but not the candidates themselves. They will all be immaculate. Caution and cleanliness is their aggregate motto. Nothing personal in the way of outlay, you understand.

As I am trying to make clear in this philosophical résumé of our presidential politics since the notable bean-spilling on that otherwise uneventful day at Rapid City, there was considerable restraint among those who had their own ideas as to the proper person to take the place of the President as standard bearer in 1928, but no restraint at all among those who discuss such matters. Names were freely mentioned, lists made, suitabilities canvassed. That was all right for the discussers, but it was wearing on those discussed.

Four Logical Solutions

These had to be wary. In the first place, they must be certain whether they would eventually be faced with an importunate and, it might be, irresistible demand from the Republican Party and its delegates in convention assembled that President Coolidge must recant and take the nomination, in which case they would find themselves pushed farther out on four impossible political limbs than any four aspiring statesmen ever were pushed before; and, in the second place, each had a natural and a cautious desire to note what the others were going to do.

The public reaction was automatic. Mr. Coolidge said he would not run. Somebody must run. Immediately four names came into national mention—Frank O. Lowden, Herbert Hoover, Charles E. Hughes and Charles G. Dawes. These names occurred to the people as likely contestants. Also, it is possible that these names occurred to Messrs. Hoover, Lowden, Dawes and Hughes, but that is as it may be. The fact is that these men were made the Four Horsemen of the Hypothesis that the President meant what he said, and so put into the public prints and conversation.

Their cue was repression. None of them barged into the limelight as active, striving candidates, whatever their personal desires and ambitions may have been, because none was at all certain of what might happen from day to day. None said anything for or against, although Governor Lowden did go so far as to commit himself to the statement that no man ever ran away from the presidency. The others seemed to feel the same way about it, but there were evidences in their actions that they also felt the presidency wasn't so particular and had been known to run away from many a man.

Wherefore, to all outward appearances they did nothing but maintain dignified attitudes and were receptive. While they were not encouraging, neither were they discouraging. None made a protest over whatever publicity was accorded, nor decried any boosts or booms. That is to say, up to mid-October none had. They were all then receiving their meeds of discussion and analyses, but it was noted, on close examination, that they had advanced a bit despite appearances. Here and there were signs that they were taking occasional peeks from their pedestals and dropping a hint or two to the kindly friends who had them in their hands. Just how they got in those hands and just why they are remaining there are matters not at all germane to this writing, for this is a historical record of what has happened since Mr. Coolidge concluded he did not care to be President for ten years, being satisfied and satiated with six, up to and including the joyous Halloween season, or thereabouts.

The first presidential primaries will not be held until next March, when North Dakota and New Hampshire will indicate their preferences, and the nominating convention does not come until next June. Many things politically will happen between then and now, including a session of Congress and much making of political medicine at Washington and elsewhere. At present all that need be said is that these four eminent Americans are well considered and members in high standing of the Why Not Association.

It must not be supposed that they have a monopoly of the situation. The desire to be the Republican nominee in 1928 is not confined to them. Others harbor the same thought. It may develop that one of these four will establish a commanding lead during the time between now and next June. Then again it may not. In that case ordinary political prudence and forehandedness demand that others shall be ready in position to step into the breach, that if there should be a deadlock, with two or three or four candidates before the convention having sufficient strength to prevent a majority for any other candidate, but not enough strength to make the required majority for himself, there should be in waiting and handy to the suffrages of the delegates sterling Republicans for use as deadlock breakers and possibly for nomination. Consequently, we observe here and there a good old favorite son emerging, with his state behind him, his eye keen for the main chance and his determination fixed to be on the spot in case the breaks come his way.

These boys are preparing themselves to be logical solutions of any deadlock problem that may arise. They are potential jam breakers. You never can tell what will happen.

Look at Harding, for example. He went to the 1920 convention in Chicago with fewer chances for the nomination, as it looked politically, than anyone on the list, and he came away from Chicago with the nomination in his pocket. That was because Wood and Lowden and Johnson and some favorite sons deadlocked the convention and, by killing off one another, killed off themselves. Suppose Hoover and Lowden and Hughes and Dawes do the same thing in 1928. Well, somebody must be nominated, and that is where the second-string fellows hope to shine.

Gentlemanly Understandings

Hence we find Senator Curtis of Kansas, Speaker Longworth of Ohio, Senator Watson of Indiana, and others all getting set to be in the running in case there should be a chance to run. Also, the control of a state delegation or two, even if a nomination is not possible, is not to be deprecated as a political asset when it comes time to trade. The presidency isn't the only job, you know. A President has a lot of comfortable berths at his disposal and, though of course no candidate would demean himself by promising preferment to a fellow candidate who slipped him a bunch of votes at a vital moment, there might be a gentlemanly understanding between managers, or something like that. Now and then a favorite son has landed in the cabinet by means of a little maneuver to that effect.

There will be no scarcity of candidates before that convention. You will find them bobbing up from the most unexpected places, but it will be a considerable time before there can be anything but the crudest conjecture as to which one will be the winner, because there is a unique situation in the Republican Party apart from the refusal of the man who could be nominated by acclamation to allow the use of his name, and that situation is this: The East has been the dominating factor in Republican national politics for many years—not always in the nomination of an Eastern man, but usually in the selection of the Western man, when one was selected, because of Eastern influence and consent. The East has been the great campaign-fund producer for the party and has always insisted on dictating as to both policies and men.

There have been revolts in the West and progressivisms with both Eastern and Western flanks, but each time the party has returned eventually to the control and direction of the East. This time the East is not so sure that it wants control and direction. The East has doubts whether a purely Eastern demonstration and selection would be wise. Of course the East controls a big block of votes, and the primary interest of the East is in manipulating its politics so that business shall not be disturbed. But scout after scout comes into the East and tells of the unrest in the West, of the determination of the West to have a hand in all proceedings, of the difficulties in the way of a purely Eastern candidate in the Mississippi Valley, say, and elsewhere; and the East has about decided that this time it will play second fiddle.

Watchful Waiting

This is humiliating to the East, but business is business. It will be better by far to propitiate the West and depend on the clear light of reason prevailing, aided and abetted by the efforts of that skilled body of citizens in the East who know how to set forth the manifold advantages of the said clear light of reason to all concerned, than to roil the West by throwing that great block of Eastern convention votes to some person not in high esteem out there. Hence the East, at the moment of writing, is in this political mind as to the Republican nominee: The men who control things have decided to wait until they discover which one of the candidates now, or to be in the running, develops the greatest strength and acclaim in the West and then to get behind that candidate in the convention and try to put him over. All this, of course, is contingent on an orderly course of events. If some one of these candidates—Hoover, for example, or Lowden—runs away with the show, that will be something else again.

Right here is where the Honorable Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, comes in. Aside from stepping out of a Pittsburgh bank on March 4, 1921, and becoming in the years that followed the greatest Secretary of the Treasury this country has had, Mr. Mellon has also taken a position of enormous power in the Republican Party. So far as the business and financial factors that are usually in accord with the Republican Party are concerned, which means the greatest business and financial factors we have, Mr. Mellon is the acknowledged leader, seer, philosopher and guide. What he says goes.

Hence when Mr. Mellon returned from abroad this summer, after Mr. Coolidge's declination, his views were insistently sought, and in an expansive moment he spoke well of Charles E. Hughes. So it was concluded that Mr. Mellon is for Mr. Hughes. Also, it was discovered that Mr. Charles D. Hilles, Republican National Committeeman for New York, entertains kindly sentiments toward Mr. Hughes. So considerably more importance was attached to all this than was warranted—not saying, of course, that both Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hilles do not hold Mr. Hughes genially and cordially in their affections; not saying that, but saying this: New York, which is Mr. Hilles' state, and Pennsylvania, which is Mr. Mellon's state, have 170 votes together in the Republican National Convention, which is a lot of votes.

Naturally it would grieve both Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hilles greatly to have these votes wasted or scattered or otherwise used

(Continued on Page 121)

Consider *every-day's comfort* when you buy wiring

"Right price? Sign on the dotted line!" That summed up the way people used to order a wiring installation. The contractor agreed to put in your wiring for so much, and if his price was low, he got the job. The result is there are several million inadequately wired homes today where electricity can give only half-service.

Know what you are getting, and you won't be dangling cords from your lighting sockets to your lamps, or groping in the dark for the light. If you specify a G-E Wiring System, the bid will come to you on a fully itemized G-E Proposal Form that you can easily understand. You can quickly check it up: a switch at every door—plenty of outlets for all your lamps and appliances—a correct and modern lighting arrangement. And all the materials made and guaranteed by General Electric.

Order a G-E Wiring System whether you are building a new home, or planning the simple job of rewiring a house that was wired the old skimped way. You may pay a few dollars more, but the difference in comfort and convenience is greater than you can measure!

The G-E Wiring System is a system of house-wiring embodying adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and using G-E materials throughout.

Merchandise Department
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WIRING SYSTEM
—for lifetime service

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"... of this I whisper, beloved"

YOU are thinking of me, Sweetheart. Even as I am thinking of you. Thinking . . . wondering . . . cherishing each precious hour of anticipation . . . counting the days until . . .

And Christmas is almost here. Perhaps you are thinking of a gift for me. Possibly a jewel! Yet no greater jewel will I ever crave than that of your perfect companionship; nor gift would I ask more royal than the honesty of your own heart.

Let your gift to me be something intimate . . . beautiful . . . reminiscent always of the Dream Days of Now.

And I ask you . . . let it be practical!

Sanctuary for the lovely silks and linens and embroidery I am receiving . . . for the wool blankets . . . downy comforters . . . for these precious possessions which I now hoard away in closet, trunk or bureau drawer. A place of beauty and fragrance, of convenience and safety where moth and dust will not corrupt nor inquisitive fingers delve . . . it is of this I whisper, beloved . . .

Something I have always longed for—that every woman has longed for. Something a girl would so gladly have from her sweetheart . . . or her husband. A CEDAR CHEST . . .

4S815

An attractively decorated chest in combination mahogany and figured red gum veneers on solid cedar panels. This chest will harmonize with most any bedroom furniture.

So this Christmas put the *cedar chest* on your love list. Let its pleasant fragrance serve as a frequent reminder. But be sure the chest is a *Lane*.

Why the Lane? Because the Lane is the chest, according to U. S. Government recommendation, built of full ¾-inch-thick aromatic red cedar *heartwood*—is the chest built up to a standard, not down to a price.

Because by virtue of its extra heavy content of aromatic red cedar oil in its thicker sides and ends, this chest retains its fragrance and moth killing efficiency for years longer.

Because it is built staunchly for generations of service—has inseparably interlocked joints, dampproof bottoms, permanently air-tight, warp-proof lids, and special pore-sealing finishes which help to keep in the aroma.

Because it is the chest of recognized merit, has an established, nationally known reputation. And that is the only kind of chest that truly harmonizes with the *spirit of giving*.

And this wonderful Lane *quality* is obtainable in any model, style or size chest you desire. Plain and period designs. Chests in all-cedar—also handsome walnut or mahogany, veneered on full ¾-inch cedar panels, to match other fine furniture—for use as a bedroom dressing lounge—window seat or console.

Chests with rich duotone wood effects, hand carved and hand decorated. Chests in highly colored lacquers. *Any* kind of chest . . . But every chest a *Lane*. And every chest with the freshness and charm that only artisans in love with their work can create.

At your local furniture or department store—always moderately priced. Your Lane dealer is now showing special pre-holiday values. See them. A small payment down usually delivers a Lane whenever and to whomever you say. But be sure you get a Lane. Look for the Lane trade-mark under the lid.

Illustrated Folder Free. On request we will send you an attractive folder illustrating the more popular Lane models and explaining in detail the many desirable features found in the Lane. Write for it.

An insect with a $200,000,000 *appetite*

WOMEN:—Do you know that woolens, furs and down comforters are never safe from the clothes moth and her pernicious offspring? That the damage they do is irreparable? In these household effects, folded away in closets and other dark places, the moth lays her eggs. The eggs hatch into larvae, or worms. The worms, born naked, need clothes. And they make them out of YOURS, in the form of a cocoon. In this cocoon they grow, feeding on the materials and increasing the size of the cocoon as needed. Finally they go to sleep, wake up as moths and flit away, leaving ruin behind. In one year this insect produces *four generations* of destroyers which destroy on an average one hundred pounds of wool. The total loss ascribed by authorities to moth damage is close to two hundred millions of dollars annually. No moth *miller* can stand the aroma given off by a Lane cedar chest. And it instantly kills the undeveloped moth worm.

This Christmas Your HOME Should Come FIRST

THE LANE COMPANY, INC., ALTAVISTA, VIRGINIA. *"World's Foremost Cedar Chest Makers"*

LANE

9-POINT

Cedar Chest

LANE

4S[illegible]

A beautiful console model with genuine walnut veneers on solid ¾" cedar panels, which is in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations for protection against moth larvae. The decorations are genuine hand work and the general design makes it an attractive piece for living room, dining room or hall.

44[illegible]

This chest typifies the early American [illegible] walnut veneers on [illegible] red cedar panels. The [illegible] antiqued

4S[illegible]

This handsome [illegible] cedar chest has a [illegible] veneered top and [illegible] Matched veneers from and [illegible] on ¾" aromatic red cedar panels. It is ideal for bedroom, [illegible] or hall and has ample storage room

4S[illegible]

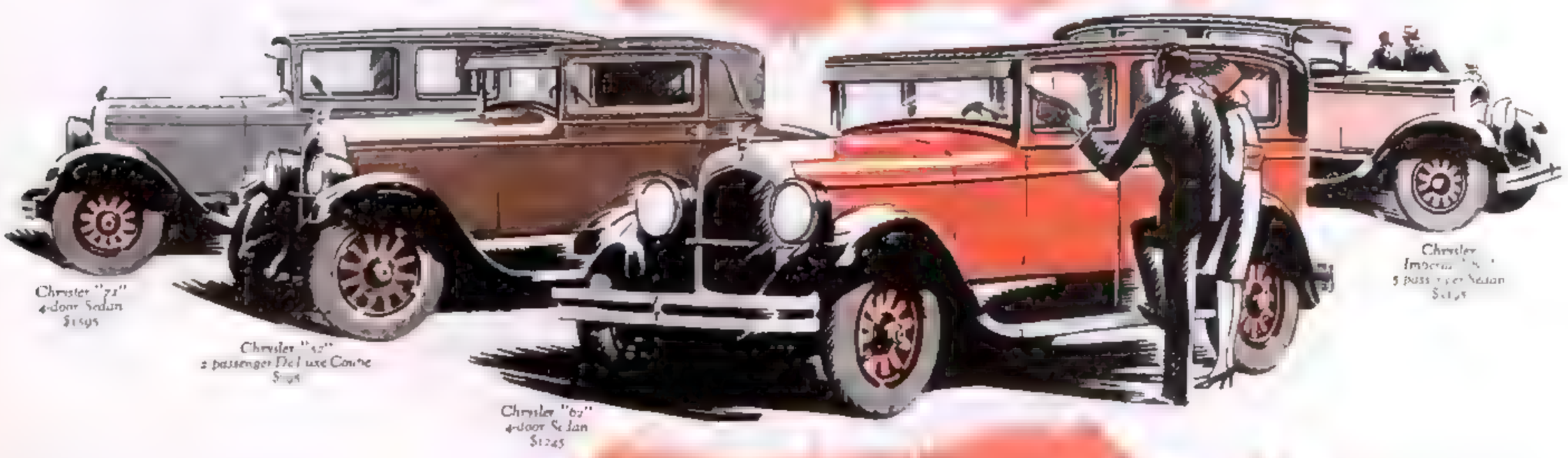
A super-cedar chest exclusively Lane. Solid aromatic cedar throughout with beautiful exterior of genuine walnut veneers to match other fine furniture. With full size drawer in base.

FROM $725 TO $3495

CHRYSLER GIVES UTMOST IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

Because of Chrysler's inveterate habit of stepping faster than the procession, the world today expects and receives extra quality and extra value in every Chrysler, whether "52," "62," "72" or Imperial "80." ''' As confirmed by ever-climbing sales, the world is recognizing that the Chrysler spirit of progressiveness, which has brought about the worth-while improvements in the industry within the past four years, positively assures these unique advantages. ''' See the new Chrysler models—"52," "62," "72" and Imperial "80." Make any test you wish. The more exacting your requirements, the more certain your choice of a Chrysler.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.



CHRYSLER PERFORMANCE STILL FARTHER AHEAD

New Chrysler "Red-Head" Engine—designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, is standard equipment on the roadsters of the "52," "62," "72" and sport roadster of the Imperial "80." It is also available, at slight extra cost, for all other body types of these lines, as well as for earlier Chrysler cars now in use.

CHRYSLER

52 - 62 - 72 - *Imperial* 80 - $725 TO $3495 F.O.B. DETROIT

FOUR GREAT CARS IN FOUR PRICE CLASSES

(Continued from Page 116)

to a nonproductive effect, especially as other states adjacent to New York and Pennsylvania usually join with those two great commonwealths in matters of this sort; and it is the prudent thing to do to tie them up in a neat bundle and guard that bundle carefully until such time as they can be advantageously utilized. It must be apparent to even the most casual political observer that there could be no more exemplary way to label such a package than to write the name of Charles Evans Hughes upon it for the time being. Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hilles are good friends, work together in amity and understanding, and if a Western man must be selected, a powerful and continuing factor in that selection will be those 170 votes. Such a neat little trick as that would have a gratifying White House reaction, no doubt, for fully four years after March 4, 1929.

Way Out in Front

Another angle to this interesting and complex Republican situation is the announced intention of the Progressive Republican senators to make Senator Norris of Nebraska a candidate for the nomination, not in any hope that Senator Norris will be nominated but as an assertion of principle, a notification of being and a cause of consternation.

These Progressives say they have no third-party designs or intentions, have no bolt in preparation, but think it worth while to put this sort of check on the proceedings with a view of enforcing some of their ideas thereby, if possible. They do not think it wise to have things too smug and conservative. Hence, if these plans are carried out, Senator Norris will be among those mentioned at the convention next June.

Thus we come to the Democrats, who have trials and tribulations of their own. Their situation is almost the reverse of that of the Republicans, for while the Republicans are all cluttered up with candidates, the Democrats seem to be practically in the clutches of one candidate. This, of course, is not new stuff for the Democrats. Bryan had them by the napes of their necks in 1900 and again in 1908, and there was no escape from Parker in 1904. However, it must be admitted that they did some pretty convention battling in 1912, when Wilson was nominated, and what happened in New York in 1924 was more than a battle—it was a debacle.

Three figures emerged from that 1924 affair, two of them bleeding at every pore from ten days of rough-and-tumble fighting with each other, and the third with the most dubious nomination for President in his hands ever conferred on anybody since General Coxey nominated himself on the Capitol steps at Washington. This third survivor, John W. Davis, deserved a better fate, but the innocent bystander usually gets the worst of whatever ruckus he bystands.

The two others were William G. McAdoo and Alfred E. Smith. The way those two boys lammed each other in that New York convention will linger long in political history, and those of us who like a good scrap were hoping they would go to it again in 1928. That hope is futile. A time ago Mr. McAdoo announced he is through.

"Enough," said Mr. McAdoo, in effect, to his party, "is as good as a feast, and I am hereby retiring to the pursuits of peace. However, before leaving the scene, I desire to point out to my fellow Democrats who have honored me with their numerous ballots in two national conventions that if you make the egregious error of taking up with that bird Al Smith and what he stands for, you will get a worse trimming than you did in 1924, and that trimming comes close to holding all records for such events since the world began."

These, of course, were not Mr. McAdoo's exact words. He was much more prolix than that, but, boiled down, the above is what he desired to convey to his party, and did so convey. But, oddly enough, this warning from Mr. McAdoo seemed to have no deterrent effect on the progress of Mr. Smith toward the nomination. On the contrary. Mr. Smith's chances, then quite bright, seemed to look up a bit until, at the present writing, he is so far ahead of the other candidates that they seem to be going the other way. At the present moment Mr. Smith is in an excellent position to grab the Democratic guerdon without serious opposition in the convention.

It need not be thought that there is not serious opposition to the nomination of Mr. Smith in the Democratic Party. There is. But that serious opposition has not lighted anywhere as yet. It has not coalesced. It needs centralization. The tritest political truth of all the trite truths of politics is that somebody cannot be beaten with nobody.

Mr. Smith is the largest and most important and most colorful somebody who has risen in the Democratic ranks for many a day. His friends are out for the nomination for him, and have been since 1924. He further demonstrated his popularity in the presidentially essential state of New York by winning another election for governor in 1926. His ascribed policies and beliefs are attractive to a large section of his party. Also, his ascribed policies and beliefs are not attractive to a large section of his party, but that section has not yet swung into effective opposition, being composed of divers and diverse political, religious, ethical, sectional and sociological elements.

The Two-Thirds Obstacle

Smith, far out ahead at this writing, has a stiffer fight than a Republican candidate in such circumstances would have, because the majority rule prevails in Republican conventions and one more than half the delegates nominates. The Democrats have the two-thirds rule. Their last convention had 1098 delegates and it is probable that will be about the number in the convention of 1928. Hence the winning candidate must have 732 votes, at least, to get by. Hence, also, any candidate may be stopped by the massing of 367 votes against him. Thus, if the opposition to Smith can muster 367 votes, and hold them, Smith can be beaten, provided the will to beat him prevails in the party. Unless, of course, the friends of Smith can change the two-thirds rule, which is hard to do, or modify it, giving the nomination to the candidate who has held a majority of the convention for ten or fifteen ballots or something like that, which is just as hard to do. The Democrats think the two-thirds rule makes their candidate representative—like Cox, for example, or Davis, or Parker.

There are two ways for the anti-Smith Democrats, if such there be in more than conversational effect, to beat Smith. One is to mass behind some selected man and hold him in the balloting indefinitely with at least 367 votes, and the other is to get enough favorite sons into the running to hold that many, or more, votes away from Smith. There are a few things stirring along these lines, but they have not yet developed into anything but stirrings. Nobody is much stirred by them. Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, is a candidate. Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, is talked about, and Tom Taggart, the forehanded boss of Indiana, has a man of the warm and cozy name of Woollen to whom Thomas will endeavor to give the state delegates.

On the Band Wagon

Doubtless there will be others, although Oscar W. Underwood will be missing, having finally decided, like the man who was thrown out of the dance hall three times, that the Democrats do not care for him as a presidential nominee. Governor Charles Bryan, of Nebraska, who ran for Vice President with Davis last time, is reported to have desires that he hopes to enforce with the Nebraska delegation as an entering wedge, and the capable Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, is likely to be among those present with votes.

A time back in this *resus* the unimpeachable statement was made that it is a long time, politically, from now until next June. To that this further truth is fearlessly tied: It is just as long from now until next June for the Democrats as it is for the Republicans; and, while the Republican problem is to beat many men with one man, the Democratic problem, if they want to solve it, is to beat one man with many men. There isn't much warrant for the statement that the Democrats are not satisfied with the Smith outlook. There are mutterings, of course, and threats and forebodings, but so far there is nothing definite or organized in the way of opposition

Probably that will come. There are numerous Democrats of organizing capacity who feel bitterly on this subject and do not desire any person with so commonplace a name as Smith to lead them to wherever they may be going in 1928. When a Democrat of this sort feels bitterly, he is a most acerbated person. Gall and wormwood have nothing on him. If sufficient of these can fashion to become politically acrid to operate in unison against Smith, they may be able to defeat him for the nomination in case that seems advisable. The difficulty with that program is that Democrats are largely individualists, and when they become bitter they go off in a corner and are bitter all by themselves. There is another difficulty also. That is that there is considerably more political nourishment in getting on the band wagon than there is in standing by the curb and making faces at it as it passes by, and that the Smith band wagon is becoming populous. Seats may be at a premium later.

Politics makes strange band wagons, brethren, with which veridical thought we close the meeting for the time being.

WARNING!

Rusting Pipe

costs an average of $26 a year more

IN buying or building a house, be sure the water pipes are of Anaconda Brass. Else you may face trouble and expense.

Anaconda Brass Pipe can't rust. The flow of water remains clear and undiminished—never a rusty trickle. Brass Pipe remains permanently sound and new-like.

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Anaconda Brass Pipe actually costs less than pipe that rusts. According to a nation-wide survey, its use saves an average of $26 a year on repairs during the life of the house. Brass Pipe costs a little more in the beginning but it very quickly pays for itself many times over.

Everyone who considers the facts quickly realizes the wisdom of installing Anaconda Brass Pipe—this accounts for its ever increasing popularity.

Above are pictured brass and rustable pipe after identical service, side by side, in the same building. Note the clogging of the rustable pipe.

Brass pipe is one of three rust-proofing economies offered by Anaconda. The other two are copper—for gutters and rain-pipes, and bronze—for screens. To rust-proof your house is to protect yourself against the costliest item of upkeep. Learn all the facts by mailing the coupon for a free and informative booklet.

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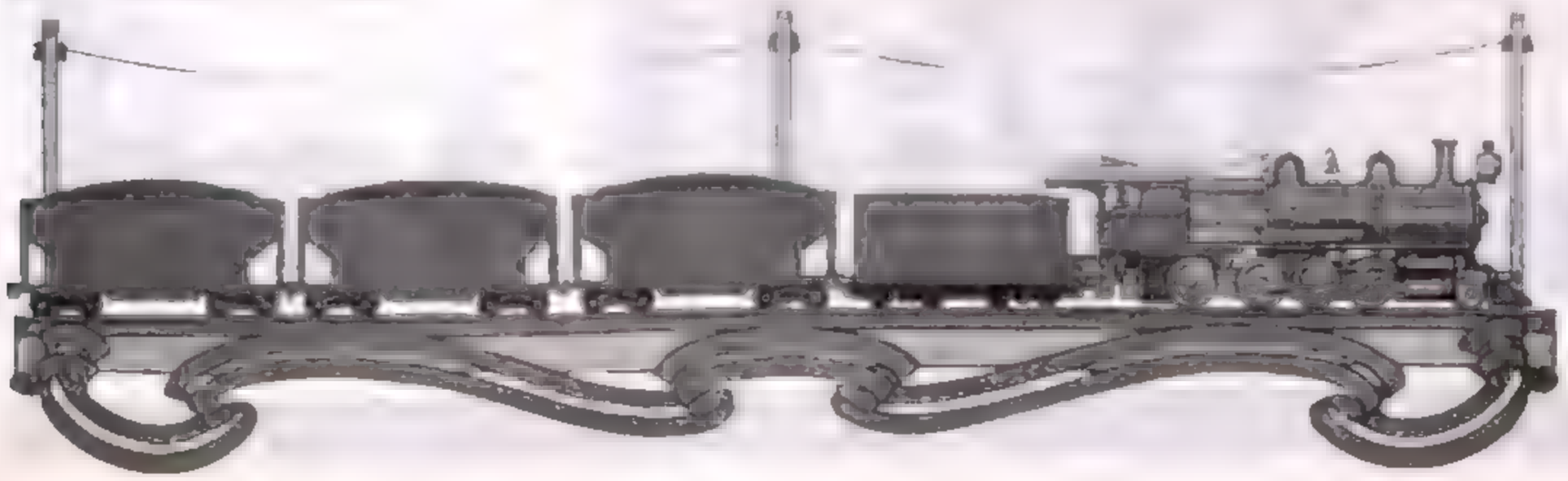

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We wish you could spend one day with the Willard Battery Man in your city. We'd like you to see how car owners treat their batteries—how a battery responds to, or suffers from, the kind of treatment it receives.

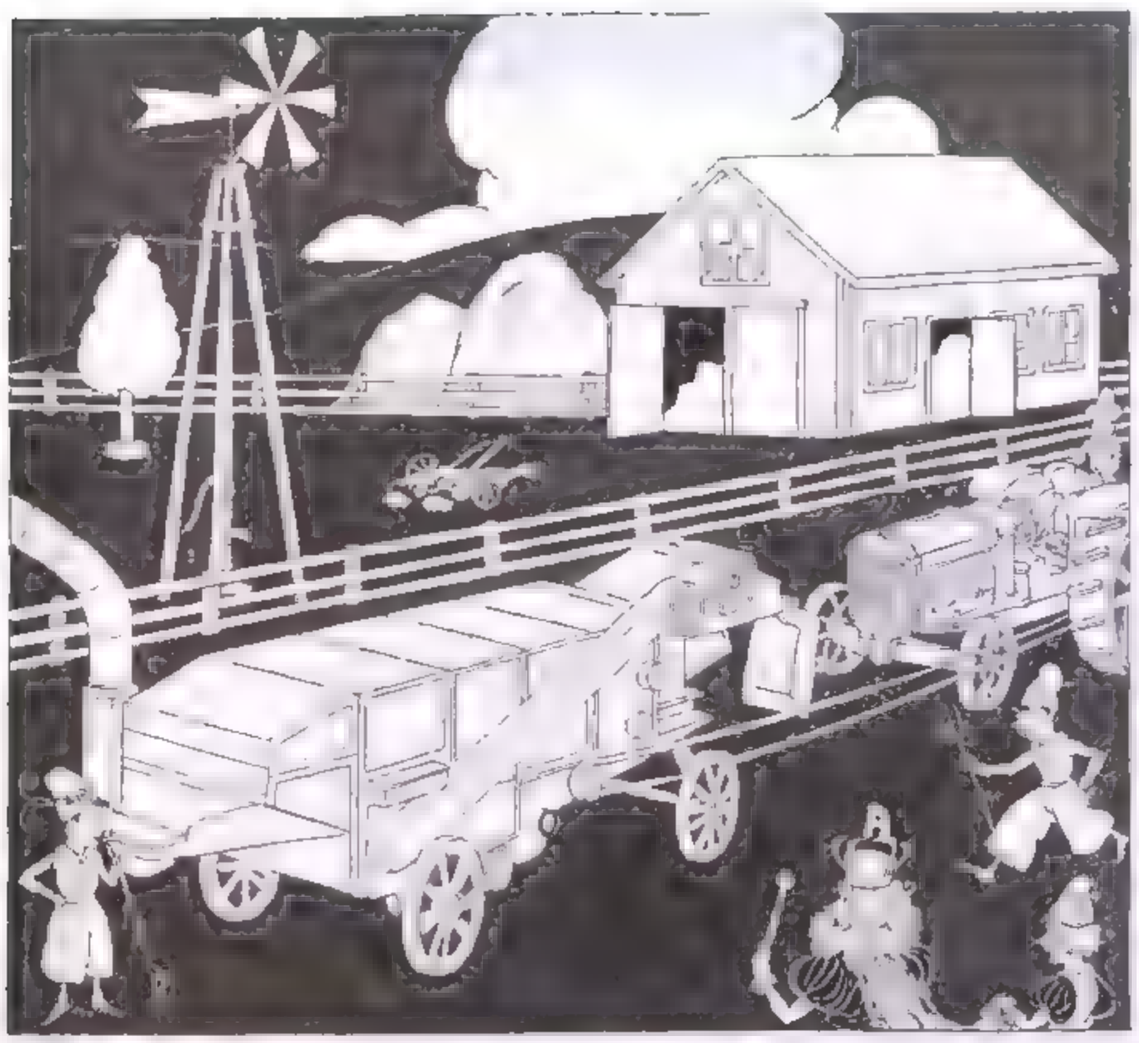
It's dollars to doughnuts your visit would make you a fan on regular inspection for the battery in *your* car.

Long before evening came you'd see the real money inspections save—to say nothing of the money that's thrown away by car owners who think a battery is first cousin to a camel and a glutton for hard punishment.

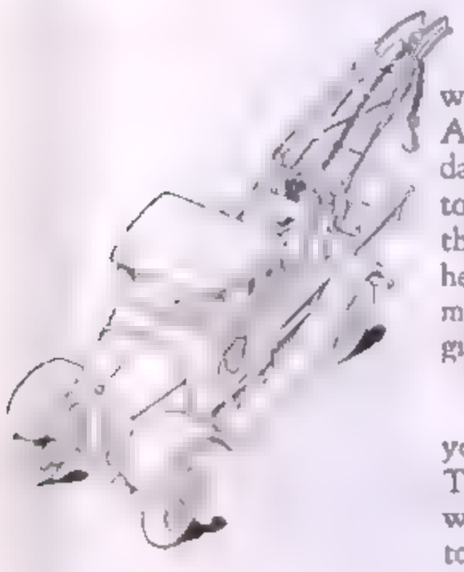
But the thing which would impress you most of all is the length of time that Willards stand up and continue to give uninterrupted service in the owner's car.

After you had looked inside of a few of the real old ones, you'd *know* why Willards have the reputation of giving *more useful life* for every dollar of their cost.

Battery men



Look at this toy farm made by *The Tiny Arcadians*



"Our new farm game is surely a big hit with youngsters," said the King of the Tiny Arcadians. "I rubbed my magic cap the other day, and Presto! I was up in the world talking to some children. I showed them pictures of this Arcade Farm set, and you should have heard them shout with joy. We'll have to make a whole lot of them, because boys and girls everywhere are going to want them."

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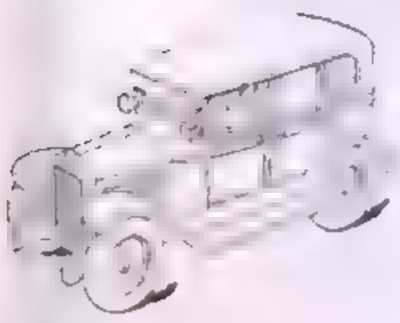

Like the other famous Arcade Toys, each piece is like the real thing; made of cast metal—won't break readily. There are Arcade Yellow Cabs and Coaches, Mack Trucks, Ford Sedans, A.C.F. Coaches, Buicks, Chevrolets—all with rubber tires if you want them.

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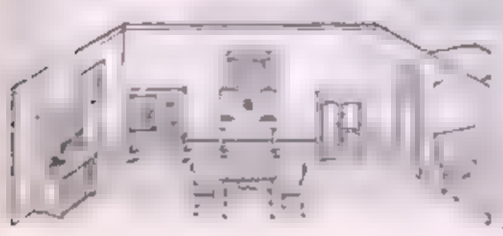
You will find Arcade Toys at leading department and toy stores; or write us—we'll tell you where to get them.

Here's a story book with colored pictures, about the Tiny Arcadians. Send your name, address, and 4 cents for mailing.



ARCADE TOYS

"They look real"

ARCADE MANUFACTURING CO.

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PROVINCIAL!

(Continued from Page 25)

get it, will you tell me? Everybody knows it's the little things that count. Why, you'd know in a moment how important Mrs. Selcombe is just by her clothes and the way the butler opens the door!

It was just about then that I decided I simply could not spend a summer at the farm, under the circumstances. And it was quite remarkable—really, positively amazing—that at that exact moment Lois Tuttle happened to mention to me that she was going to take a summer course at Columbia in short-story writing while Mrs. Selcombe went abroad, and that she wished she knew some girl to take a studio apartment with her.

I decided instantly that I would be that girl if Lois would have me, and I began to plan out how to break it to the family and how I would act in case they made all the objections that you might as well foresee from the beginning, because they're sure to come. So I began to talk about writing, and how people had to be by themselves to do it properly, and how much I really wanted to write a novel—which, of course, I do, and have always meant to as soon as I could get the time.

"Well, well," says father, "isn't that a pretty big order, Buffikins? I thought you had to be, say, twenty-three to write a novel."

Father is a perfect dear, but he hasn't much sense of humor, unfortunately.

"I don't see why Lizbuff shouldn't write a novel as well as anybody else," mother said very calmly. I nearly fell over, I give you my word!

"I was wondering, dear, if you wouldn't like to stay in the house this summer and ask Miss Tuttle if she'd like to come and stay with you. She wants to study at Columbia, and she's not sure if she can stand the heat. She'd only have to go in to the city two days a week, she says, and you could probably get Mrs. Selcombe's kitchenmaid to look after you, and father could come in to luncheon when he wants to, and you could run the house and have plenty of time to write. Would you like to do that?"

"Oh, mother!" I simply gasped. "Could I? I'd adore it! Can I change the furniture around?"

"Why, certainly! Why not?" said mother, just like that!

"But look here, sweetie," father began, getting puffy and fidgety, "what's all this about? Change what furniture? Why? I think Buffy's better off with us, isn't she? Those two girls all alone in the house, you mean? Suppose they began cutting up! I can lunch at the club."

"Of course you can—and probably will," said mother. "I don't see why Lizbuff and Miss Tuttle should cut up, Harry. If Elizabeth hasn't learned how to behave herself by this time, we'd better find it out as soon as possible. She's always wanted servants from New York, and she might as well try some. The only way to learn to run a house is to run it. It's perfectly true that she never could learn with Miralda and Ellie Lou. And she'll enjoy having her friends more."

"But—but I won't have my office all upset!" said father, puffing. "And she could write a novel with us, anyhow. I'm surprised at you, sweetie, honestly."

"I don't think Lizbuff likes the farm as well as we do, Harry," said mother, "and so she couldn't write so well there, naturally. And I wouldn't worry about the office—you can move it all back again in October."

It is certainly marvelous how your whole life can change in five minutes! I wouldn't have gone to New York for a million dollars, then. Because, you see, Lois and I could really entertain—it's like the country to people from New York—and I knew I could make the house so interesting and nice that they'd never want to change it back. And of course I would have my breakfast in bed, like Mrs. Selcombe. And then I knew Francis Ffolliott was going to be in America in August and that he was coming to see us. After Heinie took his place as Solario's secretary, he went back to England, but he wrote me he was crazy about the States and wanted to get a job here. We wrote to each other fairly often, and he sent me some poetry he did from time to time, and I sent him some scenes from a play I began. But of course, as he admitted himself, he doesn't pretend to be a critic, and I don't believe in reading plays, if you're going to write them, because you might influence your own style, which would take away the individuality.

It was Francis, really, I was thinking of when I changed the house all around and painted some furniture and put up the most stunning posters you ever saw and hung some shawls on the wall, like a studio. We decided to eat in the side yard, too, as they do in Paris, and we put up a lovely awning—it looked just like a club. Margaret, the new maid, was very nice about everything and said she didn't mind as long as she didn't have to do it all, and we'd buy things from the Woman's Exchange. And of course it is perfectly true that if you are to wear white cuffs, you can't do anything dirty.

So I was a little busier than I thought I'd be, and Margaret kept butting in or the telephone would ring, and different things sort of turned up, and I never really got what you would call started on the novel. You would be surprised at the number of ideas I kept getting about the house; I don't want to hand anything to myself, but honestly, I certainly did get some marvelous effects. I changed things around quite often; Lois said she was never really sure about anything but the bathroom.

I had just got the grandest arrangement of all when Heinie's telegram came. I'd been working all the day before over it and I was perfectly thrilled that Solario would be the first to see it. Because, you see, when he came the first time to stay at our house—quite by accident, because Mrs. Selcombe couldn't put him up on account of what they thought was scarlet fever, and we took him for the night of his concert—he got by mistake into father's office and simply wouldn't leave it, and Miralda and Ellie Lou came in there to serve supper and began to sing the tunes he played to us—imagine two crazy darkies singing while they passed things!—and everything, generally, was messy and unexpected.

Of course Solario was crazy about his supper, because Ellie Lou happened to cook some stuff they eat in the Philippines, and Francis said he'd never seen him so happy and contented, and he sent mother a photograph and a slushy letter, but all the same I was pretty disgusted, and I was perfectly delighted to have Miralda and Ellie Lou away and the family packed off at the farm and a really conventional maid on the place and the house so picturesque and foreign-looking. I had persuaded the ice man to help me move the piano into the office and made a nice little music room out of it, with some goldfish in a bowl on the piano.

"Arriving with Solario for dinner. Do not meet," Heinie's telegram said, and naturally I was rather excited, and probably wouldn't have mentioned it just then to Margaret, anyway, as she had been acting decidedly queer for some days and gone out without asking me, and kept hinting that Mrs. Selcombe would soon be back and that she wished I would write to the South and find out about those darky help as soon as possible. Which was idiotic. And knowing that she would probably make a row about the sort of dinner I wanted, I had the bright idea of ordering it mostly from the golf club, and ice cream from the Drop Inn tea house, and telling her at the last minute, when she couldn't

(Continued on Page 127)

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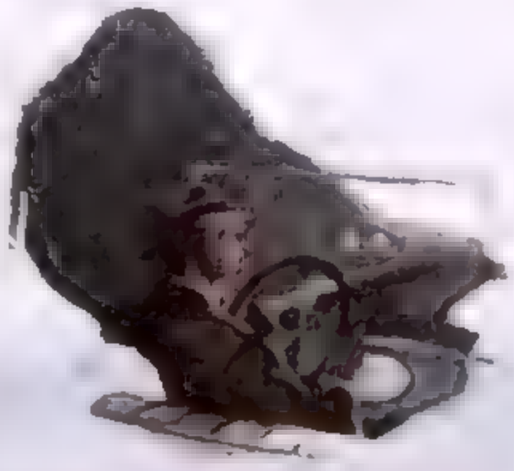

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RED BALL

BOYCE MOTOMETER

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

A Warning Signal on the Dash

(Continued from Page 124)

in common decency, object. I decided to tell her then that she couldn't, of course, take her afternoon out—it happened to be Thursday—but that was all right, because she had just had the day away, practically, for the St. Joseph's Sodality excursion.

So I dashed out to get some flowers and have my hair waved—it was quite straight the time Solario came before, and I felt like a freak—and at the last minute I decided to have a shampoo, so that took more time than I'd planned.

And this, alas, was the cause of the terrible thing that happened—this and the sickening stupidity of Heinie and the simply maddening dumbness of that vile Margaret. Knowing perfectly well that dinner means night to any reasonable family, Heinie never explained in the telegram that Solario eats his at noon and has sandwiches before he plays, and a late supper, and so he meant noontime, because he was used to it.

And so when he arrived he telephoned from the station and asked, "Is Mrs. Mather there?"

And that moron of a Margaret just answered: "The family is in the country for the summer, sir; there's no one in the house at present." And she hung up.

And Heinie, without inquiring at all, called up the office and snitched the car and tore up to the farm with Solario.

Can you beat it?

But bad as this was, it was nothing at all to what happened next. It makes me simply tremble with rage—actually tremble—when I think of it. And it also makes me believe in the devil—Ellie Lou used to tell us rather creepy things about the devil and the contemptible things he wishes on you when he feels mean.

When I got back, about noon, I told Margaret that I expected friends to dinner and of course she couldn't very well go out, and she flew up and hit the ceiling and said that never in her life had she missed her Thursday and she certainly didn't intend to do it now. And when I told her that our own servants would be ashamed to treat us that way, she said that black slavery was one thing and real ladies was another, and everybody knew that mother's help hadn't had a day off in eighteen years and that the respectable help in the town were sick of hearing about it.

And when I said very stiffly—though my legs were shaking—that she could not go with my permission, she just burst out in a sort of disgusting yell of laughter and cried:

"Permission! Permission, indeed! You and your white cuffs and your goldfish and your stuffed tomatoes! You have my permission to get a new maid, Miss Mather, for me you'll not see back in this house again!"

Of course I simply walked out of the front door. I intended to go to father's office and find out if I couldn't have her arrested or something, and if we couldn't get back the money I had unluckily paid her the day before, but on the way I stopped in to get an ice-cream soda to calm my nerves a little, and I met Madgie Love, and of course I told her about it, which does make you feel better, and all this took a little time.

And when I was starting out again, I heard someone yelling, "Miss 'Lizbeth! Miss 'Lizbeth!" And I turned around rather coldly, for I do detest people yelling at me, and there was Al Toomey, in that disgusting, rattly old flivver he delivers fish in, and in the back of it was Francis Ffolliott! I have an idea that if I hadn't had that chocolate soda I should have fainted.

All I can say is, I felt very queer and swimmy, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if I turned pale, though I couldn't very well take out my vanity case to see.

"There, what did I tell you? You can always find a girl at the drug store!" says Al Toomey—can you imagine it?—and Francis waved his hat and called:

"Climb in—climb in! We're taking the clams home! What a bit of luck to find you! How frightfully well you're looking!"

Heaven knows I'm not religious—it's a long time since I've believed in anything except during thunderstorms—but really I could have knelt down and thanked God for that shampoo!

"Trust a feller to find his best girl, hey?" Al Toomey said, and he winked—actually winked at us! Of course, anyone that winks is simply outside the pale, as far as I am concerned.

"Trust *you*, you'd better put it, Toomey," said Francis, laughing, and I climbed into that terrible flivver simply dazed.

"But how did you get here?" I asked, stepping all over the clams, more or less, and a can of oil and a spare tire and Francis' suitcases—he had lovely English-looking ones with pigskin bindings.

"Oh, I boarded the train, as you say," he answered, "and here I am. I knew the old boy"—that's what he calls Solario—"was coming on from Frisco—do you notice I say Frisco?—and I thought it would be a stunt to meet him—an utter stunt! And directly I struck New York—little old New York, what?—I thought it would be more stuntly—or do you say stunter?—to come straightaway on to you, and so I booked through, you see. I found I couldn't wait." He has the most unusual eyes! "But of course I didn't know that you'd let your house."

"Let it?" I asked.

"Yes. Why didn't you write me? The door was open and nobody seemed to come when I rang, so I asked a kid walking by, and he said somebody named Tuttle lived there this summer, but she was away. And just then a good-looking Irish girl flounced out of the side door with a suitcase and when I asked her if Mr. Tuttle had bought the house, she laughed and said that nobody had bought her, anyway!"

"Oh, heavens!" I groaned.

"I hope you haven't seen the house," he went on, "for I'm afraid you'd never forgive them. It's all changed."

"Isn't—isn't it nice?" I asked.

"Gosh, it's awful!" he said. "Rags all over the walls and that lovely big room with the piano all stuffed up with this and that, and the piano crowded into a little room you couldn't possibly play in—and a goldfish globe on it! I'm afraid your mother would feel rather sick at it all. However, here we are, what? Are you glad?"

"Of course I am," I said, feeling rather queer. But if there is one thing I have it is tact, and I said nothing about the house. What a blessing I hadn't been there!

"And then I went back to the village to find your father, and Toomey was just leaving his office to carry some clams up to the farm, and he told me to jump in and we'd find you—and we did. So that's that."

"I see," I said.

"I wanted to telephone, but he said not to think of it, that your mother would be sure to stick me in somewhere, even if it was the barn. Marvelous, isn't it, the way a fine old boy like that is proud of the family? Our green grocer at home is just like that; he used to be our gardener and he'd cut off his hand for us."

I've gone through a great deal in my life, but I never expected to be congratulated on Al Toomey!

"I hope you haven't a lot of people with you," Francis went on, "though in a way, it's jolly."

A lot of people! I nearly wept, for I knew only too well who was with us—it was mamselle. She is about a thousand years old, and her hair is dyed streaky purple, and she has an old woolly dog that is simply falling apart with age, and she does sewing for people. I don't care if her mother was a countess—if she really was!—nobody else but mother would have her once a week for mending and other times to meals, and let her believe that talking French with us was a favor. If she really hadn't enough to eat, it's all right to see that she has, of course, but do we have to ask her to stay? But that's mother all over. Heinie can't bear mamselle, because

He May Be Cold
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AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

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TRAVEL MONEY

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK

Agents for the issuing banks

she calls him *mon enfant*. I knew he'd be hopping.

You can see that, worrying as I was over mamselle and Miss Mattie and Jud Hummydew and Solario, I had rather a mixed sort of ride with Francis, but I could only trust to tact, and my being there, and my hair looking so well, to pull things through.

Of course it was a lovely day, and September is beyond doubt the best month at the farm. I must say that as we turned in at the drive it did look rather sweet. The house sort of nestles down under a kind of little hill at the back, and there are lots of marigolds and nasturtiums and the goldenrod and asters just behind, over the wall. The apple trees smell rather heavenly, too, and the early yellow apples lie under them, and even the graveyard doesn't look so bad, in a way.

Just as we rattled up in the flivver there was a long toot-toot, and a great enormous limousine sailed in behind us. I knew in a minute it was Mrs. Selcombe's, and I'd have given a thousand dollars, if I'd had it, to have us out of the way, but it was too late. Al Toomey tried to lift everything out at once, and of course the clams slipped, and before he could scrabble them together Mrs. Selcombe and another woman began to get out. I thought I should die of embarrassment, but Francis just burst out laughing and hopped out.

"Mind the clams, ladies!" he said. "Easy does it!" And he helped them down.

Fortunately they began to laugh, and mother came out—in her mulberry linen, I'm happy to say—and of course nothing fazes mother. I will say that.

"Well, Francis, this is pleasant," she said. "Pick up the clams, children. . . . Thank you so much, Mr. Toomey. . . . Welcome home, Mrs. Selcombe. How kind of you to bring Lady Froome—for I am sure it is Lady Froome."

"Lady Froome! What do you know about that?" I thought.

"Let me present my daughter Elizabeth," mother went on, "and Francis Ffolliott, who has just come from England too. How lucky it was that Al Toomey found you, Francis! Al is our guardian angel."

"Anything I can do for you or Mr. Mather, Mrs. Mather, is surely my delight," said Al, sort of bowing, "or for any of your friends included." And he bowed again and got all the clams up and rattled the flivver around to the kitchen.

I felt rather silly, but Lady Froome, a sort of sandy person, with lots of beads, seemed to think it was quite nice.

"They told me your tradespeople were very insolent over here—I mean Americans have told me, of course," she said in a breathy, scared sort of voice. "But he seems a duck of a man. I quite love him already. . . . Oh, is that the graveyard you meant, Mrs. Selcombe? How enchanting! Might I see it?"

"Lizbuff will show it to you," said mother, "and I will go and prepare Mademoiselle Lefurgy a little bit. I'm afraid you'll find her much aged, Lady Froome. Francis, wouldn't you like to see our graveyard?"

"Rather!" said Francis. "I'm afraid you've forgotten me, Lady Kit, but you gave me the first bat I ever won at cricket. Remember Old Tibbs and the strawberry ice, when it rained?"

"Why, of course! You're Major Ffolliott's boy!" she said, and held out her hands. "I never do look at people at first—I'm so horridly shy, you know. Your cousin married Hitty, didn't he?"

"Oh, heavens, yes! He married her twice, as a matter of fact," said Francis, and they began talking and laughing and went over to the graveyard together.

"Come here, Lizbuff," said mother. "I want you to help me with mamselle. Do you know her, Mrs. Selcombe?"

Imagine my surprise! How would Mrs. Selcombe know mamselle?

And yet it was through Mrs. Selcombe that Lady Froome found her; she'd been looking for her for years.

She used to be Lady Froome's governess, and her family used to be quite great, really, and Lady Froome ran away to be married, because her father was quite oppressive and refused to have Lord Froome—only he wasn't a lord then—enter the house. And it was mamselle who helped her get away, and the father turned her out when it was learned, and she was very ill and nearly died, and sort of lost her memory for a while, and Lady Froome could never find her. And all these years they'd been hunting. And finally they heard that she was in America, and Lady Froome came over just for that, and Mrs. Selcombe met her on the boat, and when Lady Froome told her they had only one clew, and that was that somebody had once met a funny old French dressmaker who used to live in England and go to hunt balls, Mrs. Selcombe said:

"That sounds like Mrs. Mather's old protégée that I sent some lace to. Mrs. Mather says she used to be a wonderful horsewoman."

So she wrote to mother and came straight to the farm. It would be just like a book, wouldn't it?—except that mamselle couldn't ever be a heroine, exactly. I mean it's too absurd, if you'd ever seen her.

Well, mother sort of prepared mamselle. She was sitting, mending, under the pear tree, with the woolly dog at her feet and a lace scarf over her head and her feet on a stool.

Francis had to help Lady Froome over to her, she was so excited, and he said:

"Crikey, she looks like an old countess, doesn't she, what? A lot of style to the old thing, isn't there? You know this place looks like Europe, somehow, Elizabeth. See that old copper pot and the peppers on the bench! No wonder you love this place—it has such an air!"

Now honestly, can you beat that?

Lady Froome ran over, all of a sudden, and knelt down by mamselle and put her arm around her.

"Mammo! Mammo!" she cried. "Do you know me, mammo? It's Fluffy! Oh, mammo, to think I've found you! You'll come back with me, won't you, mammo darling, and be good to my babies? You remember Fluffy?"

Mamselle patted her shoulder and smiled.

"*Tiens! La petite Fluffee!*" she said. "You remember Bichette? It is hair puppee I 'ave here. An' 'ow is Monsieur Bubbles?"

Bubbles was Lord Froome!

Well, it was all very exciting. And of course mother asked them for supper, and actually, we had clam chowder, and coleslaw with boiled dressing, and—of all things—pie!

Pie!

The one thing I had told Francis Americans didn't necessarily eat all day long.

But Solario loved it all; it was all done for him!

I never saw people eat so.

"There is nothing better than the best American cooking," mother said, very calmly, when they apologized for stuffing so, "only you must have an American to cook it, naturally. We're very fortunate in having Miss Mattie this summer, of course. It's getting to be a lost art. Why, certainly you can thank her, Lady Froome! Come right out in the kitchen and I'll show you the old oven; my grandmother baked her Saturday beans there."

Actually, out they went!

Miss Mattie was rather stiff at first, but with Solario telling her the chowder was much better than *bouillabaisse* and Lady Froome begging for the recipe for the hot biscuits—she called them scones—she warmed up a bit and said she was pleased to meet them.

"Although," she said, "I don't know that I approve of lords, as a usual thing!"

But think of the Russian salad I'd ordered from the club!

And then Jud Hummydew butted in, of course, and father explained that his name used to be l'Hommedieu and it was Huguenot, and Francis wrote it down to send to his father, who is crazy about Huguenot names, it seems, and Jud was all up in the air.

"It looks as if we had quite a lot of distinguished foreigners with us today, Mis' Mather," he said in that sly, drawly way of his, and he winked at me. "Quite an occasion for Miss Bright-Eyes!" he said.

I couldn't bear to look at Francis Ffolliott. He is the one person in the world I did not want to know how provincial my family was!

But I turned the subject and managed to get him away. And we had a long talk on the graveyard wall that evening about books and plays and international tennis, and I think he sort of forgot about the clams and Jud and everything, after all. And this shows, as I said at the start, that if a girl keeps her head and uses a little tact she can make a good impression in spite of her family!

A Scene in South Sudbury, Massachusetts, Adjacent to the Wayside Inn

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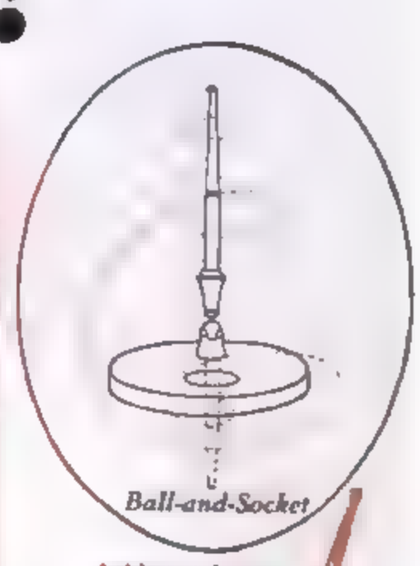

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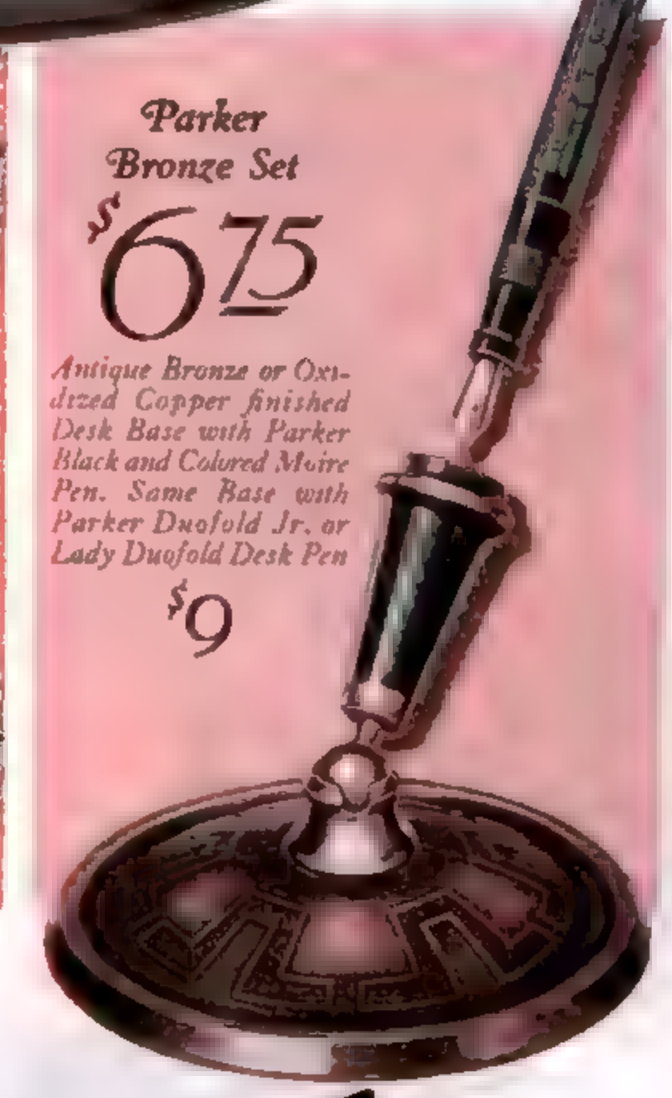

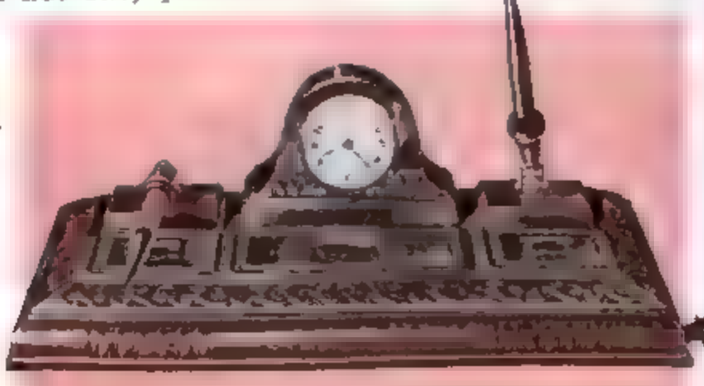

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Come to Southern California for the things that make life worth living. No other investment could pay such dividends; no other spot in the wide world offers so much—or such striking contrasts.

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Over scenic mountain trails

Pasadena's Tournament of Roses is every such New Year's Day

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Play golf all year on ever green links Girard Course—near Los Angeles

Drive through the Owens Valley for a view of the High Sierra

Live a lifetime in Southern California
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Spend hours of wonderment in Old Spanish Missions. Be sure to plan visits to such beauty spots as Santa Barbara, Ojai, Laguna, San Diego, Riverside, Redlands, San Bernardino! Each an indelible memory.

Join those who find complete refreshment of body and mind in the unique glories of the strangely beautiful desert Visit Death Valley, now readily accessible, and as amazing as it is spectacular

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And, the billion-dollar oil fields! Go down to Signal Hill, near Long Beach The wells are as thick there as trees in a pine forest. During 1926 these wells helped contribute 122,584,276 barrels to the richness of Los Angeles County.

Come out *this winter*—and put new joy and new ambitions into your life!

Los Angeles—the Pacific Coast metropolis—is ideal headquarters. From here, all Southern California is quickly accessible. Return home via Santa Barbara, Oakland, San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, and Spokane. Visit the entire Pacific Coast for small extra cost. Consult your nearest railroad ticket office for rates and reservations.

When you have read this message, fill in the coupon and mail it. It will bring you one of the most complete books on all-year vacations ever printed. 52 pages, illustrated, tell you just what to see and to do in this strange land of oranges, palm trees and Old Spanish Missions.

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GENUINE Duro Gloss RAINCOAT FABRIC

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RAINCOATS AND SPORTS COATS

THE CRASHER

(Continued from Page 17)

in citizen's clothes. When he tried to march on the field with the cadet band, puffing away at a nickel harmonica, they caught him and drop-kicked him over the turnstile. He was stopped dead at the barrier where he told them he was the Navy's star halfback. If he'd been sixty pounds heavier he might have made them believe it. They gave him the shark eye at another gate when he said he was the sporting editor of the American Mercury and that he'd forgot his ticket, and told him coldly to trot home and get it.

He tried having a fit in front of one of the turnstiles, hoping, in the excitement, to sneak in, but a cop happened along who knew him and fanned him with a nightstick.

The Duck was pretty desperate. He could hear the ball zooming back and forth as the teams warmed up. Then he had an idea. He rushed to a telegraph office near the stadium, grabbed a blank, snatched a cap from a messenger's head, and raced through the crowd, waving the yellow paper and bawling:

"Telegram for General Pershing! Telegram for General Pershing!"

He sailed right through.

Sometimes he had to go out of town to see a fight. He didn't believe in paying railroad fares any more than he believed in paying for anything else. He got to that Chicago muss all right, and this is how. He got aboard a Chicago train at Grand Central, and as soon as the train pulled out the Duck took from under his coat an old Erie conductor's cap, which was one of his props. Don't ask me how he got it. He started collecting tickets. He got a through ticket to Chi from somebody, and then hopped off at a Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and took the next train to Chicago.

His hotel bills in a strange town didn't bother him none. Like a lot of people a lot more prosperous than the Duck, he hated to give up for a hotel room while there was a chance of bumming a bed in a friend's flat. You know how that is. You've got friends in the country. Ever notice how they'll stake you to a dinner and a show just so they can spend the night on a back-breaking sofa in your living room? If the Duck couldn't connect with a free flop he'd go to a good hotel and get a room. His baggage consisted of a small suitcase full of old magazines. It was a trick case he'd invented himself. It folded up and he could slip it into his pocket. So all he had to do, after he'd charged breakfast to his room, was to walk out, giving the clerk a pleasant smile.

Before he doped out the disappearing suitcase act he used to go to a swell hotel dressed in a long raincoat some bigger man had given him, which buttoned to his ankles. The room clerk could hardly know that under the raincoat the Duck didn't have no pants on. The Duck had hocked his pants in the nearest three-ball joint. The Duck would pay for his room in advance, having no baggage. In the morning the Duck would call up the office and let out a pained roar.

"What sort of a hotel do you call this, anyhow?" he'd holler. "Can't a gentleman sleep here without somebody lifting his trousers? A fine yarn this will make for the papers. Are you supposed to sleep here with all your clothes on?" And a lot more of the same.

I guess the hotel men figured they couldn't very well call it service to pinch a customer's pants, so they'd settle with the Duck for twenty bucks or so, and kick back the price of his room.

Sometimes when he had a clean shirt, which wasn't often, he'd put the feed bag on in a high-toned restaurant. He'd play the menu from clams to coffee and then send for the head waiter.

"What's this?" the Duck would ask, with a chilly voice and an icicle eye. He'd point at his coffee cup.

"It looks," the head waiter would say, "like an insect"

"It's a bug," the Duck would say. "And I didn't order it."

"Very sorry, sir," the head waiter would bleat.

"My newspaper friends will be amused to hear about this," the Duck would say. "I'll keep him and have his photo taken for the tabloids."

Well, they do stray into the best places sometimes, but the best places ain't boasting about them, so the management would hand the Duck a lot of sorry-sir palaver and of course wouldn't nick him for the meal. Guess how the little rascal got into the Duck's Mocha.

Once the Duck went to Paris on a dime and came back with fifteen cents—but that's a story in itself.

The newspaper boys began to write pieces about him, and he cut them all out and pasted them in a scrapbook. He began to warn the public against his imitators. I always stopped and chinned with him when I saw him.

It did me good to talk with the one guy along the main stem who never had a grouch, who didn't think the human race was fixed, and who was content with his job. I guess maybe that's the way to stay happy. Find the thing that gives you the big kick, and do it.

Then the ballyhoo for the fight between Hard-pan Cantor and Swedish Eddie McCann for the lightweight champeenship of the world began. Swedish Eddie was the champ. He held the title, anyway. He couldn't hit hard enough to bust open a poached egg, but he had limber gams and was as hard to hit as a fly. In one of those things out in Chi, Eddie outran the Civil War vet who held the title until the old bucko got tired and lay down for a nap and they counted him out. They say that one was in the bag, anyhow.

Being champ, Eddie naturally didn't fight with nobody after that but bus boys and small hack drivers. They got a rule nowadays that a champ has to defend his title only once every six months. If twice a year he picks on some tip-over with round heels, he can stay champ till he trips on his own whiskers.

So Swedish Eddie skated along on top of the world, picking up a lot of easy silver by annoying a punching bag in vaudeville, indorsing hair tonics and letting 'em name lollipops after him. After all, a champ is a champ, regular or Edam, and he has his privileges and his shower of soft sugar coming to him.

Then the customers began to holler for Eddie to give Hard-pan Cantor, the pride of Avenue A, a crack at the crown. Like all pugs, Eddie was deaf to the roars of the patrons, but he could hear the rustle of a century note ten blocks away. So, when a couple of green promoters laid sixty grand on the line, Eddie signed for a decision go in a ball park over in Brooklyn. Cantor was a rough Arab with a sweet sock and a big following.

As no local lady had recently laid out her husband with an ax, the papers had plenty of space to give to steaming up the battle. The result was a sell-out. The specs tuned in on new diamond rings.

On the night of the fuss the Rubber-nosed Duck was out in the cold like an Eskimo's lip. With all his tricks he couldn't shill in. He tried storming the gates holding a pair of fighting trunks in his hand and screaming:

"The kid forgot his tights. Where's the dressing room?"

They pitched him into the road and his trunks after him.

His messenger-boy game went damp because he couldn't find a boy with a cap. He told one gatekeeper he was Spike Boyd, the referee, but the gatekeeper happened to be Spike's brother. It was getting late and he could hear the bell ringing in the prelims. He could hear the fan with the foghorn voice without who no bout is complete, yelling, "Go on an' fight, ya yella bum." Why is it that the fan who rides a kid in the ring when he's doing his best and getting murdered is always a fat, wheezy party who's afraid of his wife, and who would cave in if he had to carry a bag of pop corn up two flights of stairs? Not that it matters.

The Duck was shut out and the fights were going on and the sounds maddened him. If you've been outside trying to look in, you know how it feels. He sank so low that he took to bracing strangers and asking if they had an extra ticket, which was pretty low for a blown-in-the-glass crasher of the Duck's standing. He even thought of buying a ticket, but he pulled himself together and gritted his teeth and resisted temptation.

Then he hit on something. Near the park was one of those secondhand what-have-you stores where they sell anything. The Duck had to act fast, and he did. He popped into the shop and bought an old pair of mitts and a dirty red-and-green bath robe. Before the old geezer behind the counter knew what it was all about, the Duck had shucked off his clothes and put on his trunks, the mitts and the terrible kimono, and was down the street like a shot. He tore up to a side entrance.

"Who are you?" says the gate tender.

"Young Tamale," says the Duck.

"You ain't on the card," says the man.

"I'm subbing," says the Duck.

He flits by and goes right down to the ringside and squats there.

One of the promoters—he's a foreigner from Far Rockaway—asks him who he is, and the Duck puts on a fighting face and says:

"Young Tamale, champeen of Peru."

The promoter is too busy to check up. Anyhow, they always have an extra pug around in case one of the principals get boxer's cramp or frosty dogs at the last minute.

Swedish Eddie McCann crawls into the ring and, being champ, gets a nice ovation. Then Hard-pan Cantor comes trotting from his dressing room and his boy friends whoop it up. Hard-pan jigs around the ring, bowing and shaking hands with himself, and then trips on his noisy purple bath robe and down he goes. If he had fell on his face no harm would have been done. But he tried to break the fall with one hand, and there's a sharp, snapping sound and he sits there, bawling like a baby because, poor kid, he's broke his arm and lost his chance at the title. Swedish Eddie tries not to laugh.

Then the promoter steps over and taps the Duck on the shoulder. "Do your best, boy," says the promoter.

The Duck nearly faints. "Who? Me?" he gasps.

"Sure. You."

"But, listen, friend," begins the Duck, feeling very, very sick ——

Naturally the promoter, being a promoter, thinks the Duck is stalling for a financial reason.

"You'll get 10 per cent," he says. "Now get in there and fight."

The Duck looks like a whale had fell on him.

It was a tough spot for anybody. The Duck did some quick thinking, dazed as he was. He knew if he fell down and busted something on purpose, like Cantor done by accident, it would look too queer for even a fight crowd to stand for, and he'd be mobbed. He knew if he explained who he was and how he got there, they'd jump all over him and heave him out, and what was worse, make him look foolish. Remember, he was proud of his rep. He had to decide in half a second whether he'd step in the ring and take a few busts on the snozzle, or confess all and swallow his pride and have the underwear kidded off him along Broadway. Well, we all do a lot of fool things to

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save our pride, so the Duck hops up and hollers:

"Let me at that squarehead."

Yes, he had nerve. If anybody recognized him when he climbed into the ring, they didn't let on. He was an actor and could play a part, that boy. He'd been watching fights since he was the size of a water bucket, and he knew all the moves. He swaggers over to the champ's corner, walking tough, and gives the Swede a wicked glare, and growls, "Hello, champ. Get ready for a licking." I was sitting six rows back, and for a while the Duck fooled me. He certainly did look ornery with that squashed nose and vicious scowl. I could see that the champ was trying to size him up and had him figured for a dose of poison.

They strip, and the Duck looks fairly hard and wiry. Before the gong the Duck sits hunched up in his corner, giving the champ the hypnotic eye. I can see that the Duck's brain is working a mile a minute. Joe announces him as:

"That popular fistic toreador from South America, Young Tamale, lightweight champeen of Peru."

Bang! goes the gong. Of course the Duck could fight a little. Any kid brought up on the sidewalks of New York has to do some rough-and-tumble battling if he wants to live. And the Duck had seen the best of the mitt throwers in action. So he put up a good bluff.

He came out weaving and bobbing and letting hooks fly like Dempsey. He's as wide open as Tia Juana, and of course I see his idea. He plans to take one on the potato and gracefully kiss the canvas. But the champ is cautious. He's taking no chances of running into a haymaker. He steps around the Duck and taps him with a left. The Duck is stung like a pup in a wasp's nest. The Swede dances and boxes and doesn't shoot over any kind of punch that would give the Duck an excuse to do a dive. Eddie puts a left jab to work and he plays the Anvil Chorus on the Duck's map. Now and then he slaps the Duck on the ribs, not hard enough to put him down, but plenty hard enough to hurt, especially when you're not used to it. The Duck keeps swinging, but he hits nothing but elbows. That round must have seemed a day long to the Duck. Eddie is on him like a woodpecker on a stump. The Duck takes a merry varnishing, and then the bell rings.

It don't take no magician to see what the Duck is thinking about. He's thinking here's one fight he's paying plenty to see.

He comes out for the second looking as fresh as a three-year-old tomato. The champ is still cagy. He picks on the Duck like a moke on a banjo. He peppers him with lefts. The Duck flounders around, tossing weird punches and looking like he regretted a misspent life. He can't keep from being poked no more than a slab of pie can keep from being eaten. He chucks roundhouse swings in the general direction of the champ and only churns up a lot of balmy evening air. But he's on his feet when the round ends.

Between the second and third I catch a glint in the Duck's eye—his left eye, his right having been put to bed. I guess he's made up his mind not to play chopping block any more that night. He comes out of his corner on the gallop and makes a swipe at the champ. He lands square on the Swede's kneecap.

"Keep 'em up," barks the referee.

The Duck crouches down and lets loose another swing, and it catches the champ where he sits. It's a foul, of course, but the ref is all at sea because of the new ruling about foul territory a smart commission has made, which, as far as anyone can figure out, makes any punch fair that lands above the instep. So he doesn't disqualify the Duck, who turns and gives him as dirty a look as ever I see one man give another.

"Stop making faces and fight," snaps the ref.

The Duck shrugs his shoulders and wades in. He's bent way over and swinging them from the floor, and he fouls the champ again. Maybe the ref doesn't see it. Maybe he don't like Swedes. Maybe he's bet against the champ. Anyhow, the foul goes and the champ is hurt, and he gets mad and unbuckles a flock of wild ones. The Duck sees a hard one coming and straightens up to take it under the heart so he can fold up and call it a party. But the champ's aim is thrown out by the Duck's move and the Duck catches the punch way below the belt, and down he goes. He don't have to fake a kayo. He's out like a candle in a gale. Fifty thousand pairs of eyes seen as perfect a foul as was ever struck, so even the ref couldn't miss it. He waves Eddie to his corner; and when they bring the Duck around with smelling salts he raises the Duck's hand, and there's a new champ, and what of it?

I saw the Duck in a cabaret after the battle. He's ordering everything they have and tipping visiting congressmen from a roll of bills you couldn't send by parcel post. I congratulated him.

"Draw up a chair! Order something! Anything! It's on me!" he cries. "I got a break at last. I belong now. I've resigned from the fly-by-night club. I'm regular from now on. Say, I just signed for eight weeks on the big time for a grand and a half a week. Soft, hey?"

He has 'em bring all the food they have in the kitchen, but he's too excited and happy to eat any.

I didn't see the Duck again for a couple of months. Then one day I'm crossing Bryant Park and I see him sitting on a bench. He gives me a grin, but it's sort of sickly. He's put on weight and he has on more scenery than a new Follies, but for all that it strikes me he don't look very chipper.

"How's tricks, champ?" I say.

"O. K.," he says, but listless like.

"When you going to fight again?"

"Don't be silly," he says.

"What's the matter, champ? Toothache?"

"Aw, I'm all right," he says, but it don't ring true somehow. "I'm sitting pretty. Ten nifty suits, fifty shirts, and silver spiggots in my bathroom. What more can a guy ask?" And he gives a queer laugh.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing. I just sign papers and people hand me checks. They slipped me two grand for saying I used a certain safety razor this morning."

"Going to the Garden tonight and see the heavyweights fall around?" I asked.

He looks like he'd just drunk a pint of nice fresh vinegar. "Naw," he says. "Do you want a ticket? You can have this one. They sent it to me."

"I got one," I says.

"It's the same everywhere I go!" he bursts out, like it was something to be peeved about. "They're always sending me passes, damn 'em. Show managers and the whole gang. They all know me now, and it's: 'Champ, step right in. Delighted to see you.' Say, John, tell me something."

"What, champ?"

"Aw, cut the champ stuff and tell me this: How long does it take Broadway to forget you was a champ?"

"Not very long," I says. "If a guy keeps quiet they'll forget him in a year."

"A year," he says, like he was repeating a judge's sentence.

Then he points to a car standing at the curb—that big orange baby you just saw.

"They give me that," he says. "I agreed to let 'em put my name on it and ride around in it. They didn't say I couldn't give it away. Do you want it?"

"Not me," I says.

"I could run it off a dock," he says, half to himself. "Listen, John, did you say it would be a year before I could stop being champ?"

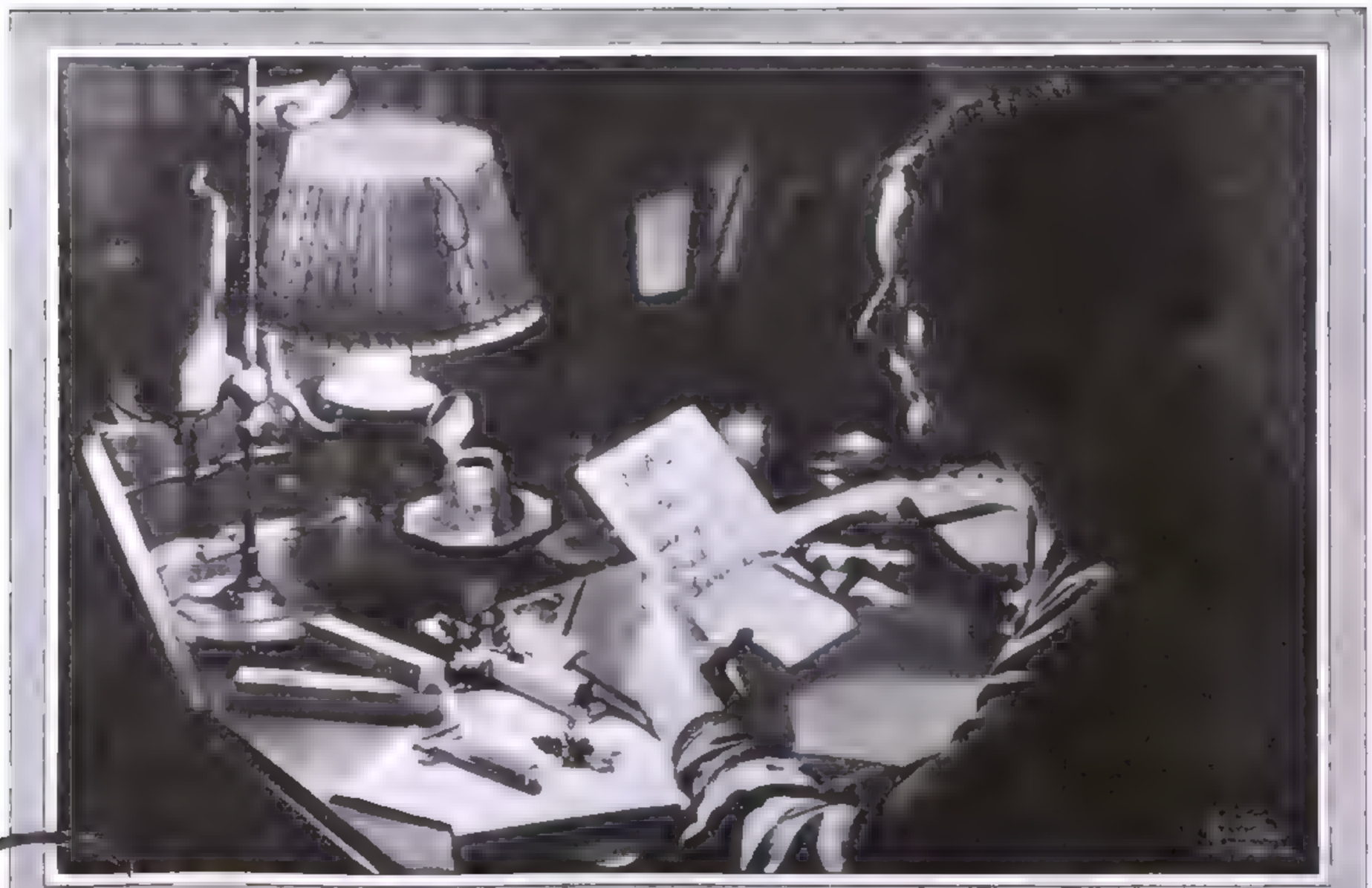
"Just about."

He gets up and sighs. He sort of mutters to himself.

"What?" I says.

"Oh, nothing," he says. "I was just figuring out a way to crash the Army-Navy game two years from now."

He mopes off. Ain't people comical?



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Even more costly gifts fail to please men as much as this remarkable new razor

Just tilt the razor head and the Schick is ready to shave. No blade adjustments necessary

Here's the gift of gifts for any man's Christmas! It's the new Schick Repeating Razor. The marvelous improved razor that does away with changing blades by hand—and gives such a smooth, comfortable shave that men can hardly believe their beards are coming off.

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And what a convenience the Schick is! Extra blades are stored right in the razor handle. To put a new blade in position, the user simply moves a plunger. A new blade slides in place—the old one drops out. No blades to search for—no cut fingers—no wasted time. It works almost like magic.

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Original Makers of the Paper Cup
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5¢
ICE CREAM

AN ARTIST HAS HIS PRIDE

(Continued from Page 27)

Mr. Aaronson paused and Mr. DeLong stepped smartly from behind the counter, his brow knit, his eyes grave with the weight of dutiful thought. He tapped his teeth reflectively with a pencil.

"Chief, I've been giving this fashion show a few thoughts and I got an idea or two I'd like to discuss with you."

Mr. Aaronson grunted, not unencouragingly.

"You know, chief, I've had a bit of experience with shows like that and I got an idea or so. Now my idea is that the man in charge—the master of ceremonies, you might say—he ought to appear in morning clothes—correct morning clothes, you understand, cutaway and striped trousers, English style. I got some, by the way. Well, the master of ceremonies ought to be a man that can make a graceful little spiel to start the ball rolling. A little wisecracking, you know, to get 'em laffing; a little serious spiel about the history of clothes—historical stuff, you might say—and then bring on the girls. We ought to get a little comedy in somewhere—have a clown fashion show, maybe—bums and tramps and comics. I was kind of interested, you might say—it's sort of down my alley, and I was talking it over with a friend of mine in the Shuberts' office, and he handed me a few little ideas ——"

Mr. Aaronson grunted again.

"I didn't mean to take up your time, chief," Mr. DeLong hastened to explain. "I'm interested, I reckon we're all interested in our outfit, and I just wanted to let you know, if I can do anything, all you got to do is give the word, understand?"

"Thanks, DeLong." Mr. Aaronson started to move away and then stopped. "See Mr. Cohn," he said. "I'm leaving the executive end of the fashion show to him. See him and give him the ideas."

"Right-o, chief, I'll do that!"

He saluted smartly, stepped briskly back behind the counter and looked about as one who would say, "Now, let us have more customers! Where are the customers? I want customers!" There was a snap about Mr. DeLong, the clerk, that few others in Aaronson's had.

He was highly satisfied with the brief interview. He'd planted the seed in the chief's mind; he had no doubt but that it would flower properly. The chief was nobody's fool; he knew the kind of man able to conduct a fashion show smartly when he saw one. Mr. DeLong was so pleased, in fact, that he called up Kitty and bade her have lunch with him. Mrs. DeLong nearly swooned at the unprecedented attention.

"What is it?" she wished to know as they sat down. "The Shuberts give in?"

"Say, baby, I was talking to the chief ——"

"Did you go to Jed Harris' office about that Irwin show?"

"No. I decided to buttonhole the chief ——"

"Why didn't you? Why didn't you?"

Mr. DeLong looked at her for a moment. Then: "Say," he said in a voice that startled patrons within a radius of five tables, "am I going to talk, or you? Where are your manners? I'm trying to tell you something and in you come with that blah-blah-blah. Now are you going to listen to me or not? Are you? That's all I want to know—are you going to listen to me or not? If you ain't we might just as well get out. So, are you going to listen to me or not?"

"Go ahead," Mrs. DeLong gave in; "but I probably already know everything you're going to tell me."

"Sure!" he yelled furiously. "You already know everything! You're a wise baby, you are! You probably know everything in the world, I suppose. You probably know more than Alexander Woollcott."

"Maybe," she granted.

"Yeh?" He glared at her. "I'll bet you do!" He withered her with his scorn. "Now, am I going to talk, or you?"

"Go ahead."

"Well!" He was silent for a moment, to show her whether or not he dominated the situation. "Well, as I was saying when you cut in with that blah, I think I got it all sewed up about that fashion show. I got the Old Man in a corner this morning and give him an earful. Say, he fell for it; swallowed it hook, line and sinker." He drew in a deep breath of pride. "Say, baby, you're going to see your Uncle Ken strutting his stuff as master of ceremonies—strutting it right out in front of the bloods of the town—and at the Ritz, mind you! Not at one of these high-speed Broadway hotels, but at a high-tone place. Maybe I'll let you come see me."

"That's what you got that pallbearer's outfit for," Mrs. DeLong guessed. "It arrived this morning from Meloney's."

He gave her his customary disgusted look. "If you'd ever played in anything but honky-tonks and seven-a-day grinds," he said, "you'd know a morning suit when you saw one. If - "

"Say, I played houses they wouldn't let you in the alley!" she retorted heatedly. "Don't try to pull any of that stuff on me, kid!" She gave him glare for glare. "I know a morning suit as well as you do. The trouble is you got no sense of humor. Just because I call a morning suit a pallbearer's outfit—a gag, that's all—you ——"

"I got just as much sense of humor as you," Mr. DeLong declared, leaning forward. "You never saw the day you had any better sense of humor than I got. Remember that, baby!"

"What do you get for this master-of-ceremony job?" she asked, deciding to abandon all discussion of a sense of humor.

The remainder of the meal was given over largely to a discussion of Mrs. DeLong's predilection for the sordidly commercial aspects of art, a discussion to which both contributed masterly eloquence. Nothing in it, however, served to disturb Mr. DeLong's wholehearted pleasure in the prospect of appearing as master of ceremonies for the Aaronson fashion show.

Sauntering back to the store, picking his teeth luxuriously, he permitted his thoughts to dwell on the probable scene. The ballroom of the Ritz would be crowded, of course—crowded with tall, smartly dressed women and lounging men in aristocratic spats and monocles. The hour arrived for the opening of the ceremonies, he would stroll down the center aisle, a figure as smart and as correctly dressed as any Belmont or Harriman in the place. Smiling affably, a man perfectly at his ease and certain of his winning personality, he would mount the platform and stand, the cynosure of all eyes, until presently the hum of conversation died down. Then he would speak, quietly, humorously, with a twinkle in his eye, in the manner of one accustomed to such surroundings; in the manner perhaps of a whimsically philosophical aristocrat who, brought to this employment through financial reverses over which he had had no control, regarded the whole situation as a bit unfortunate but amusing. Perhaps someone assuming this would invite him to a tea on Long Island.

"I say, DeLong!"

He glanced around. Johnnie Mackay of Lasko's office was hurrying after him. He brought his thoughts back to Broadway.

"How are you, Johnnie?"

"Great, DeLong. Working now?"

"Well ——"

"What about dropping in to see the Old Man today or tomorrow? He's casting for Collegiate, a swell comedy by Maxwell. It just struck me there's a grand part in it for you. You're just the type. What do you say—see you this afternoon?"

Mr. DeLong reflected. "To tell you the truth, Johnnie," he said, "I'm pretty well tied up. I'll try, but I doubt it. I got a couple of other offers ——" His voice trailed away doubtfully.

"Well, I just thought I'd see," Mr. Mackay explained. "Make it if you can, will you?"

"Sure, Johnnie."

It was not until he was entering the store that it occurred to him that he hadn't asked or thought of the salary attached to Johnnie's offer. Regret accompanied the first thought of this neglect and then, instantly, it disappeared. His mind was filled with colorful pictures of himself in morning clothes walking down the center aisle of the ballroom at the Ritz, smiling easily and affably at the assembled aristocracy. The commercial aspects of art had no place in these pictures.

He hailed Edwards, the dressing-gowns man, pleasantly. "Swell day, what?"

Edwards was unmoved by the weather. "Well," he said, "pretty soft for Perry."

Mr. DeLong's smile disappeared. "What about Perry?"

"He's going to run this fashion show. No more duty here in the store until it's over. Goes out now and begins collecting swell-looking janes for models, arranges with the Ritz people, managing the whole thing. Probably get a bonus if everything goes off all right ——"

Mr. DeLong heard no more. Dazed and bewildered, he walked away. Perry, the master of ceremonies! Then he turned and went back to Edwards. "Is that official? Is that settled, truly?" he asked.

"Sure," Edwards spoke gloomily. "I heard the Old Man talking to him about it. He's gone already."

Gone already! Perry had the job! The job he had thought was his! It was silly, crazy. Why, he himself was the man for that job; there was no doubt about that. Everybody knew it. Where had Perry ever had any experience with a thing like a fashion show? He was stunned. It hadn't occurred to him, it didn't occur to him then, how certainly he had counted on the nomination. Why, he'd thought it was all settled. Aaronson wasn't a fool—that is, he'd never thought Aaronson was a fool.

What right had Perry to a job like that? Perry wasn't a showman. He'd never had any experience. What about the morning clothes? Perry hadn't any morning clothes: he felt sure of that. What would Perry want with morning clothes? What kind of figure would Perry cut ——

"Mr. DeLong!"

He looked up dully. Simmons, Mr. Aaronson's secretary, was coming down the aisle. He beckoned to Mr. DeLong.

"Chief wants to see you," he said, "at once in his office."

"Yeh?"

Somehow he felt insolent, nasty. The chief wanted to see him, did he? He moved from behind the counter with what he felt to be insulting deliberation and sauntered casually toward the rear of the store. So the chief wanted to see him, did he? Very well, the chief should see him. He relented enough to knock at the chief's door, and entered to find that, strangely enough, no telepathic waves from an affronted clerk had crushed the master of the house into pitiful submission. Mr. Aaronson sat ponderously but comfortably before a flat desk, apparently unaware that Mr. DeLong hated him personally and intensely.

"Sit down, DeLong," he said. "You used to be on the stage, didn't you?"

Mr. DeLong sat down, distantly. "I was in five successes in five years," he replied with dignity.

"Yes?"

Somehow Mr. DeLong relented. "Did you see The Wicked Heart?" he asked.

"I don't remember," Mr. Aaronson said after a pause. "Maybe I did."

"I was the plumber," Mr. DeLong said. "That was the show I was in that Alec Woollcott said about me: 'Kenneth DeLong was amusing as an intoxicated plumber.' I had other good notices too."

(Continued on Page 141)

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(Continued from Page 136)

"I might have seen it," Mr. Aaronson repeated. "I don't remember. What I was thinking was, I had one or two actors working for me before and they weren't worth dropping in the sewer." He paused, studying a paper weight, and Mr. DeLong looked at him coldly. "That's why I'm surprised about you." His Thespian clerk sat up and forgot, for the moment, his coldness. "You wanted to do that fashion show, didn't you?"

"Well, I rather thought - —"

"Cheap stuff," Mr. Aaronson commented contemptuously. "Anybody can do that kind of stuff all right. You don't want to be wasting your time on that stuff." He leaned back in his chair and looked Mr. DeLong in the eyes for the first time during the interview.

"The fact is, DeLong," he said, "you're a good man." The good man looked at him in bewilderment. "I never seen anything from the stage show up like this before," the chief continued. "But somehow—maybe it's from your stage experience—you got a nice kind of approach, a good snap, and you're quick. You're the kind of man I been looking for for a long time. I think you got it in you." Mr. DeLong remained silent. "To get to the point, I'm going to make you chief of the sales department. I got confidence in you. In fact, you've proved it. You got a good future here, boy. You're how old?"

"Thirty-two," Mr. DeLong replied, trying to look boyish.

"Well, you got the instincts of a good salesman, a good executive. You keep on and you'll be in line for a partnership. You got the stuff. I'm glad I found you. You're going to help me and I'm going to help you. We got to know each other better. You and me, we're going to be closer hereafter. Aaronson's is a good store; it's made me a million; it might make me another. It might make you one. I been watching you and I believe I'm right. So you'll be sales department head from now on. Your new salary is a hundred and fifty."

"A hundred and fifty!"

Mr. Aaronson smiled heavily. "Sure," he said. "And it ain't a gift either. You're worth it, Kenneth. You'll be worth more soon. I ain't being one of those philanthropists. I'm doing good business." He picked up the paper weight again. "If you want to," he said, "you can take the rest of the day off and celebrate." He smiled again. "I was a boy myself once. I know how it is."

"Chief!" Mr. DeLong, tears in his eyes, rose and walked over to the desk. One hundred and fifty a week! He put out his hand. "Chief, you're a prince!"

"No, no, no!"

Mr. Kenneth DeLong walked out of the office on air.

For a minute or two he stood in front of the store, still somewhat dazed. His eyes rested on the Astor, on the long black front, on the flower store on the ground floor, on the hedge of trees that grew around the edge of the roof. That was where Kitty wanted to live; that was where Kitty had always lived before.

He went into a cigar store and called his hotel—that dump. "They don't answer," the operator reported of his room. She was out, then. Shopping, probably. A good kid, Kitty. A bit blah now and then, but a good kid. Would she be pleased when he told her?

He didn't know then exactly what to do. He stopped in front of the Palace. Nobody there he wanted to talk to. He walked up Seventh Avenue, turned into Fiftieth. The occasion deserved a drink. He didn't drink ordinarily—cared very little for it—but the occasion deserved some rite, and a drink was the only rite he could think of. He passed Sixth Avenue and entered a camouflaged dwelling. He ordered a highball.

One hundred and fifty dollars a week! The Astor, service, bell boys, swanking out through the lobby. New ties, bright shirts, a couple of suits of new clothes. Not one, but a couple. Opportunity. Even more money soon—two hundred a week, three hundred, a partnership. Aaronson had said so. Aaronson had practically promised it. He ordered another.

Broadway parties were always full of moneyed men in trade. In fact, they gave them. He'd never been to a Broadway party that hadn't a well-barbered, well-groomed, smooth, powdered chap reported to be worth a million, or pretty close to it. There'd be nothing of Broadway that he'd miss. He'd be the well-groomed chap. Mostly they were angels, paying two-thirds of all expenses, but satisfied and pleased at the privilege of being with stage people. He'd be different—a moneyed man who was no sap. He'd be one who had been through the game, knew enough of it to pull out and make real money. He'd have the fun and pay what he wanted, because he was able. Things had broken right.

He glanced down the bar somewhat vaguely. A tall, broad, gray-haired man was looking at him. Their eyes met. The man came down the bar and stood beside him.

"I've seen you somewhere before," he said.

Mr. DeLong straightened up. "You're Chauncey Lasko," he said. "I was in The Wicked Heart. Kenneth DeLong."

"Oh, yes, certainly I remember you, DeLong. I knew I knew you. You did good work. That bit about the monkey wrench was swell. I'll never forget it. What are you doing now?"

"Remember what Alec Woollcott said about me in The Wicked Heart? I rather liked that part."

"Oh, that was a beauty, that scene was. . . . What'll you have?"

"I'll take a highball."

"Two highballs, Joe!"

Mr. DeLong studied himself in the mirror behind the bar. "You haven't been putting on anything lately," he said. "Retired?"

"Retired!" Mr. Lasko laughed at that. "Hardly! I'm casting now. I got a comedy from George Mason. Peach of a show. If it don't click, then I'm no picker at all."

"Yeh?"

"What are you doing now?"

Mr. DeLong considered. Then he laughed good-naturedly. "The fact is," he said, "I'm taking an executive place in Aaronson's." They laughed together indulgently over the lark. "Fellow begged me to. I was tired—nerves, you know—and I decided, what the hell, why not?"

"Sure," Mr. Lasko agreed sympathetically.

"Fellow begged me to," Mr. DeLong repeated, draining his glass. "So I said, what the hell, why not?"

"You did a great scene in The Wicked Heart," Mr. Lasko said. "I'll never forget that scene over the monkey wrench. . . . What'll you have?"

"Another highball for me."

"Two highballs, Joe!"

"This one is on me."

"This George Mason show is the berries," said Mr. Lasko. "It's a comedy, and yet there's tragedy in it, see?"

"That's the kind," Mr. DeLong said.

"It's got everything—absolutely everything. I never saw a script I liked better. It's got everything. Mason's got two hits already. It can't fail. Mason knows his public backward and forwards."

"I'll say he does," Mr. DeLong agreed.

"What you doing now?" Mr. Lasko lifted his glass and gulped its contents. "I haven't seen you in anything lately."

"Nothing."

"Good," said Mr. Lasko. "I was hoping I could get you."

"I got nothing on at the present. I was out with Madame Virtue—just tiding over. We just closed, you know. I just thought I'd look around for a while, for a symp'thetic part. I developed something of a public, you know, and I don't want to jump into anything that'll make me look bad. I kind of thought I'd look around for a symp'thetic part."

"I got something for you," said Mr. Lasko.

"Yeh?"

"Yeh, I got something right down your alley. I got a part in this show that you'll jump at."

"What is it?"

"Well, it's a cokey. It's a guy who's lost his sweetheart and he takes to dope, see? When he comes in, in the second act, he's just murdered a guy and he's a little nervous."

"Is this that comedy you were talking about?"

"Sure. You got to have some human interest, haven't you?" Mr. Lasko looked at him in surprise. "You're a cokey, see? You're on fifteen minutes and you got a corking scene. The minute I read the script I said to myself, 'That's Kenneth DeLong. He's just made for the part.' I was looking for you. What about it?"

Mr. DeLong toyed with his highball. Then: "What does it pay?"

"Ninety dollars," Mr. Lasko replied, and added hastily, "I'm a bit cramped for jack. We'll get some right away, but I'm a bit cramped for jack at the moment. But what do you say?"

Mr. DeLong did not answer at once. He was relishing a warm glow of happiness. This, then, was vindication. Ninety dollars—that was his mark. He'd known it, felt it, counted on it. Ninety dollars a week. They'd tried to bring him down, tried to make him cut his scale. They'd tried to make him work for eighty-five dollars, or even eighty. And he a ninety-dollar man! But he'd known. He'd known they'd see they couldn't do that. And now the victory, the vindication, had come. He was smiling dreamily through the smoke at himself in the mirror behind the bar.

"I'll let you know tomorrow," he said presently. "I got one or two other propositions, but I'll let you know tomorrow."

Mr. DeLong wrote the letter even before he was dressed. He was not at his best with pen and paper, but even then, he felt, it might be better than a personal explanation. The completion of it brought a great relief and he read it over happily. In part Mr. DeLong had written:

. . . . so I trust you will understand that there is nothing personal. I mean to say, after all, in my twelve years behind the footlights, as the fellow puts it, I have been quite successful in a quiet way and look forward to greater successes on the American stage. So I trust you will understand there is nothing personal. I mean, I feel I would do more justice by myself and the future if I continued behind the footlights, where I have been successful, and not in the haberdashry business, which is an uncertainty and a gambol, and I would never know whether it was luck or talent that put me where I was. So I hope you see there is nothing personal. . . .

A few minutes later Mrs. DeLong was awakened by a stirring barytone rendition of Baby Your Mother Like Your Mother Babied You which floated out of the bathroom. Mr. DeLong had more than once felt that he could have, if he'd put his mind to it, developed a pretty valuable stage voice. Even as it was, he was not ashamed of it.

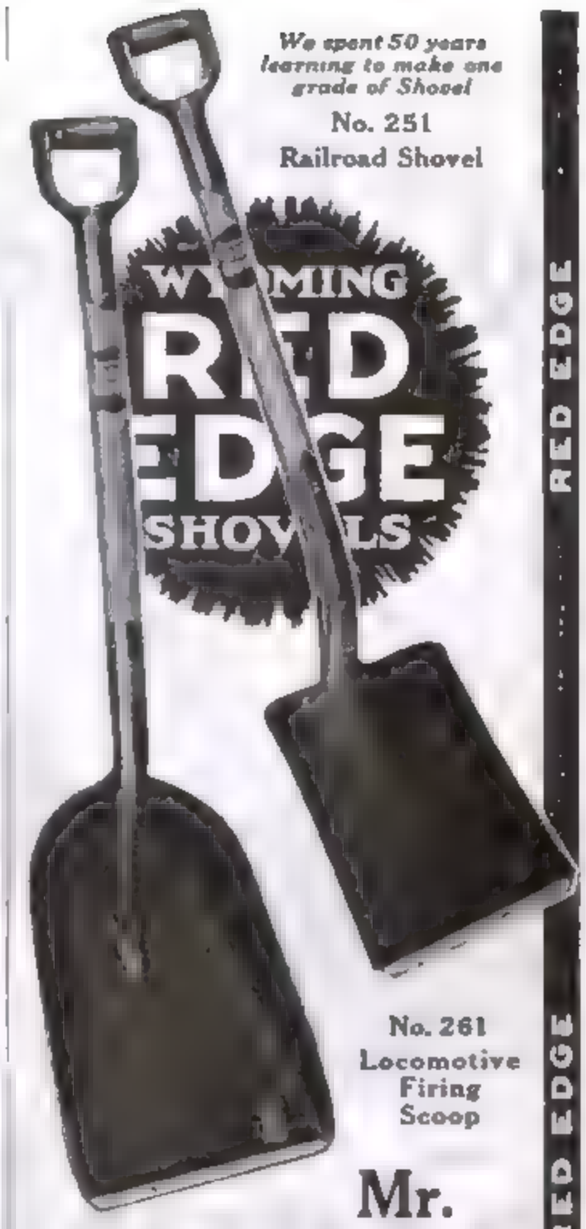
He reentered the room briskly, waved a jaunty, care-free good morning to his wife, and then plunged into a profound survey of his three neckties. Mrs. DeLong studied him admiringly.

"For a guy that came home the way you came home last night," she said, "you certainly are a cheery little rascal this morning."

"It all comes, baby," he replied gayly, "from knowing how to carry your liquor like a gentleman."

"You were certainly carrying yours well," she commented. "You were carrying it like a gentleman trying to carry an armful of milk bottles. Who bought it for you?"

"Say, baby," he looked over at her good-naturedly, "you can't get a rise out of me this morning." He shucked into his coat and adjusted his gray hat at a rakish angle.



Mr. George A. Hughes in a Reminiscent Mood

Mr. Hughes, an old railroader and now New Jersey Sales Supervisor for Thor Washers, writes us:

"Five years ago one of your representatives left several Red Edge Shovels for the firemen of the ——— R. R. I used that Red Edge for two years on every job that I fired, and they were all High Ball jobs, where the side of the fire-box door wins many an argument from a shovel.

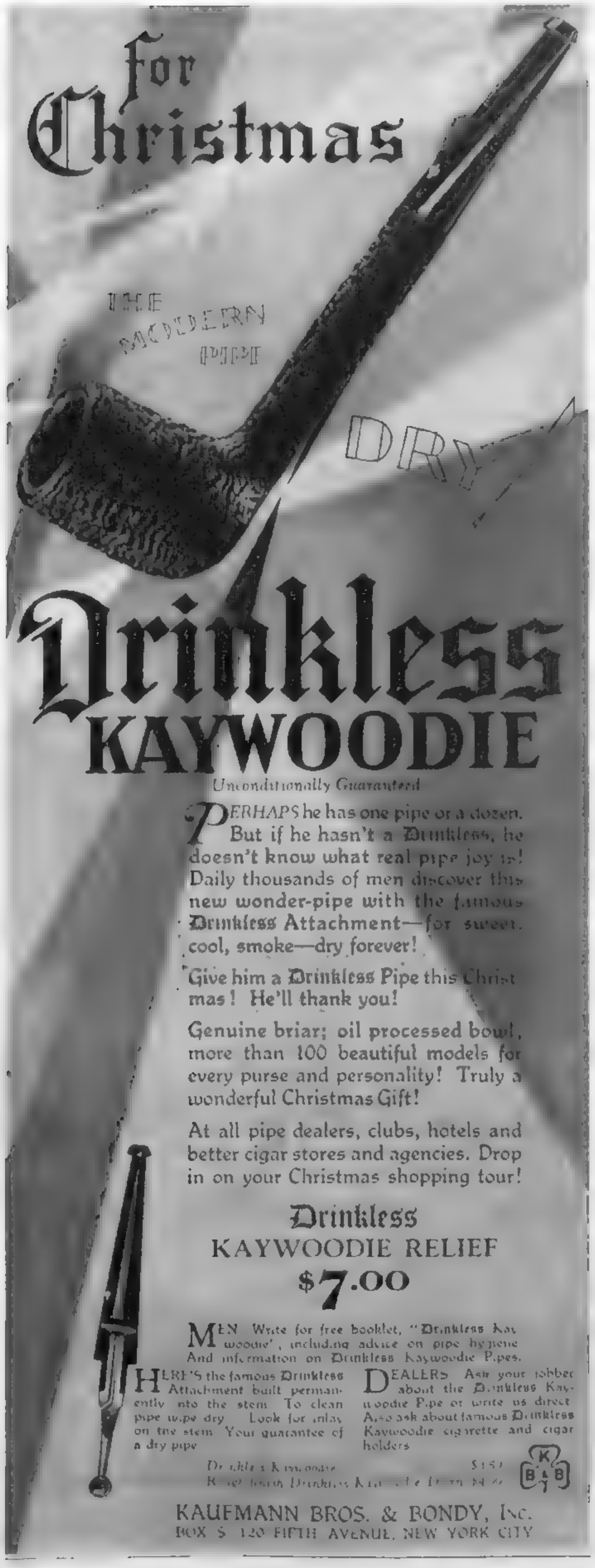
"All the while I was studying and reading everything that I could find about Salesmanship, and looking around for something on a locomotive that I could really love to talk about. The only thing on the heap of rust that was worth a darn was the Red Edge Shovel.

"Fortunately for the shovels I became a Washing Machine Salesman. But that same Red Edge is still doing daily duty down on my Father's farm, and every time that I go down to see Dad, I look for my Pal that helped me to win many a battle with leaky flues, poor coal and all the other combats that you will find in no other place than the bouncing kitchen of a Pile of Pig Iron."

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PA.

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

RED EDGE . . . RED EDGE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Unconditionally Guaranteed
PERHAPS he has one pipe or a dozen. But if he hasn't a Drinkless, he doesn't know what real pipe joy is! Daily thousands of men discover this new wonder-pipe with the famous Drinkless Attachment—for sweet, cool, smoke—dry forever!
Give him a Drinkless Pipe this Christmas! He'll thank you!
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But the reflection in the looking-glass did not quite satisfy him. He made a minute change in its position. "How about it, kiddo? How do I look?"

"You're the cats," she replied. "But what's the idea of being here at this time of day? Did they give you the air at the store?"

"Give me the air! I give them the air."

"Well," she commented, "that's fine. That's great. Now you'll have just lots of time to stand on Broadway corners and starve. You got a great head on your shoulders, boy. I certainly got to hand it to you."

He paused to look steadily at her. Then: "Are you through? Are you through exercising your voice? That's all I want to know—are you through? Just tell me if you're through."

"I'm through," she said. "It looks to me like we're probably both through. Go ahead and spill it."

"If you're through," he said with some dignity, "maybe you'll smile up the other sleeve. The truth is, I was asked to take a swell part in a new Mason comedy. It's a part just down my alley—one of the fattest in the show. Going into rehearsal today. Now tell me, was I a sap? Just answer me that now—was I a sap?"

"Probably," she said. "What are you getting?"

Another patient pause. Then: "What do you think I'm getting? What have I always got? Do I look like a guy that would cut my rate for some gyp production? I get ninety, of course. That's my price, baby—ninety smackers. And I'll always get ninety dollars."

"I don't doubt that either," she commented, and with a sigh turned over for another nap. For a moment her husband looked at her uncertainly. Then he shrugged. She heard him whistling happily as he stepped smartly down the corridor.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

—— peach teddies, or perhaps orchid, for I always say you can't go far wrong if you give nice underwear, and even if she has too many, she can easily ——

—— swear about the socks, for after I mailed them I remembered that Bill told me not to send any more with the stripes running around, but these were such lovely bright green and orange, with ——

—— a sweet little border of mistletoe, and "greetings" in gold, but his sister had to come snooping around just at the wrong moment, so now of course I can't ——

—— save on Ethel's bridge shades by making them myself, but I got in a terrible mess trying to shirr the georgette, and here at the last minute I have to rush out and buy ——

—— a washing machine or something else useful, that was dad's idea, but I said to him: "Look here," I said. "Bessie'll never be young but once, and think how surprised and pleased she'd be if she had ——"

—— twins, so we always have to get their things just alike, and they'd be sure to quarrel over a radio set. Mother thinks they're getting old enough to enjoy ——

—— prewar, he called it, but of course you can't believe anything any more, and anyhow, I think it would be more appropriate to give grandpa a smoking jacket or a ——

—— chance to play in the school orchestra, so he's wild for a saxophone, but I told him it was too expensive and he'd have to be satisfied with ——

—— lobster, and I have such a headache that I don't know what I'm doing, and she might at least have told me what size her aunt wears, but she's ——

—— perfectly simple, for I just consult one of the holiday gift specialists and send my card list to the —

toy department express elevator. Just look at the crowd around the card counter. . . . But she's going South and we needn't send her anything. . . . That's what you get for putting it off till the last minute. . . . Kindly keep to the right. . . . I want a great big electric train. . . . Here it is nearly five o'clock. . . . Aren't the decorations pretty this year? . . . Can't you wait on me? I've been standing till I'm nearly dead! . . . For heaven's sake, hurry up and decide! . . . Did you ever see such a mob? . . . Somebody must have stolen my purse. . . . We'll never get seats if we don't rush

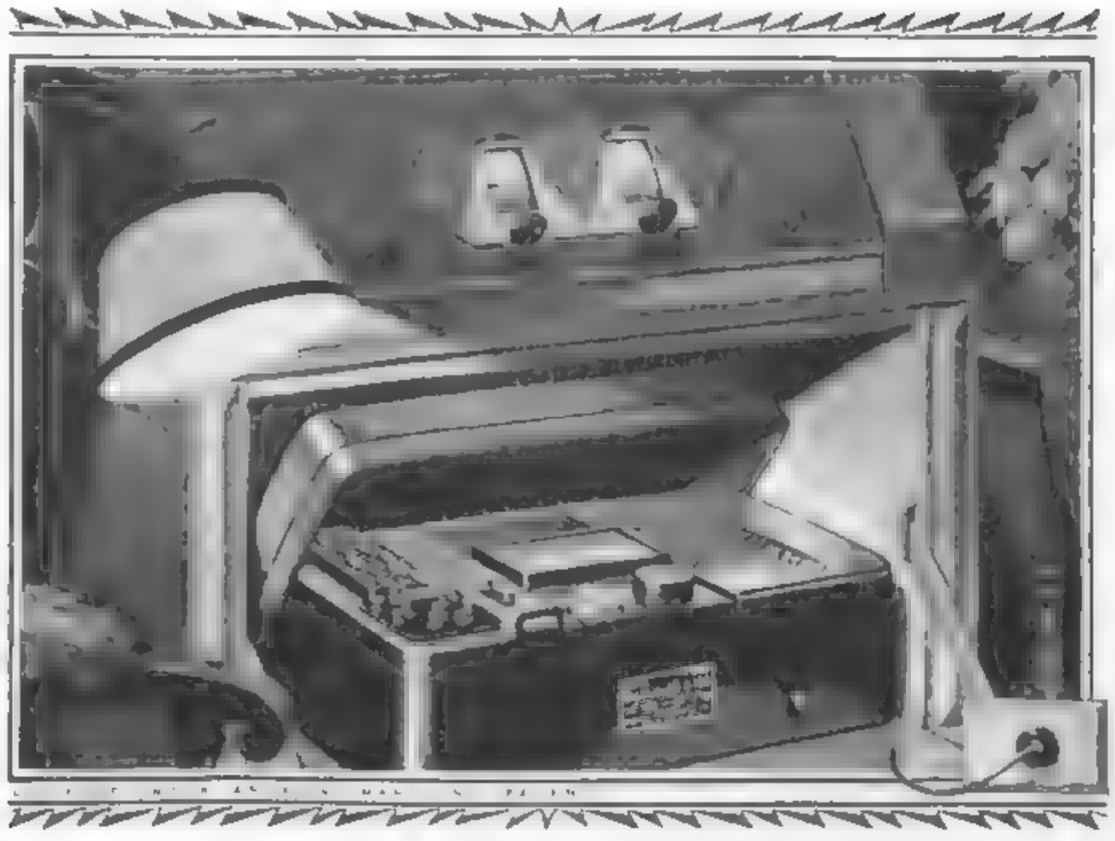
(The long day closes.)

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

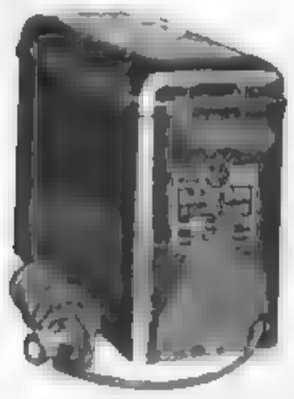
"Say, Lady, Watch What You're Doin'! That's Twice You Stepped on My Foot!"

Balkite AB

A complete unit, replacing both A and B batteries and supplying radio current directly from the light socket. Contains no battery in any form. Operates only during reception. Makes any radio set an "electric receiver." Two models, 135 volts, $64.50. 180 volts, $74.50.



For the radio set owner's Christmas—Balkite



Balkite B—the accepted, tried and proved light socket B power supply. The first Balkite B, after 5 years, is still rendering satisfactory service. Three models $22.50, $35.00, $42.50.

Balkite A—Exactly like Balkite AB but for the A circuit only. Enables owners of Balkite B to make a complete light socket installation at very low cost. Price $35.00.

The standard charger [whether trickle or high-rate] for radio A batteries is Balkite. Noiseless. Can be used during reception. Three models: $7.50, $9.50, $17.50.

There are special models for 25-40 cycle current at slightly higher prices. Prices are higher West of the Rockies and in Canada.

If it's the owner of a radio set to whom you want to make a gift, that simplifies the problem of what to give. For there's one thing the radio set owner is sure to need—up-to-date power equipment. Give him Balkite.

When you give Balkite you give the best radio has to offer. Noiseless battery charging, successful light socket B power, trickle charging, and now—most important of all—Balkite AB, a complete unit containing no battery in any form, and supplying radio power from the light socket. The great advances in radio power have been made by Balkite.

When you give Balkite you give permanent equipment. The first Balkite B, after five years of service, is now a little battered in appearance, but in performance is as good as new and will probably be so for years to come.

When you give Balkite you give equipment that has stood the test of time. The Balkite principle of electrolytic rectification today is standard on the signal systems of most American as well as European and Oriental railroads. Over 2,000,000 Balkite Power Units now in use in radio and in a score of industries are based upon it. Increasing recognition of its worth is seen in the fact that Balkite now has three licensees in the radio field alone—Gould, Vesta and USL.

Whatever the type of set, whatever type of power equipment is wanted (with batteries or without), Balkite has it. Let your dealer advise you. He will tell you what Balkite equipment any set owner should have.

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Now Balkite brings you an entire season of one of the world's greatest opera companies. Balkite Hour, Thursday Evenings, ten o'clock Eastern Standard time. Over stations WJZ, WBZA, WBZ, KDKA, KYW, WGN, WMAQ, WEBH, WBAL, WHAM, WJR, WLW, KSD, WOC, WOW, WCCO, WHO, WDAI

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SOME folks say it's hard to know what to give a man; some men never know what to give a woman; and so many others say they never know what will please country folks. More and more people every year are solving their annual gift problem just as you may solve yours, without being crushed in crowded stores, without the bother of wrapping and mailing! Just how do they solve it so easily? What gifts do they select? They're listed below. Just see how they answer every reading need—every good gift requirement:

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Only $1 the year (U. S. and Canada)

"For the past 37 years I have read your magazine," writes a *Journal* reader, "and cannot remember having missed a single copy. *Hearthstones*, I consider one of the best stories published in many a day."

But what will interest *you* in addition is the fact that the *Journal* offers, within the year, 7 complete $2 novels, *plus* 70 or more magnetic short stories, *plus* a complete household and fashion service.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

$2 for 52 issues (U. S. and Canada)

"Some women would entertain oftener," observed a newspaper columnist recently, "if they knew what to do with the flocks of old *Saturday Evening Posts* their husbands insist on keeping." Such evidence, plus the fact that over 2,750,000 buyers enjoy *The Post* every week, is pretty convincing proof that a subscription would make a welcome gift for your masculine friends, isn't it?

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

3 years for $1 (U. S. and Canada)

Whenever *The Country Gentleman* visits the rural home, the whole family is unanimous about one thing—they like it. Dad is keen for its short talks on scientific farming Mother looks for its newest fashions (with patterns at 10c). The boys and girls get many a thrill from the pages written for them. And how the whole family does enjoy the vigorous, outdoor serials and short stories!

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To every friend whom you remember with one or more of these gifts, we will send, *in your name*, to arrive in the Christmas mail, a strikingly beautiful Maxfield Parrish announcement card. It measures 7 x 11 inches and is well worth framing

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That your announcement may be sure to arrive in the Christmas mail, hand your order NOW to one of our authorized representatives, or mail it direct to the address below. A convenient order form will be found in the subscriptions copies of this issue.

The Curtis Publishing Company

297 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

VODKA

(Continued from Page 31)

Continental wars, so Russia, in the crucial struggle with Japan, turned to vodka as a means for liquidating the enormous expense of the war.

Within fifteen years after setting up the state vodka monopoly consumption rose from 44,000,000 to 250,000,000 gallons. The state came to draw an annual revenue of $500,000,000 from the vodka monopoly.

Thus Witte's state vodka monopoly, having begun with the purest protestations and the highest hopes, plunged the country in the liquor business up to the hilt. The aim was no longer to restrict but to increase the consumption of vodka. No police measures were taken against drunkenness and the number of dramshops doubled.

When the World War broke out prohibition was decreed for Russia by the Czar with as little ceremony or agitation as a change in a railroad time-table. It was done in a flash as a war measure—first, because the sober Russian is a better fighter than a drunken one; second, because of the necessity for conserving grain. With the Czar's edict dramshops were closed, stocks destroyed, distilleries dismantled. The police, with their elaborate secret-service system, saw to it that the Czar's edict was respected. One day plenty of vodka, the next day no alcohol was to be had. The will of the Czar was like an act of Providence against which the individual may recalcitrate in vain.

The Supreme Law

It didn't require highly concentrated power to decree prohibition for Russia, but it did take unlimited autocratic power to enforce it. The Russian autocracy was a despotism tempered only by assassination. The will of the Czar was supreme law. The railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow was driven on a tangent through forests, bogs and lakes without regard to cost or engineering difficulties, because the Czar had taken a pencil and ruled a straight line between the two cities and ordered the engineers to follow it. Czar Paul, endowed by nature with giant height, blue eyes and snub nose, formed his crack regiment wholly of giants with blue eyes and snub noses like himself.

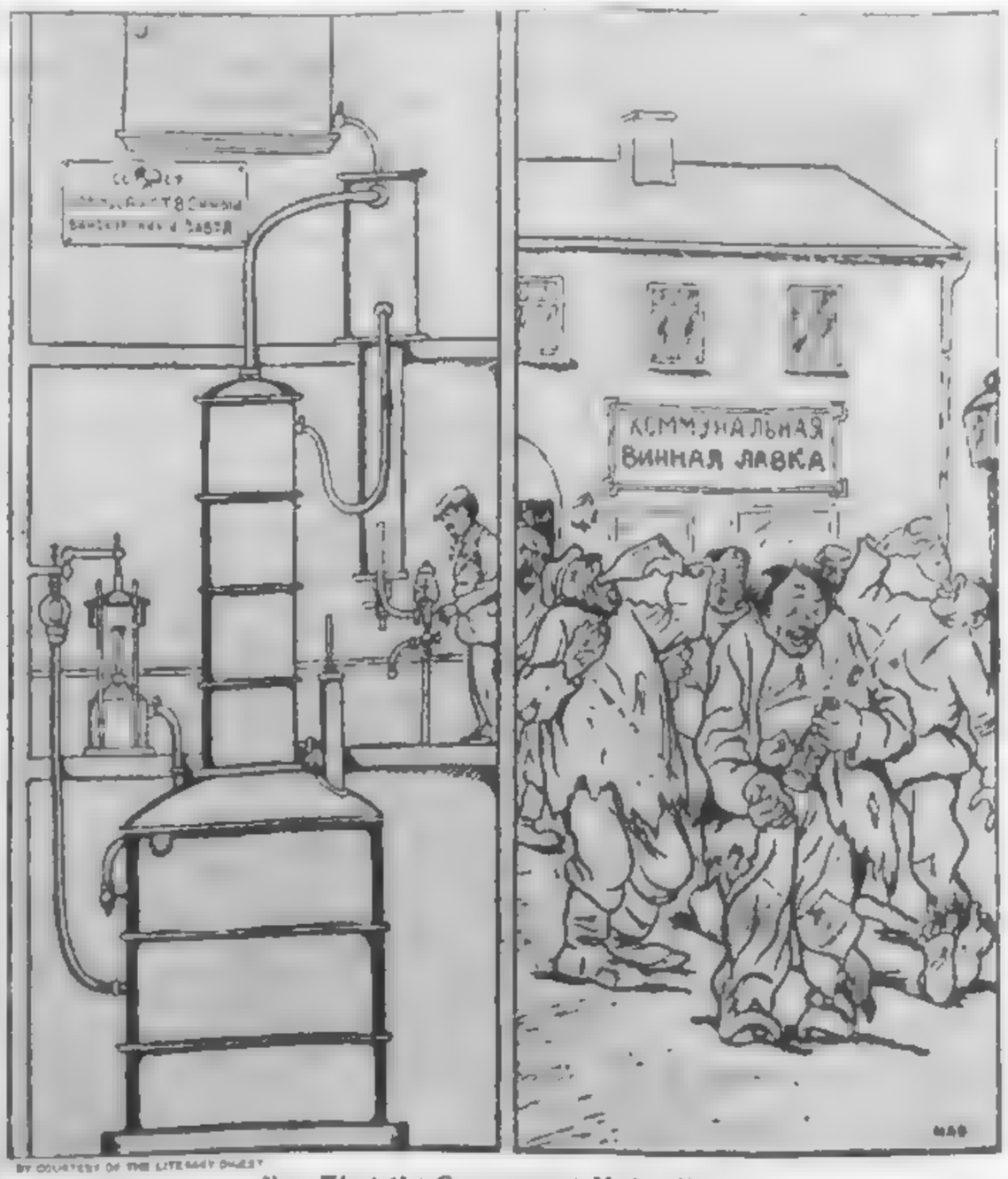
The omnipotent Czar, with his omnipresent police, had to do with a people habituated to obedience and submissive under authority. Most Russians of the old days were bred to the belief that the world is divided into masters whose privilege it is to command and simple folk whose duty it is to obey them. Under the Czar, prohibition prohibited.

Grain Stored in Bottles

As prohibition in Russia was dictated by military necessity, so the return to vodka was dictated by political expediency. After the fall of the czarist régime the peasant turned home distiller and booze peddler Back in 1919 the Soviet Government requisitioned the farmers' grain to feed the half-starved city workers. The hard-headed peasant, cold to the great communistic experiment, found no satisfaction in exchanging his grain, which could be eaten and possessed an intrinsic value, for pieces of paper called rubles which possessed a fluctuating and declining value.

The peasant responded to grain requisitioning by hiding his surplus grain in hollow trees or burying it in the ground. Village geniuses with a talent for discovering the obvious perceived that alcohol keeps better than grain, has a more universal marketing appeal and can be secreted and sold with greater facility. Home distillation and bootlegging spread like wildfire.

To suppress the contraband trade with the forces at its command was about as easy as melting the polar ice cap with a parlor match. Times had changed. The peasant was no longer timorous and subservient as in the days of the Czars. What was going on in Moscow was seemingly remote from his interests and in the principles of communism he was little concerned. He



BY COURTESY OF THE LITERARY DIGEST

Now That the Government Makes Vodka

had the land and his village. Why worry? It was a horse of another color when the central government tackled the liquor question. Here was something that touched him acutely. As producer, distributor and consumer, the matter affected both his palate and his pocketbook. Outside his religion and his land, it was the most ticklish matter with which the government could interfere.

In the past certain great issues having to do with the destiny and happiness of millions of human beings had been decided by the whims of Russian monarchs without provoking in the slightest degree the interest of the peasant. In the bitter struggle between Frederick the Great of Prussia and Maria Theresa of Austria, the empty-headed Czar, Peter III, fancying that he would like to wear a Prussian uniform, transformed the whole European scene by detaching the Russian troops from service under the Austrian colors and enrolling them under the banners of Frederick. One month the Russians were carrying on war with the Austrians, the next month they were carrying on war against them. This shift, which affected the destinies of Central Europe, was a matter of no great moment to the Russian people. They remained quiescent. But later, when Czar Peter sought to deprive the Russian clergy of their beards, the people rose against him.

Prohibition Through High Prices

The communist government, whose active sympathizers represented probably not more than 7 per cent of the Russian population, needed at least the passive support of the peasants, representing, as they did, 85 per cent of the population. The government could not risk alienating the peasant by warring on the home distiller and bootlegger.

There was little in the communistic program to appeal to the peasant's self-interest. As a paper program, the peasant was to have the land and supply the landless townsman with food, while receiving from the townsman the manufactured articles which he in turn needed. But the nails, glass, plows, household utensils which the peasant needed the townsman could not, in 1919 and 1920, supply. If, in 1920, the towns had been able to supply the peasant with his raw-iron necessities Lenin would not have been compelled to beat an economic retreat.

The Soviet Government found itself whipsawed by prohibition. It could neither suppress the contraband trade in vodka nor endure it. Home distilling at once wasted the grain the Soviet Government essentially needed as a medium of international exchange, and at the same time deprived the government of the revenues that might be derived from legalized trade in spirits. The Soviet in turn had to beat a retreat.

The business of saving the face was difficult. Trotzky had declared that prohibition was one of the iron assets of the revolution and would not be abandoned. History exactly repeated itself. Like Count Witte of earlier days, the Soviet sought to justify resumption of the vodka monopoly on broad humanitarian and financial grounds. If the people must drink, let them drink pure rather than poisonous liquor. If money was to be spent on drink, let the state treasury be the beneficiary rather than a horde of lawbreakers and bootleggers.

The Reverend Prokhonoff, president of the All-Russian Union of Evangelical Churches, is quoted as stating:

"Under prohibition, instead of having one drunkard in a Russian home, as was the case before prohibition was tried, every house became a distillery and a saloon. Men and women made vodka and even served it to their children."

Commissar of Public Health Semashko defends the return to vodka on the ground of public health. Since the Russians cannot be prevented from making moonshine alcohol and drinking it, it is far better that they should have good stuff duly certified by the government than the poisonous bootleg stuff they were getting clandestinely.

Large expensive distilleries are required to obtain alcohol from potatoes. The government, by operating these distilleries, can make use of surplus potatoes freely purchased at fifteen or sixteen cents a bushel and so conserve wheat and rye of five times the value which the peasants were using in their home stills. The government proposes to use in the coming year not less than 50,000,000 poods, or close to 1,000,000 tons, of potatoes for vodka making.

One thing the Europeans are discovering which we in this country have not been called upon to consider: The relation between the price of alcohol and the volume of its consumption. One of the interesting things in the postwar period is the relation between the fall in alcohol consumption which has taken place in most North European countries and the rise in its price. For example, alcohol was plentiful in Esthonia before the war, the price cheap and drunkenness an obvious national liability. The present Esthonian price for alcohol is four times that of prewar, but the consumption has been cut almost in half. The government makes a profit of about 700 per cent out of its alcohol monopoly. About 90 per cent of the alcohol is obtained from potatoes at a cost of less than fifty cents a gallon. The government takes a profit of eighty cents out of every dollar's worth of vodka sold.

A Latvian official informed the writer in Riga that the government was seriously considering a project for further increasing the spirits duty, while making beer as free as lemonade or tea—all in the interest not so much of increased revenue as reduced consumption of alcohol.

In Sweden, under the Bratt system, profits go to the state, the government taking sixty-five cents out of every dollar paid for brandy by the consumer. With the rise in price, consumption has fallen from eight to five liters of brandy per capita.

In Denmark a standard bottle of schnapps—40 to 45 per cent pure alcohol—selling for sixty-five öre before the war, now sells for eight kroner, or twelve times as much. The sixteen-dollar-a-gallon price for alcohol has put a considerable damper on the consumption of schnapps in Denmark. Consumption has declined at least 50 per cent in the past five or six years.

The Spirit of the Times

In Britain the price of spirits is five times as high as prewar and consumption has fallen by 50 per cent. The government takes a profit of fifty-eight cents out of every dollar paid by the consumer for hard drink. The national liquor revenue in the financial year 1913–14 was £43,299,000. By 1925–26 it had risen to £140,439,000. The spirits duty since 1918 has risen from twenty-one shillings sixpence a proof gallon to 130 shillings. The British beer duty was raised until in 1920 it stood at £5 the standard barrel. In 1923 a reduction of £1 a barrel was made and beer consumption thereafter has been increasing. One of the poorest boroughs in London, Bermondsey, infested with slums and made up of a working-class population, drank in the fiscal year 1924–25 not less than 5,500,000 gallons of beer—this for a population of 120,000 souls. The state was paid out of this borough's poverty £400,000 in beer duty, or approximately £15 per family, without counting the hard liquor consumed.

Ideas are catching. New forces of thought and feeling move over the world, with the same tendencies dominating divers peoples in divers climes. These things are in the air, we say. They are a product of the spirit in which we live, of what the Germans call the *Zeitgeist*, or time-spirit. Now the time-spirit in the brandy-drinking countries of Europe is just as clearly on the side of more moderate consumption as it is on the side of bobbed hair for women. Russia is running counter

(Continued on Page 149)

NATIONAL

insures easy cold weather starting

COLD weather brings out all the good—or bad—in a storage battery. Cold, stiff motors, semi-frozen oil, sluggish gears—all test the stamina of the battery to the utmost.

But cold weather only brings out more forcefully the good qualities of National Batteries, for National Battery owners are assured of quick, certain starting even in below zero weather. This rugged, never failing service has made National Batteries the choice of thousands of experienced car owners from coast to coast.

All standard National Batteries are guaranteed for 18 months (12 months in model T Ford), but the nation-wide organization of the National Battery Company and more than 5000 expert National Battery dealers stand ready to render a personal service far beyond that expressed by the guarantee. Every National Battery owner MUST be a satisfied owner.

A call on your National dealer now will insure you quick, sure starting this winter, and the kind of personal interest service you have always wanted!

The National dealer will also tell you about National Radio "A" Batteries, The New Homepower Units and the marvelous National "B" Eliminator. And—if the thought has not already occurred to you, a National Battery for car or radio would make a most useful Christmas gift for the whole family.

NATIONAL BATTERY CO.
General Offices, St. Paul, Minn.

Factories: St. Paul, Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, North Bergen, N. J

Branches: Dallas, Oakland, Atlanta, Portland (Ore.), Baltimore, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Seattle, Detroit, Spokane.

NATIONAL
BATTERIES

NATIONAL LEADS THE WORLD IN BATTERY VALUE

The "Thermos" pint Lip Jug. Heavy brass case and handle, polished nickel plated finish, fitted with brass screw cotton stopper cork.

No. 646 $11.00

Other styles and sizes from $8.50 up.

GENUINE

THERMOS

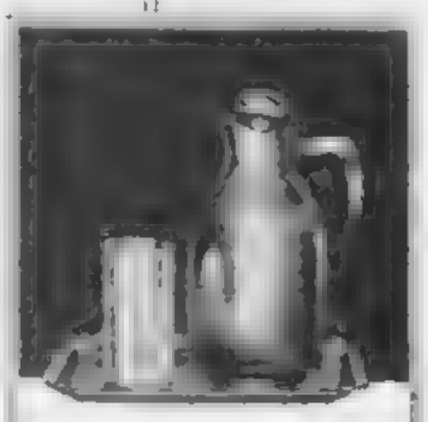
VACUUM BOTTLE

This exquisite colored Jug Set in the exclusive "Thermos" pearl finish adds a charming decorative note to any room and provides a convenient supply of pure cold water—kept cold and fresh by "Thermos." Pearl finish in a variety of attractive colors. Complete with tray and glasses.

No. 16728 (Quart size).....

Other finishes from $11.50 up.

A Genuine "Thermos," made and authenticated by the Founders of the Industry in America.



An attractive "Thermos" Flat Lip Jug set; brass, nickel finish jug fitted with ground glass silvered stopper; 9¾ inch oblong tray; complete with jug, tray and one glass.

No. 172..... $11.75

Other styles and sizes from $11.00 up.

Your Annual Gift Problem— and Your Practical Solution

WHEN you make a gift of "Thermos" you are making a gift of *Service*, adding day after day to the comfort and enjoyment of the recipient. "Thermos" does not fear duplication, for no one ever has too many. More Thermos simply means more convenience.

There's a Thermos for the Miss and the Matron. There's a Thermos for the Lad and the Dad. Each style and size for every outdoor or indoor purpose is attractive in appearance and appropriate in design to its particular use.

"Thermos" presents itself in many shapes and forms—at prices to suit every gift requirement. Bottles, jugs, jars, pitchers, pots, carafes, motor and picnic kits. Each suggests its own uses. To see them displayed in the Thermos department of your favorite store is to think of many a social or domestic use where a Thermos would be *the* perfect gift.

Only the genuine reflects the discriminating taste of the giver. Be sure, therefore, to look for the "Thermos" trade mark stamped on the bottom of the case, for this is the assurance of the genuine which proclaims the true gift significance.

THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO., 366 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

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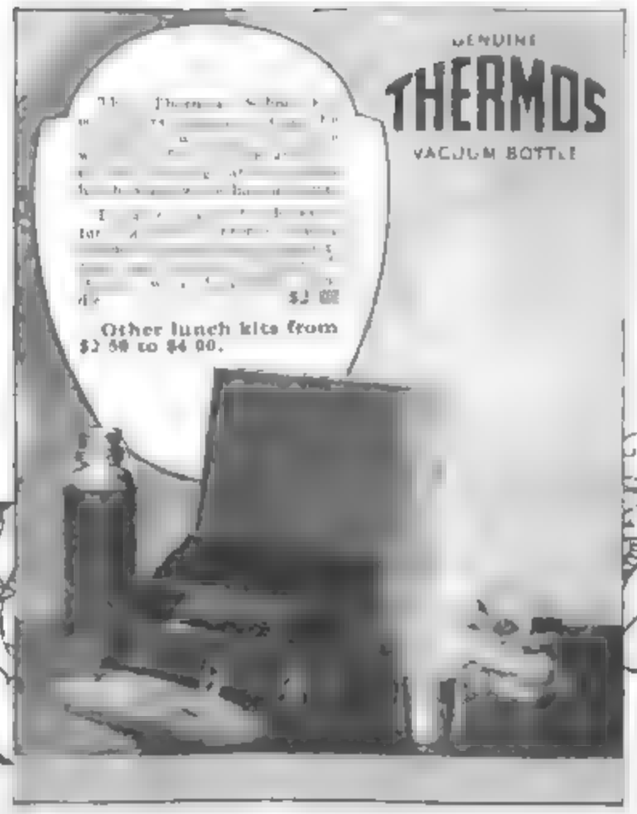

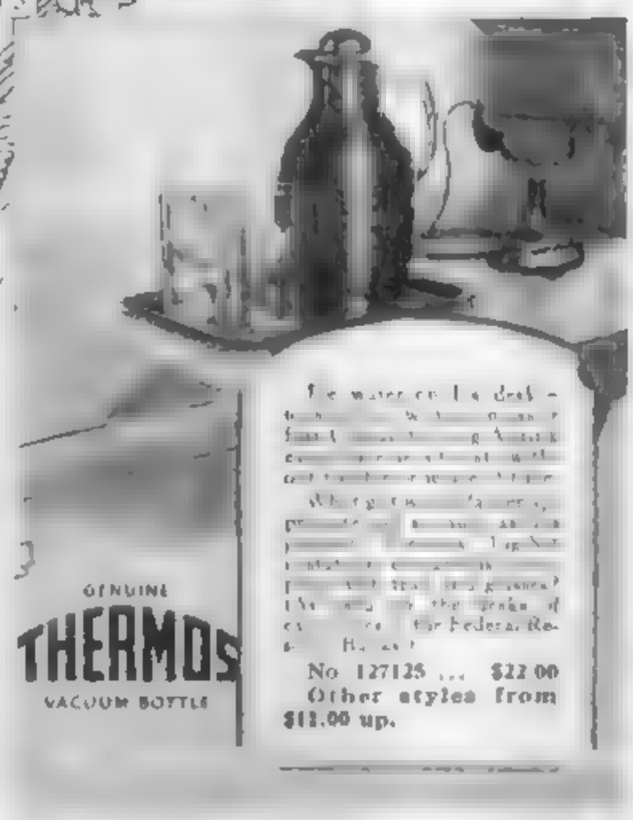

GENUINE
THERMOS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE
VACUUM BOTTLE

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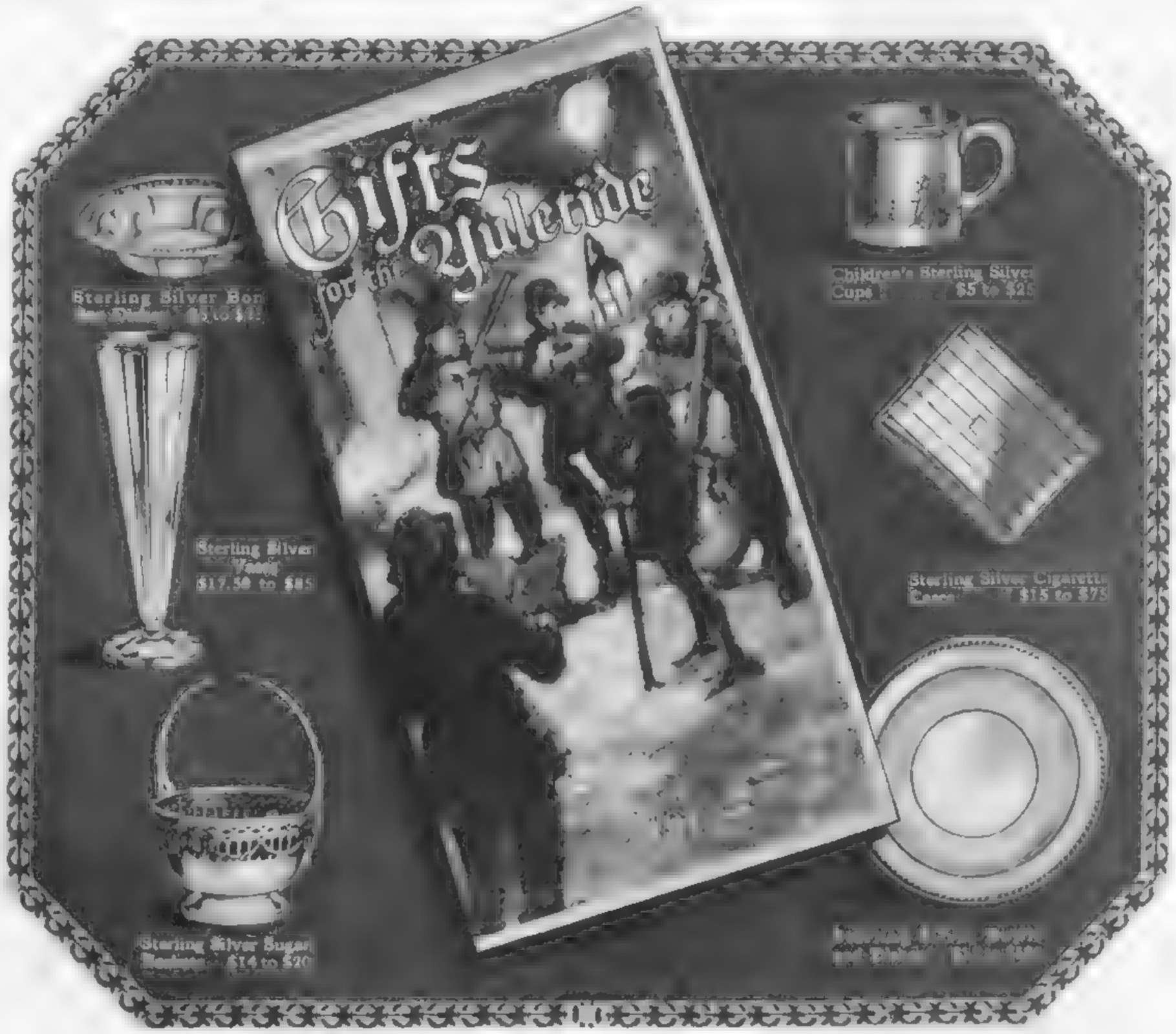
460 Gift Suggestions for Christmas



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(Continued from Page 145)

to European tendencies. The spirits-consuming peoples of Northern Europe are reducing consumption by increasing the price, while Russia is increasing consumption by lowering the price.

On June 9, 1926, the Russian excise tax on vodka was lowered from 22.8 rubles per vedro—3.25 gallons—to 15.2 rubles, thus reducing the price of a bottle of vodka to 1.1 rubles; or, allowing for depreciation in currency, a quart of 40 per cent vodka can be had for about thirty-five cents. This puts the government in a stronger position competitively with the home distillers. But it also increases consumption. Vodka sales in the fourth quarter of 1926 were more than twice the preceding quarter's sales. In general, vodka consumption in the Russian cities is officially considered at about five times the per-capita consumption in the country.

Home distilling and bootlegging throughout rural Russia probably bring the consumption to about double the official figure. Russian officials will tell you that the only way the government can stamp out bootlegging is to undersell the bootleggers. Such a program will mean, of course, a speedy return to the saturation point of other days, when the government distributed 250,000,000 gallons of vodka a year to the Russian people.

There is something in the Russian contention that the only way to break up the bootlegger in his business is to undersell him. The home distiller has been entirely put out of business in Finland by the operation of the liquor smugglers. Finland, a country with a deeply indented coast line, is set down in an archipelago of some 10,000 islands. The poverty-stricken fishermen who dwell among these islands have turned rum runners and bootleggers and display such perfection in their craft that their customers can obtain better and cheaper liquor than can be bought from the home distiller. All of which means that the price of herring is going up in Finland and the price of schnapps coming down.

Prohibition Propaganda

The Russian soviet officials will gravely inform you that they are ushering in a new era of temperance for the Russian people. The central government grants to district and provincial soviets the right to prohibit the sale of strong drink on holidays, and along with it the right to prohibit the sale of strong drink at theater buffets and in moving-picture houses. The law also prohibits the sale of vodka to minors and to persons in a state of intoxication. These provisions appear to be honored by the local authorities more in the breach than in the observance.

War on vodka is also being carried on by cultural and educational movements, such as lectures, scientific pamphlets, movie propaganda. The school children are instructed as to the harmful effects of drink. The moving-picture propaganda is not without interest. The Russians are quite original in the way they go about it. They will tell you that if you talk to a young man about the social reflexes of drink, how alcohol brings a man down from prosperity to the gutter, how the young wife surrounded by every comfort and luxury is compelled to go out to dig clams while her children are forced to beg bread on the streets—all this will leave him cold. But to show him on a moving-picture screen the actual effect of alcohol upon the physical organism, how it worsts a man in athletic competition, how it befogs an automobile driver, how the crowded city street looks to a drunken chauffeur—these depictions strongly impress the youth of the country.

In one film given wide currency the normal functioning of a rabbit's heart is displayed and its subsequent irregular and weak pulsations after an injection of alcohol. The same film demonstrates that a frog's heart won't react at all if poisoned by alcohol.

For 300 years under the Tartars and even longer than that under the Czars, vodka was a matter of free commerce and the one form of popular relaxation with which neither the government, the church nor the landlord interfered. The success of the Czar's prohibition edict furnishes a commentary upon the despotic power of the old Russian Government. Here the law found its sanction not in public opinion but in the eyes and ears of the Emperor—the police.

Probably no European government today could successfully enforce prohibition against brandy drinking. Mussolini would probably come the nearest to doing so. In commenting to the writer on the social and economic evils of the low-class Italian dramshops, Mussolini remarked:

"My agents throughout the kingdom inform me when an ugly brawl occurs in a dramshop. I at once close the saloon, and from my action there is no appeal. It stays closed. Fortunately, I do not have to solicit the approval of either the saloon keeper or the patrons of his shop. All that belongs to the dark ages of democracy from which we have happily emerged."

Seeking the Spice of Life

Vodka may be had in the Russian cafés, or *tractirs*, where food is served with drink. As in an American cafeteria, the café patron goes up to a buffet with his plate, selects a bit of raw fish or cucumber salad and returns to his table, where he is served with vodka as long as he can pay for it. Drinking in the Russian cafés has never been so destructive socially as drinking in the government shops. Here the drink is taken ordinarily without food, and drinking is associated with poverty. As between food and drink, the vodka addict chooses drink. On the whole, drinking in the government shops where the bottle is passed out and emptied at a gulp reflects the poverty and monotony of Russian middle-class life.

These men of dull unemotional lives appear to be reaching out pathetically for something to give spice to existence. These are the people who eat their heavy black bread sprinkled over with caraway seeds and their insipid raw cucumbers drowned in sour cream. Just here it may be observed that Riga is the world's true magnetic pole for caraway seeds. The people of Riga were the first, I believe, to originate the practice of mixing caraway seeds with food and drink. Pale, colorless vodka, blistering to the throat as turpentine, when infused with caraway seeds masquerades under the name of kümmel.

Lying east of Riga some 500 miles is Nezhin, the center of the world's cucumber trade, embracing in its zone European Russia, the Baltic States and Congress Poland.

The Russians have a tepid national soft drink known as kvass, concocted from the fermented crusts of rye bread, a simulacrum in its natural state of dirty dishwater. When colored red, after the manner of circus lemonade, it is drunk with gusto as a cheap substitute for vodka. The Russian lumberjacks run their rafts down the Dwina River with a larder consisting of kvass, cucumbers and black bread. With this fare they are perfectly satisfied.

One must take account of the commonplace truth that the human reaction to alcohol is infinitely varied. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. Alcohol exerts different effects on different people, also different effects upon the same individual at different times and under different conditions of health. From the standpoint of social injury a per-capita consumption of two liters of alcohol a year in Norway or Finland may be more destructive than a consumption of fifteen to eighteen liters in Spain and Italy. It depends upon whether alcohol is sipped or gulped; whether it is taken highly diluted in wine or beer, or highly concentrated in vodka and schnapps; whether it is gulped down on an empty stomach, as is the custom in vodka-drinking countries, or

THE WALLOPS

[*Number five of a series*]

No Hot Water!

"Turn it *On!* Turn it *On!*" screamed George Wallop, his bald head suddenly popping out of the shower.

"Turn *what* on?" cried Mrs. Wallop as she and Lily poked their heads through the bathroom door. "What are you hollering about?"

"The hot water," said Mr. Wallop, his teeth chattering with cold. "Somebody suddenly turned off the hot w-w-w-water and n-n-now I'm s-standing in an icy stream!"

"It's probably Arbutus using the hot water in the laundry," explained Clara Wallop soothingly. "I'll call her. ArBUtus! Arbu*tus!* turn off the hot water."

"Yas'm, yas'm," came the honey voice of Arbutus below. "Mah Goodness, I diden' know Mista Wallop was takin' a showah."

"Don't blame it all on Arbutus," said Lily over her mother's shoulder. "The plumber who came the other day to fix that leak told me that our pipes were so choked with rust he didn't see how we get *any* water through them. Father, *why* in heaven's name don't you get 'em fixed? Every time two people in this house use hot water one of them is out of luck."

Arbutus having turned off the hot water below, it began again in the shower, and now Wallop's voice floated plaintively over the curtains.

"We have had new pipe put in," said George, "but we still get rusty water and low pressure."

"The plumber also said that if we wanted to fix our plumbing for good we'd use brass pipe that can't rust," said Lily.

Lily is right. Brass pipe can't rust. It gives clean water at full pressure and costs very little more than iron or steel pipe. And remember to ask the plumber for Alpha Brass Pipe.

For all brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is different from ordinary brass pipe because it contains more copper and lead.

Although it is made from a better kind of brass and produced by a special process, it is sold at competitive prices and is the only trade-marked pipe of its kind. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads (making leak-proof joints).

It positively cannot rust and the Alpha trade-mark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction.

ALPHA BRASS PIPE

made from a special kind of

CHASE BRASS

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., Inc., Waterbury, Conn.

Pipe smokers:

Where there's so much smoke, there must be SOME TOBACCO!

THEY like Granger Rough Cut just as much in Texas as in Maine, and just as much in the mill as in the office. Men switch to it from seven dollar a pound stuff, and from fifteen cent tins—and not to save money, either!

Yes, sir—*some tobacco* is right! Kentucky's best Burley, made for pipes, cut for pipes, and then packed in inexpensive sensible foil.

Just match it against them all

... *REGARDLESS!*

The foil-pouch is ten cents .. the half-pound vacuum humidor is forty-five cents

GRANGER ROUGH CUT IS MADE BY THE LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

whether it is sipped in cafés in conjunction with food, as is the custom in wine and beer drinking countries.

When it comes to national temperament and race psychology, the effects of drink are one thing in France, another in Finland, another in England, another in Germany and quite another in Russia. Where the French or Italian winebibber is stimulated to agreeable conversation by drink, or where the Englishman in drink becomes red-eyed, sleepy and buttoned-up, or where the vodka-drinking Finn displays an ugly temper and concludes his argument by reaching for an inimical dirk, the Russian in his cups relapses into introspective sadness or interminable argument. What pleasurable reaction does the Russian derive from gulping down his brandy? Is he sad because he drinks, or does he drink because he is sad?

The true Russian is apt to be a sentimentalist. The sentimentalist makes a poor reveler. With the Russian toper it seems to be a case of misery striving to be gay and gayety feeling itself to be miserable. It is said in Russia that when a poor man takes to drink sorrow drives him to it. Certainly the confirmed Russian drinker assumes a habitual air of careworn melancholy. Does he drink to stifle his memories? Is he burdened by memories? So many memories, with nothing memorable to remember!

Social drinking there is in Russia, but it is rather the exception. Occasionally a group will start a drinking bout running into an interminable midnight talkfest on predestination or the futility of living, continuing amid clouds of tobacco smoke and equally cloudy metaphysics through progressive degrees of inebriation, until the churlishness and stupidity of the perfectly intoxicated Russian have been attained.

"Tell me," asks one of these characteristically introspective Russians, in the story Fathers and Sons, "why, when we are enjoying music or a conversation with sympathetic people, it all seems an intimation of some measureless happiness existing apart somewhere, rather than actual happiness? Such, I mean, as we ourselves are in possession of."

"You know the saying: 'Happiness is where we are not,' said Bazarof."

A former officer in the Russian Army, in speaking of the regimental drinking bouts before the war, remarked: "During the first half hour the conversation was animated. During the second half hour the talk became spotty and desultory. At the end of an hour everyone was partially drunk. At the end of an hour and a half everyone was perfectly drunk. Then ensued quarrels. After the quarreling began I always got out."

Remnants of the Old Regime

Even yet it is difficult to comprehend the terrific dynamic forces that lay back of the Russian revolution. These forces had been generating through centuries of accumulating wrongs and injustices. I encountered the tattered remnants of the old aristocracy in such cities as Sofia, Riga, Zagreb and Constantinople. I saw men and women who seemed, after the fashion of revenants, to be revisiting this planet after an absence of half a century. Sartorially, the poor women looked as if they had stepped out of Godey's Lady's Book.

"I know," remarked a friend in Riga, "two Russian baronesses who, barefoot, sweep our streets. We have Russian princesses here who are glad to receive a pittance for washing windows."

One is revolted at the brutal destruction wrought upon the flower of the old aristocracy, but it is well to remember the coarseness and backwardness of the political and social thinking of the old régime. These pitiful remnants of the old Russian aristocracy now brought down to the gutter belonged in the day of their power precisely to the class which treated laborers and peasants like dumb animals.

The Russian revolutionists, in their recoil from czarist institutions, promised the proletariat a new heaven and a new earth. But the gospel of the revolution is not workable in practice. The most stable of governments are not always able to carry out their intentions. There are some things no government can do. For example, it cannot establish parity between silver and gold at thirteen to one or any other fixed ratio and maintain this parity against all the world. Nor can governments stamp out bootlegging as long as the business, after discounting all its risks, remains profitable. When Mohammed Ali of Egypt laid a burdensome tax on the growing of date palms the farmers responded by chopping down their trees.

Close to the Russian's Heart

Bolshevist doctrines in Russia are becoming more and more like vague theological tenets to which one renders lip service rather than practical obedience. Marxism is a doctrine to swear by rather than to live by. The Moscow Government, in returning to the old czarist state liquor monopoly, defends it by the same old arguments. The country is swinging back to the old ways of thinking and believing—capitalism, private property, the church—these age-long devotions were temporarily eclipsed but never uprooted in Russia. When it is done, human nature shall have been changed.

Men in all time have traded for profit they will continue to do so in Russia as elsewhere. Accumulated profits constitute capitalism. We may not look to see capitalism actually abolished in Russia while every mother's son of nine-tenths of the population yearns to be a capitalist. The principles of the revolution will not prevail in the Bolshevist attacks upon the church until the religious instinct becomes extinct. One finds no sign of its coming extinction in Russia. A friend of mine, wandering through a squalid Russian village in the Donetz coal region, inquired how the wretched, poverty-stricken people could afford their splendid church edifice. The reply was this:

"If our God were not housed better than we are ourselves, none of us could live at all."

As a counsel of Christian perfection one may subscribe to the maxim of turning the other cheek when smitten, but doctrines of perfection are incapable of general application in an imperfect world.

The world does not long suffer violent changes in great human societies. Reaction in the long run almost certainly equals action in the case of violent and extreme social and political experiments. There is something in the experience of the race, in the combined wills and teachings of the men who have gone before—in short, the thing we call the past—that tends to wring back every sudden and violent gain or loss and restore the old equilibrium.

The Russian vodka trade, after violent fluctuations, is approaching its old equilibrium. The new nation-wide bootlegging industry remains to be liquidated. That will be accomplished when state potato alcohol plus government profits may be generally had at a lower price than the grain alcohol turned out by home distillers. The potato forms the groundsill of domestic economy in Eastern Europe. Our vodka story ends where it began—with the potato.

Christmas Time IS ELGIN TIME

© ELGIN, 1927

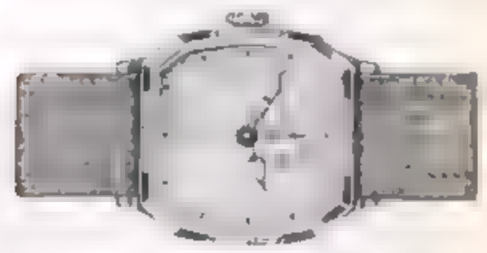
Time of Times for this Gift of Gifts...for sixty years a cherished token of affection, and daily treasured as it ticked the time away... A watch wonderfully loyal, truly handsome, as chaste and exquisite as a cameo. An Elgin, for the pocket or the wrist, and at a price range most liberal.

WATCHES TRUE ALIKE TO THE TIME-MINUTE AND THE STYLE-MINUTE

Here are reproduced six outstanding Elgin models. Others may be had in generous variety, and at a price range most liberal.

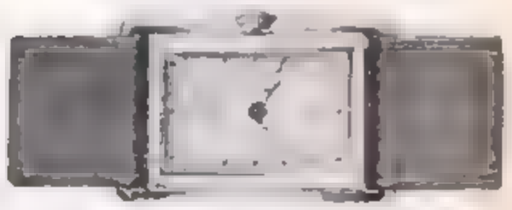
Smartly rectangular in shape is this woman's wrist watch—a 15-jewel movement in a 14-karat gold case that may be had either engraved or enameled. The price is $60

Unobtrusive as thin is this Elgin pocket watch, but wonderfully accurate. It is a 17-jewel movement in a solid gold case 14-karat fine. It may be had in either white or green tone. $75



This strap watch may be had in a variety of 14-karat cases—plain, engraved or engine-turned, with dial plain, silvered, or luminous. Prices range from $45 to $52.50

Studded with tiny diamonds is the 18-karat white gold case of this Elgin wrist watch, in which arresting beauty is linked with that accuracy common to all Elgins.....$150



Strapped upon your wrist, this Elgin will serve you faithfully and creditably. The movement is 17-jewel, the dial luminous, and the case 14-karat solid white gold. The price is $100

Exquisite craftsmanship is quite apparent in this thin pocket watch—a 19-jewel movement in a case of 14-karat white gold. There are eight adjustments to insure accuracy. $150

(Prices slightly higher in Canada)

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AIR VALVES
will keep your
RADIATORS
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Know the comfort of efficient radiator warmth this winter by equipping your steam radiators with AIRID Air Valves. A radiator cannot heat until it is clear of clogging air. AIRID rids the radiator of this air. It vents the radiator quickly and silently. No hissing. No leaking of steam or water. For new buildings insist on AIRID Air Valves in the heating specifications.

AIRID Air Valves (No. 500) require no adjustment. They fit any steam radiator and are easily attached without tools. Nothing to wear out—all metal construction. Guaranteed for five years by the world's largest manufacturers of heating equipment. Your plumbing and heating shop will supply you—or we will send you a trial AIRID for $1.35.

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ACCESSORIES DIVISION
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Packless Valves
The smartest looking valves for any radiator in any building. Open or close radiator with one smooth turn. Won't leak steam, water or air. Require no packing. For steam, water, vacuum or vapor. Write for descriptive literature today!

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☐ Send me your booklet "The Little Things That Make The Big Difference" containing valuable heating suggestions.

Name _____

Address _____

BETWEEN EXODUS AND LEVITICUS

(Continued from Page 13)

"It's just that things has pleased him wery bad here recent," Eben returned to the point at issue, "and he is making his threat still that he will inherit it all to Ezer's kids."

"Ezer's kids! Why, they won't even leave his foot onto the place! And where anyhow was that agreement among you that you was to git the place purwided you boarded him free of meals fur the rest part of his life?"

Eben chuckled grimly. "Did you ever hear of grampop agreeing with anything fur long?"

"You ain't handling him right," accused Grandsire Tudt.

"Handle oncet? Handle Misenhelder? That could make a laugh fur me."

"Laugh then, dopple!" Grandfather Tudt slashed vigorously. "It ain't anybody living but what kin be handled if you ketch them right. It ain't anybody living but what has got a kink at them somewheres; the whole trick of this here living is to ketch them at the kink and give a squeeze at. Listen oncet; you ketched a rattled snake oncet—I seen you—from its neck yet. From its neck, mind. And where do you ketch your bulls fur to lead them? At their nose still. I tell you, it's a law where runs this whole creation through. Adam had a soft spot at him, ain't he? And Eve somepin softer yet. I make no doubt it was meant fur to be that ——"

"Well, I give you dare to put the ring at Misenhelder's nose," said Eben in ironic amusement. "Hi! The supper bell a'ready! Was biscuits still your favorite fruits, grampop?"

But Grandfather Tudt was still in far metaphysical field. "Half the trick of this here living"—he kicked his way stubbornly through clustering pullets—"is to find out the other feller's kink and give a pull at."

Biscuits were still a favorite with Grandsire Tudt and his dehorned gums slushed luxuriously through Ida's snow-white edibles. "It's the king of wittles, biscuits is," he informed her.

Grandsire Misenhelder, about to take his third, dashed it to the table. "Take it then, dang it! It ain't fitten fodder for me, tough gallipops!"

Ida crushed whitely back. Zelda lifted imploring eyes. Eben murmured, "Och, now, grampop ——"

With a backward flip of his hand Grandsire Tudt spun the rejected edible toward the glowering figure. "No, I'm some pertikler who I eat after," he announced, and speared toward the plate of biscuits with his fork. "I mind to that time you took the prize off the county fair fur your biscuits, Idy. Off the best judges in the county still."

It was a terrible meal. What Grandsire Tudt said Grandsire Misenhelder contradicted. What anybody said Grandsire Misenhelder contradicted. If Grandsire Tudt had come to match hoofs, certainly the hoofs flew. The visitor sparred lightly, buoyantly and skillfully; but there was one considerable difficulty. The difficulty was that behind Grandfather Misenhelder's hoofs was a ponderous accumulation of some four hundred acres, to say nothing of a bank account of undetermined gravity; and this accumulation as he rose from the table he implanted with a ponderous backward fling full upon the sore spot which Eben had already pricked.

"It's come to my observation," quoth Grandfather Misenhelder with impressive deliberation, "where some such ain't ever collecting nothing in their lifetime but words. And furthersomemore, it's come to my observation that them words ain't ever worth listening at."

"Och, grampop," pleaded Ida wretchedly, "now you're just passing off a joke or whatever."

Eben noisily racked the milk pails from their hooks. "Come out along and talk oncet whiles I milk the milk," he commanded the visitor.

Grandsire Tudt rose feebly, but his feet had gained something of their usual spring as they reached the door. "All right then, I will oncet," he remarked; "seeing you picked the feller where's worth listening at."

Nevertheless, Grandsire Tudt proved but poor company during the ensuing half hour. He perched like a tongue-tied gnome upon an upturned milk pail, then began aimlessly harrying about in the lantern shadows.

He took one of the foam-fragrant pails when Eben had finished and followed his grandson across the yard, but stopped suddenly and swished his beard uncertainly as he glimpsed a granite figure in awful repose through the lighted window.

"I don't feel fur going in till a while yet." His gaze veered toward the orchard. "Was them early Jonathans ripe a'ready?"

From somewhere close in the darkness fluted in falling cadence three notes so soft, so liquid, it might have seemed the moonlight itself spilling in thin, silver cascade.

Eben stopped. He uttered an abrupt angry exclamation.

"What anyhow was it?" demanded Grandsire Tudt. "A bird or whatever?" And volunteered, as Eben still stood listening tensely, "It couldn't be nobody. Nobody kin whistle that good."

"Good!" muttered Eben derisively and turned on perturbed heel toward the house. Grandsire Tudt started to follow, glimpsed once more through the window the waiting figure and slashed his beard irresolutely. "I ain't got my thoughts made yet," he murmured, "and besides, I feel fur gitting me one them big early Jonathans."

Grandsire Tudt found instead a big early burglar. Stepping lightly around the corner of the chicken house, he stepped full into the bosom of a large young man. Or, more exactly, two strong arms shot forth, garnered Grandsire Tudt's slight figure to a panting breast and a lusty barytone whiffed in his ear the one amazing word, "Darling!"

Grandfather Tudt, breathless and terrified, was in no mood to be anybody's darling. In instantaneous reaction he scratched and clawed at the panting breast and bit at the palm which was straying tenderly toward his cheek. The large palm—two large palms—immediately closed in a vise upon his shoulder, plucked him forth from the panting bosom, shook him agitatedly and flung him with a hiss of amazement against the chicken house.

Grandfather Tudt kicked backward over a trough of feed, biffed through the half-open door and landed against a populous chicken roost. In a flying, squawking welter he dizzily swung upright, released the roost with one hand, released the leg of an outraged young cockerel with the other, and zoomed into outer space. Through peach trees and apple trees revolving like pin wheels he saw dimly a lusty shape making off in the darkness.

He dug heels into the soft ground and valiantly gave chase. He believed hazily that he was harrying the intruder toward the farther fence of the orchard, but he brought up suddenly against the pump in the back yard. Before him blurred the lighted windows of the kitchen.

"Hi!" he cried, whisking in through the kitchen door. "Git your gun! I ketched a thief!"

Eben flung his dripping hands from the wash basin and spun toward the gun rack. Ida sprang up. The girl Zelda, tying a fleece of white wool over her head, paused and turned. Then a curious thing happened. As though a galvanic shock had passed through them, they stood petrified and staring.

"Make hurry!" pawed Grandsire Tudt. "It's a thief, I tell you! At your chickens! What's the matter of you? It's a big feller, young, awful strong—strong that he could pack aways your chicken house! He packed me!" He beat his bosom in climax.

Eben was the first to move; he took the gun from the rack. "That's what it is once," he said with curious emphasis. "A chicken thief yet. I been expecting some such."

Grandfather Misenhelder was rising. He faced Grandfather Tudt. Ida put out a fluttering hand. Eben faltered at the door. The girl had not moved.

"Young oncet?" said Grandfather Misenhelder with horrible deliberation. "And what fur looks did he have by him?"

"Looks oncet?" chattered Grandsire Tudt. "What fur difference does that ——"

"Was he black? Black at the head?" pursued the inquisitor mercilessly.

Grandsire Tudt spun upon his heel. "What does it make if he was black or what? Yes, he was black. That much I seen anyhow. But what — "

"So," ground Grandsire Misenhelder. "So," he said again, and turned upon ponderous axis toward the girl. Pennants of brave color flew high upon her cheeks and she did not lower her gaze. Indeed, her eyes widened at that moment and her lips parted; she gazed beyond Grandsire Misenhelder as at a splendid vision.

A young man stood upon the threshold. He did not look particularly like a vision. He was perspiring profusely and his fist was slightly clenched.

Said he abruptly, addressing Eben, "I ketched a thief out here at your chickens; but he got away from me some which way. I been hunting the little gizzer all through your trees ——"

"Heh? What's that?" Grandsire Tudt brandished forward, clenching his own fist. "Was you the lunker where swang onto me? What do you mean anyhow ——" Eben pulled him back.

"So," said Grandsire Misenhelder to the girl. "You ain't telling him then the word I said?"

Young Krenz stepped forward. "She told me a'ready. But you see, she belongs to me."

There was neither effrontery nor bravado in the tone. He was a high-boned young man with a skin which never changed from its habitual tan, and a blue-black eye which never wavered.

"She belongs to you, heh?" Grandfather Misenhelder repeated in heavy, dead monotony.

"We passed our word two years back a'ready," stated David Krenz.

Grandfather Misenhelder turned with deliberation toward the girl. "And you oncet?" he said with the same heavy emphasis.

Curiously no one moved. No one uttered a sound, not even Grandfather Tudt. It was as though they all watched fearfully a drama of unseen forces. And indeed they did. Formless generations grappled for their right to live, there in that high-ceiled kitchen.

The girl's eyes slowly left her lover and rested upon her grandsire. The white mist of the wool frayed from her head like the emanation of some white resolve within. "He speaks truth," she said.

There was a sound as though all the breaths in the room were drawn sharply at once. There was a sound of something rending deep in Grandsire Misenhelder. "Fetch me the Book," he commanded Ida.

Ida fluttered whitely back. Eben started forward. "Now, look here, grampop ——" he began.

"And fetch me a clean foolscap," said Grandsire Misenhelder. Ida moaned.

"I'll get it," said the girl, and walked steadily toward the door.

"But, grampop," cried Eben on a high distracted note, "where was that agreements among us? And, look yet—wait oncet a minute. This here Krenz"—he wheeled pleadingly toward the young man—"he ain't coming around here no more now he sees oncet how it makes. You

(Continued on Page 165)

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(Continued from Page 152)

give your promise—not?—that you will take sense to yourself and stop off from here?"

Young Krenz, sorely troubled, passed his hand along his jaw. Grandsire Misenhelder lowered himself heavily to the table and with a single sweep of his powerful old arm cleared a space. The girl placed the Bible before him.

"But we're promised together," the young man reiterated. He turned toward the girl and spoke in a sort of slow wonder, "So it seems like it somepin that's went beyond just us."

"Yes," she repeated breathlessly, her eyes upon him, "it's went beyond—just us."

Grandfather Tudt evaded Eben's restraining arm and hopped forward. "Was you blind then, as well as deef? Can't you anyhow see where this girl is doing good fur herself? Head of the family you call yourself. Head of lettuce! Head of ——" Eben, with firm hand, backed him into a corner.

It was done at last; and Grandsire Misenhelder sat back from the table reading meticulously what he had written. It had been done to the sound of much expostulation, much pleading, many epithets and much scurrying about. Eben had furnished most of the expostulation and some of the pleading; Ida had contributed most of the pleading and some of the expostulation; Grandsire Tudt had supplied all of the epithets and the scurrying about. Indeed, Grandsire Tudt had done passable credit to a dervish as he had spun about that sizable kitchen when the full import of the situation burst upon him, and it is entirely probable that no pots and pans in Buthouse County had ever echoed such multifarious epithets as those which he had flung upon Grandsire Misenhelder as he sat blackly inking away his acres and his thousands.

Grandsire Misenhelder folded the hideous document and placed it carefully between the chronicles of Exodus and Leviticus. He rose, tore the previous instrument into strips and before four miserable pairs of eyes dropped it into the stove.

"Old weasel pup!" howled Grandsire Tudt. "Living off them free of board fur twenty years and not leaving them nothing to pay fur it!"

Grandfather Misenhelder spoke his first conversational word. "I ain't living off half a dozen or how many free of board anyway."

Grandfather Tudt staggered slightly but rallied at once. "You are cutting off your own nose fur to bite your face, that's what you are doing. Making down on a fine hard worker like this here Krenz. In my judgment she couldn't of bettered herself if she'd of went tromping the whole world together. And if you wasn't blind as an old he bat and as deef as ——"

"Your judgment! Ho!" Grandfather Misenhelder turned at the door. "Fetch me a clean nightcap," he commanded Ida. "If ever I would ketch myself a-siding in with your judgment," he Parthianed, "I would go put me my head at the soonest straw pile and stick a match at."

Now the day was over, night had drawn nigh and the shadows of the evening had stolen from out the sky and enwrapped themselves chillingly—oh, but chillingly—about Grandfather Tudt. Even a pair of warm arms which stole about him from the darkness of the hall as he stumbled toward his bed could not revive his conscience-slivered spirits.

"If I wouldn't of come busting in like an old loony," he muttered. "If I wouldn't of made so loud about the chicken thief ——"

"That wouldn't of made no difference, grampop," soothed the young voice, "for Dave he ain't the stripe to hide nothing. It was bound to happen us anyway."

"I don't feel fur being the one to make it happen you," cried grandsire bitterly. "I wish if I would of stopped away before I ever come here."

"Och, but I need you so! Now that everybody is against us—against him and against me ——"

"Your mom and your pop ——"

"Ain't you hearing how they put it? Even after he had written off that other one, they passed their promise they ain't ever leaving me marry nobody if he ain't giving dare. Och, sometimes I ——" She stopped and the darkness seemed desperate.

"Git oncet to the bed!" said Grandsire Tudt suddenly and went stumbling harshly off.

The truth was that he was beginning to be very angry. He was angry with himself and he was angry because he was angry with himself. And anger which springs from oneself and flames back against oneself is of double intensity; sometimes it cannot be borne. It is the sort which most often flares out unreasonably against others.

Thus Grandsire Tudt during the week which followed. Grandsire Tudt had blundered; Grandsire Tudt was angry with himself; Grandsire Tudt was angry with everybody. At least he gave the impression of being so. He went about hugging his small frame like a distempered old grasshopper; speech he had for none; desire even failed him for spicy joust with Grandsire Misenhelder. He roosted for the most part upon a broken wagon tongue in the barnyard or huddled in an ancient wheelbarrow and glowered upon young Dave Krenz as he whistled and drove his final nails.

For Krenz could still whistle. He was a young man of few words; but he paused by the side of the barrow one day and slanted his steady blue-black eye upon the occupant. "You ain't to fault yourself fur nothing," he observed. "I'm going to git her just the same."

"Git her!" huffed Grandfather Tudt. "It's plenty easy to git a yellow-headed girl. But how you going to keep her?"

Krenz laughed shortly, thrust forward a pair of large hands knuckled to two strong wrists, picked up his hammer and went off whistling.

"I guess losing four hunert acres out of your pocket don't make nothing then!" Grandsire Tudt spat after him. "If you ain't got no more business by you than that, I don't know if it's worth while gitting it back fur you."

Which may have indicated, of course, that Grandsire Tudt was doing something more than merely hunching about glowering red-eyed upon the world in general. And to be sure, it is to be remembered in this connection that he was a business man of large interests; the fact that he had never had a business of his own had but given him a lifetime of leisure in which to attend to the affairs of others. In his heyday, seated beside his crooked three-roomed house atop his crooked knoll, he had administered to his own satisfaction the affairs of an entire township. What a bagatelle, then, provided he chose to interest himself, this recapture of a mere four hundred acres and a bank book!

Provided he chose to interest himself. But it appeared, after all, that he did not. It suddenly appeared, even, that he had fallen to an astounding degree under the Misenhelder spell. Said Grandfather Tudt at the supper table one night, squaring about and speaking with more alertness than he had exhibited for a week:

"I was wisiting that Krenz feller today. He certainly makes slow at that house. It is four months he is at it a'ready."

Zelda raised pleading eyes. Grandsire Misenhelder turned his slow gaze from her to Grandsire Tudt. "What does he want him a house fur anyway? But four months—four months ain't no time to make a house."

"Well, mebbe it ain't," agreed Grandsire Tudt. "And like you say, what does he want it fur anyway?"

Zelda curdled back. Eben's knife and Ida's fork fell. Grandfather Tudt, apple pie in palm, slushed off a succulent bite.

"What fur does anybody want a house?" roared Grandsire Misenhelder.

"To git married into, I reckon. But, like you say, he ain't gitting married."

Grandsire Misenhelder eyed him with deadly menace. "I ain't saying he ain't gitting married. I said a'ready he ain't marrying into this family."

"No, that's right. And I agree with you on that there."

"What's ower you, grampop?" cried Eben sharply. Ida besought him mutely. Zelda's gaze had not left his face.

"You agree with me!" thundered Grandsire Misenhelder. "What fur right have you got to agree with me anyhow?" He scuttled his own pie, scraped raucously back and tramped heavily to his accustomed corner behind the stove.

Grandsire Tudt bolted his crust and rose. "Fur the reason I got to agree with somebody where the agreeing is good to agree with," he announced cryptically.

Wherein Grandsire Tudt spoke peculiar error; for certainly if it were good for him to agree with Grandsire Misenhelder no one in that perturbed household knew it during the days of horrific intensity which followed—days in which Grandsire Tudt followed Grandsire Misenhelder about, agreeing cheerfully with every opinion the latter put forth.

"Yes, that there's my judgment, too," he would pleasantly remark; or, "Yes, I give you right there." "Yes, I am making the same and similar thought fur myself."

"Don't you 'yes' me no more!" bellowed Grandsire Misenhelder one day as Grandsire Tudt lit lightly upon the step of the porch below him. "Git aways off from here! Follerin' after me like such a whanged insect or whatever!"

"Yes, I guess not, too," agreed Grandsire Tudt, rose and went around the corner.

From a tulip bed a slight form arose, a trowel damp with mold clamped like an inadequate shield to its bosom. "What is it at you, grampop? Och, my, I thought I had you anyway. Now I ain't anybody."

For an instant Grandsire Tudt's gaze fell from the reproachful, desolate eyes to the trowel. Then he dug his heels into the soft turf and challenged: "Ain't anybody? Has that slicker Krenz went back of you, then?"

"Of course he ain't!" Anger blazed away the desolation and the reproach. "You stop calling him off names! I see you—I see you all the time going off over there. I'd thank you to stop off from him, speaking such names behind his back."

"Och, why don't you git you a feller where is a feller? Somebody you ain't afraid to marry with?"

"Afraid to marry with?" One small foot scornfully crushed a pink tulip. "You think, then, that I have afraid ——"

"Well, you ain't marrying, was you? What's a body to think? What's he to think? But, to be sure, I guess he ain't thinking nothing. I guess he's the stripe where ain't plaguing you no more now that you ain't gitting no property."

"Property oncet?" cried the girl and crushed a yellow tulip. "Do you think oncet where property makes with him or with me?

"But if you git him you ain't gitting nothing else," goaded Grandsire Tudt.

"And I don't want nothing but him!" flared the girl. She dropped the trowel and stood, a young defiance knee-deep among the bright tulip chalices. Her eyes slowly widened, her lips slowly opened; upon her face came the look of one who harkens in amazement to her own words. Her fingers spread from her palms as though everything she held was dropping from her—dropping from her, and she didn't care. She didn't care! She brought her eyes to Grandsire Tudt at last, her body seemed to flow into its usual soft contours, and she said with her calm chin high:

"I don't want nothing but him. And if you plague me too far, I—well, I know what I can do anyway."

For a minute Grandsire Tudt said nothing; head cocked, he peered brightly at her. "Do it then!" he challenged and seared off toward the woodhouse, around the woodhouse, through the orchard and toward the new house. But this time no one saw him.

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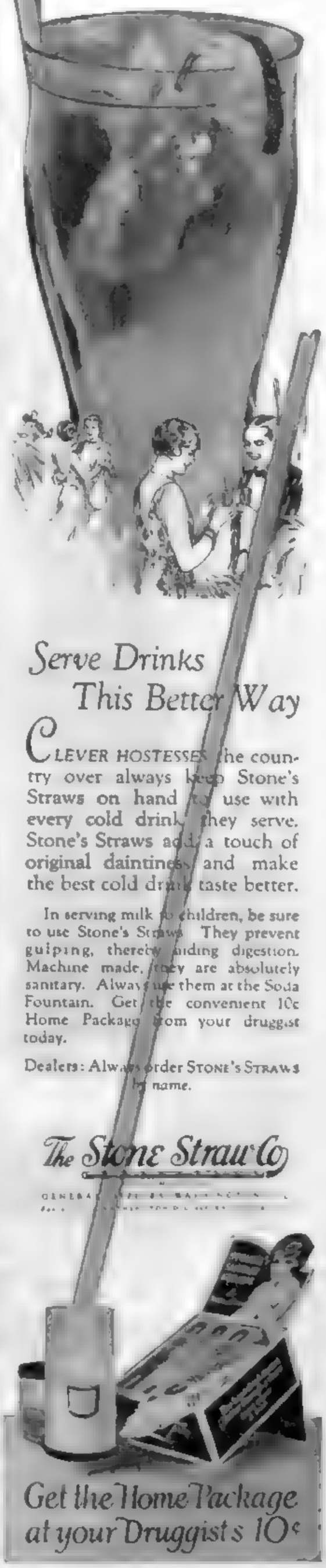

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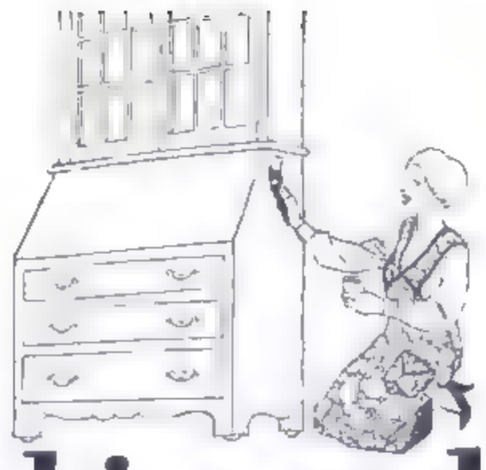

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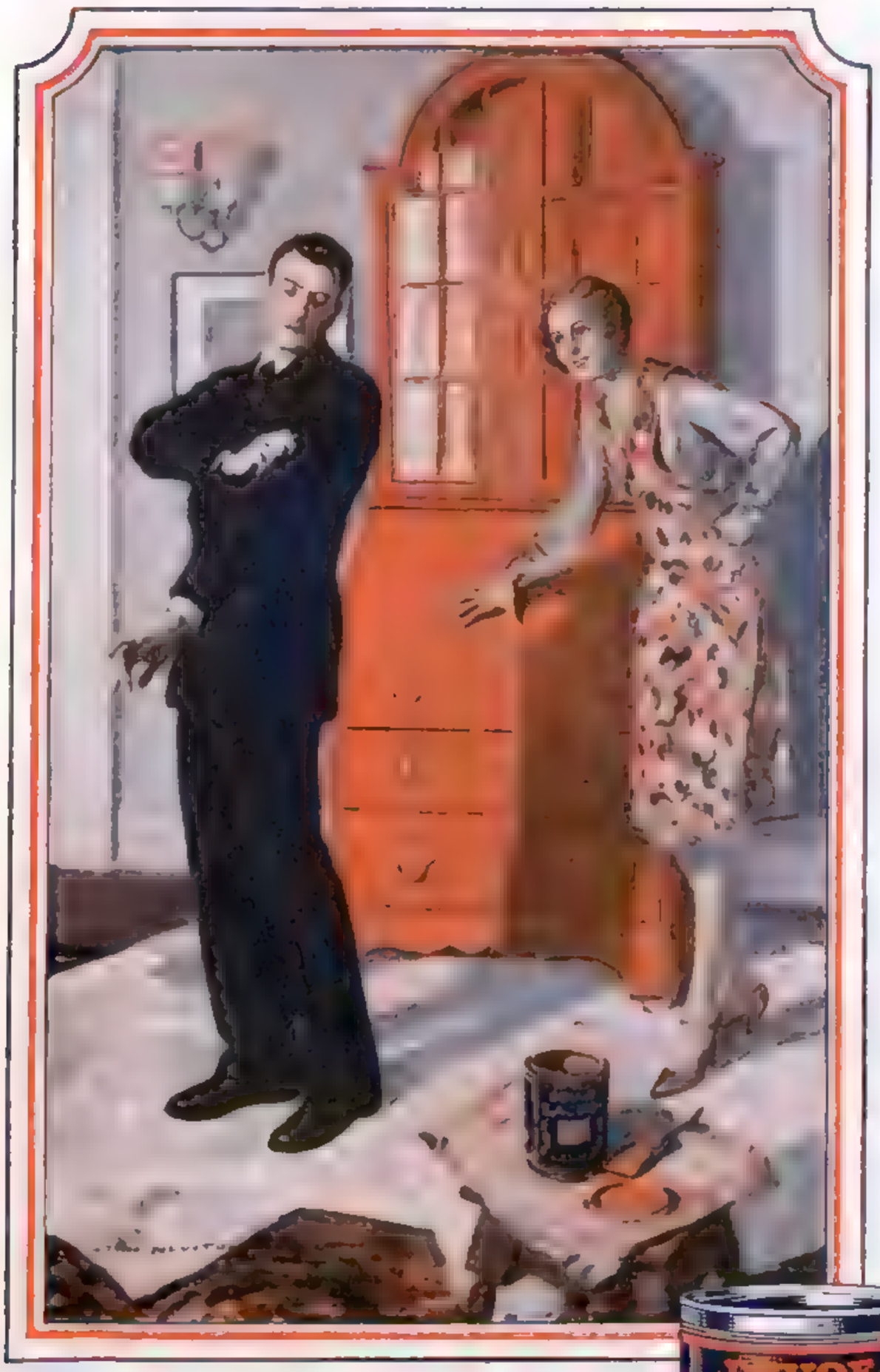

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(Continued from Page 165)

not even the girl, no one but young Krenz, who, after a moment during which Grandsire Tudt spiked at him vigorously, dropped his tools, vaulted a fence and made for his own home.

Grandsire Tudt rode high upon his seat at the supper table. At times he seemed about to whiff off it in the light spring breeze from the door. He ate largely, he talked continuously. Grandsire Misenhelder, knife grasped upward in fist, suddenly pounded its butt upon the table.

"Settle quiet, you little jumping turkletop! Do you want to make everybody dizzy at the head?"

"No, that I don't," pleasantly responded Grandfather Tudt, and settled.

Grandfather Misenhelder's hoary eyebrows fell like tiny avalanches from the granite cliff of his forehead. He flailed away the propitiatory cheesecake which Ida hastily proffered him. "Not that it makes with me, what you do or what you ain't. If you'd take and skit out that door, I wouldn't take notice if you did it or if you didn't it."

"I'll just take hisn too, then," said Grandsire Tudt, and helped himself to the rejected cheesecake.

Grandsire Misenhelder, to whom cheesecake was the knob upon the staff of life, reddened darkly at the gills, hoisted his segments and deposited them heavily in his accustomed corner.

Followed soon thereafter Grandfather Tudt, scoop of cheesecake still in palm, and perched wedgewise of the corner.

"Yes," slushed Grandsire Tudt. "It ain't to be wondered at, you agreeing with me on the subjects of who this girl here should marry with. I'm the oldest and it's easy seen you respect my judgments in them matters."

"Your judgments!" choked Grandsire Misenhelder. "I ain't agreeing with nobody who she's to marry, you squirt of nothing! I said a'ready who she ain't to marry."

"And that's what I said oncet. I say she ain't to marry that low-life Krenz and you say it. So you agree with my judgments, ain't?"

Grandsire Misenhelder heaved from side to side as though the seat were hot beneath him. For a moment his lips worked loosely. "I ain't wastin' no more time jawing words with a dopple. This much I will say and fur the last time: If ever I would ketch myself agreeing with your judgments I would put my head at the soonest straw pile and stick a match at. Low-life oncet? Low-life yourself!"

Grandsire Tudt licked a crumb from his palm. "Well, that sounds familiar with me too. That there's what Sarah's pop named me fifty years back, and he was pretty smart at the head. So he would of agreed with you anyway. But Sarah wouldn't of. Och, no, she up and went to work and run away with me." For the first time his gaze swept the others in the room, swept Eben and his wife, mute and staring, swept the girl, upright and motionless on her chair. "But I guess you would agree with me that this eloping business ain't any moral way to carry on."

"Shut up and keep quiet, you white-bellied shad!" ground Grandsire Misenhelder. "On nothing I ain't agreeing with you. Now take notice to that."

From somewhere close in the darkness fluted in falling cadence three notes so soft, so liquid, it might have seemed the moonlight itself spilling in thin, silver cascade. Instantly, quiet. But not within the room. Eben started and frowned; Ida glanced nervously toward the window; their eyes flew to Grandsire Misenhelder. But Grandsire Misenhelder was churning about upon his chair, his red-shot eyes upon Grandsire Tudt. If the girl had moved, no one saw it unless it were Grandsire Tudt, whose eyes had not left her. Her fingers clenched hard the seat of her chair and she stared before her.

"Some folks are slow at the head," muttered Grandsire Tudt angrily. He sat looking at her for another moment, then turned once more conversationally toward the corner: "Yes, well. Then if you ain't opposed against this here running off, I guess that means to say you give your countenance to it, ain't? Well, but I guess you wouldn't if it was some such a feist as this here Krenz, a young pup mealy-mouthing around behind of chicken coops. He certainly is a bag of nothing, if ever I seen one."

The girl slanted tensely out of her chair. "I ain't listening," she said half hysterically. "I ain't listening nothing further." She whirled, snatched her head covering and fled.

Grandsire Tudt threw his thin neck forward and back and emitted a sudden shrill cackle.

"But what does she mean anyhow?" fluttered Ida. "Och, yes, you would better go after," she urged Eben, who was already striding toward the door.

"Leave her go!" opposed Grandsire Misenhelder as usual. "What's a matter of this swanged family, jumpin' around like fleas or such?"

"But she's hurt to her feelings," said Ida miserably. "She might ——"

"What do you mean, spitting my words back into my face? Was I the head fur this family or ain't I? If I say you're to set, you're to set. If I say she's to go, she's to go."

"What fur difference does it make," observed Grandsire Tudt, "if she goes or ain't she? She ain't gitting no property anyhow."

"What was you luggin' property into this here talk fur? What fur property do you mean anyhow?"

"Your property, to be sure. Yes, I agree with you on that there. You certainly got my consentment to ——"

"Your consentment—my property ——" stifled Grandsire Misenhelder. "I'd thank you to keep your consentment to yourself, you bald-headed buzzard! You red-headed cockroach! You ain't giving that property any which way."

"Not so fur from it," remarked Grandsire Tudt brightly. "It will be pretty clost to giving it when I land myself at Ezer's till a while yet and tell them I and you agreed on inherting that farm to them. Fur you can't stop me from agreeing with, can you? Yes, it will be considerable like packing such a present to them anyway."

"Suckin' leech!" Grandsire Misenhelder kicked out with both feet at once. "Git off with youse and stop off!"

"And that's right too." Grandfather Tudt turned toward Ida. "I guess I won't be stopping by you fur so much longer, now I got this here property to be packing to Ezer's." He struck his knee. "And I make no doubt they will pretty quick conceit that I had some hands in it."

But Ida was staring at Grandsire Misenhelder. "Och, my, look oncet at the face on him!" She sprang toward the purpling visage. "Och, grampop, ain't you drawing your breath or what?"

Grandsire Misenhelder indeed had the appearance of one who could no more endure. One might have divined as he sat with his red-rimmed eyes upon Grandsire Tudt, his head slowly weaving from side to side, that within him was running one increasing purpose beside which all former issues were as naught. Indeed at that very moment, though footsteps beat across the porch, though two young things launched themselves into the room, Grandsire Misenhelder did not leave off a curious scraping of his thumb against his coat as though to rid himself of something which was clinging to him, clinging to him.

"I can't do it," said the girl whitely. She looked from her mother to her father and back to her mother again. "I can't do it," she said again in the dead calm of high excitement. "Och, yes, I will marry him, but not behind your back anyhow."

The young man behind her rested his sorely distraught eyes upon Grandsire Tudt. He flung out his palms. "She wouldn't," he said.

Grandsire Tudt had skittered from his chair. In his face was the astonished anger of one who had carefully reared an elaborate structure only to see it tumble into fragments before his eyes.

"Dopples!" he squeaked. "What do you want to come blatting it out fur? Och, you make me want to spit!"

If Grandfather Misenhelder had had the seeing eye at that moment he would have perceived his ancient enemy in complete rout. But as it was, all his slow senses were focused in the hearing ear and all the pattern of his life urged him to instant antagonism against his paramount foe.

"Stop where you was!" he thundered. "Blat out all you feel fur!"

Grandfather Tudt had spun to the young man and was shaking him by the arm.

"Crawfishes!" he hissed. "Why ain't you stopping her back? Here when I git it fixed fur the property—och, stupidness! You ain't worthy to git her anyway. I wash my hands from you."

"You fix—my property!" roared Grandsire Misenhelder, rising in large chunks. "We will see oncet who will fix that there property. We will see oncet who has got the dare to say who is worthy around here." He turned toward Ida. "Fetch me the Book."

It should be recorded to Grandfather Tudt's credit that at this incredible juncture he spoke no word. But perhaps he could not. He deflated with a slow, hissing sound into a chair, not yet even dimly comprehending that fate had swept the high climax of his endeavors from him and was itself neatly fitting the cap sheaf. Indeed, no one spoke.

No one spoke as Grandsire Misenhelder took the document from between the leaves of Sacred Writ and with gaze of malevolent exultation upon Grandsire Tudt slowly tore it into strips. No one spoke as he inscribed once more his earthly testament and settled it firmly between the chronicles of Exodus and Leviticus.

"This here one stops," said Grandsire Misenhelder.

He closed the Book, rose and lowered his head at Grandsire Tudt over the top of it. If he had had a tail he would have swished it. "Now we will see oncet," he trumpeted, "if we will hear any more dopplig talk about this here agreements."

No, he heard no more talk about it. Grandsire Tudt was even then bounding like a surcharged top toward the door. Eben, sorely puzzled, found him a few minutes later dancing like some new sort of glowless glowworm beneath the light of the moon.

"And to think," he squeaked, "that the old feist thinks it's him where's giving away his property!"

"Was you gone loony or what?" Eben passed a bewildered hand over his forehead. "I gosh, I could near think everybody was gone loony."

"Och, dopple! Ain't I told you a'ready where everybody could be handled if you used your brains on them? Can't you anyhow see that I have put the ring at his nose? But the furtherness of it!" He suddenly stabbed himself with the safety pin which served him in lieu of suspenders. "To think that I can't ever give myself dare to tell him I done it!"

Grandsire Tudt remained for but two days after the wedding. "For," said he to the protesting Zelda, "I feel it at me that I can't keep shut no longer, and now that I've heired you them four hunert acres I don't feel for having them scutched off you ag'in."

And indeed it may well have been a tragedy narrowly averted; for upon the afternoon of his departure, as Eben's wagon bore him past the front gate, he suddenly billowed off the seat and spiked toward a scornful figure upon the porch.

"Better go and put your head at the soonest straw pile," Parthianed Grandsire Tudt, "and stick a match at!"

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THE PRESENT OF A TALKING PARROT MAKES PLUPY'S LIFE WORTH LIVING

Continued from Page 39

him and squashed him further into the concreek and of all the swaring you ever herd.

it was most a haff hour befoar they got them out and they had to use pickaxs and cole shovels and peevies sutch as they roll logs with befoar they cood get them out, and Skinny looked as if he had been tarred and fethered and his father and Mike left most of their britches legs and cote tails in the concreek and they and lots of other fellers wanted to lick the Newburyport man and crowded round him and swoar and called him naims and shook their fists and waived their arms and were going to give him a cote of his own tar and ride him on a rale out of town.

but old Gnatt Gilman read the riot ack and told the peeple to digest and go to their homes and when they woodent go he sed he was a justice of the piece and corum and he called upon the polisemen to do their duty in the naim of the stait of New Hampshire whitch he represented. and old Brown and old Kize and old Swane and old Mizery Dirgin and old Mad Sleeper and a lot of other men made a ring round the Newburyport man and waived their clubs and General Marston sed that if the dam fools had wated until the concreek got cool it woodent have happened and if ennybody laid a hand on the Newburyport man he wood persecute him to the xtent of the law in sech case made and pervided.

so nobody did nothing to the Newburyport man and he sed he was willing to buy 3 new suits of cloths for Skinny and his father and Mike although it wasent his falt. but he wanted to show the peeple of Exeter that he was fair and that the concreek sidewalk was the best sidewalk in the wirld if they wood let it cool befoar they walked on it.

so there wasent enny moar fiting and after awhile the peeple went home gawing a good deel but not paisting eech other as me and Beany and Pewt hoaped. so then we went home for ther wasent enny chanct for us to try and walk on the concreek for they left old Swane to wach it so that nobody cood get stuck.

when i got home i told the folks about it and they neerly dide laffing. father had been up to Pewts fathers pant shop with Beanys father smoaking and waching Pewts father pant a new sine for old Mr. Lyfords dry goods store. the sine was underwear for Ladys of all shaips and sizes. father sed he asted Brad if that was the way old Lyford rote it and old Brad sed no. but he sed he most always maid changes. then father sed he asted him if he thougt it rite to maik changes in a ladys underware without her premision and all old Brad wood say was huh, stop your fooling George. so father sed he dident say enny moar but he wood like to see old Lyfords face when he saw that sine.

when i told father about the concreek sidewalk he sed he was sorry he missed it because he wood have been on the side of the law wherever the mob spirit became ramping and besides that he mite have got a chanct to get in a good lick at sumbody whitch needed it most and this was one of the chances he had been wating for for sum time.

well ennyway there is sum fun yet in the wirld. a while ago i dident think there ever wood be. i wunder if there is any place that has so menny funny things happen as in Exeter. lots of time i go to sleep laffing over the funny things that have happened and the funny peeple they happen to.

Tuesday August 17, 186– father is going to get me a parrot. a green one with a red tail and red feet. a man in the Boston Custom House naimed Mister Pope has got one and it is so noisy his wife doesent want it enny longer and he has got to get rid of it. he thinks a grate deel of it and told father he dident want to sell it and have it go into the hands of peeple whitch will negleck it or lern it to sware and so he says if father will let me have it he will give it to me for nothing.

Muster Pope has been to our house to dinner 2 or 3 times and he likes us and i have given him rides round town and down to Hampton Beach with Nellie but i shall never give him another ride with her again.

father sed he wood bring the parrot home tonite if i wood taik good care of it and keep its cage cleen. mother asted if it talked much and father sed no it was pretty young but it wood be a talker. then mother sed father wood have to be pretty cairful what he sed and father sed he wood be cairful unless he hit his thum with a hammer or leened back sudden and hit his head a whang on the marbel mantelpeace like old Chipper Burley done onct. father told mother that she mustent ask him to put up a picture or taik down a stovepipe or do ennything like that for it was a grate strane on a man. if he had to do those things it mite have a bad effeck on the conversary powers of the parrot and the children too. i can hardly wate for tonite.

Wensday, August 18, 186– bully. the parrot has came. father brougt the parrot home last nite in a big cage. it was covered with paper. it is a beauty with green fethers and a yellow beak and a yellow stripe down its forehead and red feet and a yellow bill and 2 hine toes on eech foot. it looks at you with its head cocked on one side and goes all over its cage hanging on with its feet and beak upside down. father sed it wood let him rub its head with his finger and he put his finger in to rub it and the parrot bit his finger and father called it a hook nosed devil and we all laffed to see father yank his finger out and put it in his mouth.

father sed it wood eet crackers and apples and pears and peenuts. but it dident talk enny but gave a little croke. i gess it is homesick but when it gets aquainted with us it will feal better. we hung the cage in the setting room. i staid in all the evening looking at it and triing to make it talk but it woodent.

this morning i cleened out the cage and fed it and it bit me 2 times. we are getting aquainted verry fast and will soon be frends.

there is going to be another xibition in the square Friday nite. it is a sort of fire pump to put out fires. it is a tin can whitch holds about 3 pales of water and has a handle and a long rubber pipe to maik it squert. the water is full of sum sort of fizzy stuff whitch will put out a fire in about 10 seconds. it told about it in the News Letter. it sed that the man wood bild a big bonfire in the square and wood wate until the bonfire was blazing all over and then the man will start his pump pumping and will tirn the water on the fire and in 10 seconts the fire wood be out. the News Letter wants evrybody to come down to the square at 8 oh clock to see the show and if ennybody wants to by a fire pump the man will sell as menny as he can. so me and Pewt and Beany are going.

Thursday, August 19, 186– my parrot hasent yipped onct yet. it eets and climes round the cage all rite and bites me terrible so i gess it ain't sick. we are becoming grate frends. Beany dont dass to try and rub its head.

Friday, August 20, 186– tonite we went down to the fire pump show in the square. it tirned out kind of funny. sumbody plade a trick on the man. sum say it was Gil Kelley and sum say it was Bruce Brigham and sum say it was Mike Hartnett becaus those fellers are always playing tricks. and sum say it was Chick Randall or Johnny Levitt. father sed he thougt it mite be sum of the firemen becaus if the fire pump had been as good as the feller sed it wood be we cood sell the fire engines, the Fountain number 1 and the Union number 2 and the Torrent number 3 and get rid of the firemen. well nobody knows xcept the fellers whitch done it.

after it was over the feller sed he shood set a investigation on foot. i asted father what that ment and he sed he never gnew what it ment becaus it never amounted to ennything.

well when we got down to the square fellers was bringing boxes and old barrils from behine the stores and piling them up in the square and the man was poking shavings and paper and straw under them. then when the pile was ready he made the polisemen make evrybody go back far enuf and then he told what his pump cood do. he sed if his pump had been invented far back in the history of the wirld the grate fire of ansient Roam, the birning of London and the birning of Moscow cood not have happened. that with one of his pumps in the hands of evry house owner, mill owner and store keeper in Exeter there cood be no fires and the cost of fire insurance cood be reduced to less than nothing.

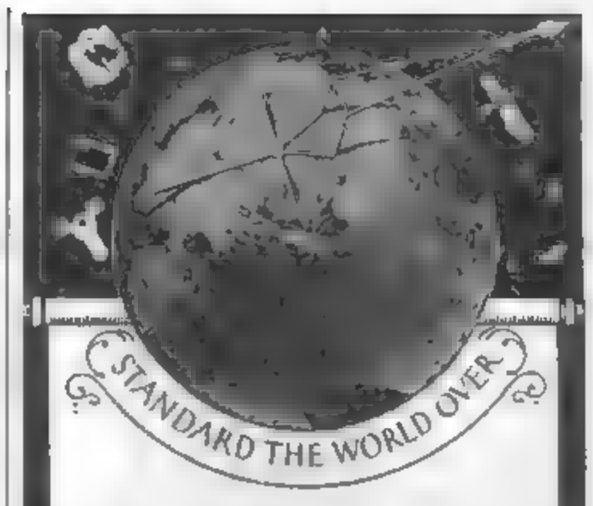
then he lit the fire and while it was getting started he sed by this invention of mine i look to see the total abolsion of fires, the xstinckaion of the fire insurance companys whitch fatten on our misfortunes, and when he sed that old William Perry Moulton and Charles Lane went home mad becaus they are fire insurance men and they dident like to have their bisainess ruened and the bred taken from the mouths of there starving children, only Charles Lane hasent got enny children but old William Perry Moulton has got 4.

well the men cheered when he sed that and he kep talking till one man hollered shet up talking old feller and tirn on your squirter before the fire dys down. then the fellers set down his pump and he begun to pump the pumper as fast as he cood and a streem of water went fissing onto the bonfire. well what do you think. the minit the streem struck the fire instead of hissing and steeming and putting the fire out as the feller sed it wood the fire blazed up teribly, and the more the feller squerted the higher it blazed red and yellow and blew and the hotter it got. bimeby it got so hot that the peeple had to get back and the feller had to two and the flaims went up as high as the top of the trees and peeple begun to holler stop the dam fool or he will birn up the hoal town. so the polisemen whitch was there to keep order and to keep the fellers from playing enny tricks grabed him and pulled him and his pump back out of dainger and sum fellers started the bell of the ferst chirch ringing and the firemen put for the engine houses and in a few minits all the bells was ringing and up come the injines and the hook and ladder trucks. the Torrent got on the ferst streem and had the fire most out when the other injines got their streems on. well they drownded that bonfire out in no time.

then they was going to tirn their streems onto the pump feller but he hollered so that they dident and the crowd xamined his pump to see what was the matter and what do you think. sumbody had dreened out the water and the fissy stuff and filled it full of carosene oil. evrybody laffed and slapped their legs and bent over and tottered round with their legs bent and holding onto their stummocks with teers running out of their eys.

well when the pump man found out that they wasent going to drownd him he sed he shood call upon the authorities to set a investigation on foot and deteck the miscreants. but gosh they never will find out who done it in this wirld and if they did find out they woodent do ennything to him.

i tell you ennybody whitch comes into our town and tries to take the firemans gob away from them is lucky if he gets off as eezy as this pump feller. i don't know what will happen nex. life in the town of Exeter is pretty xciting.



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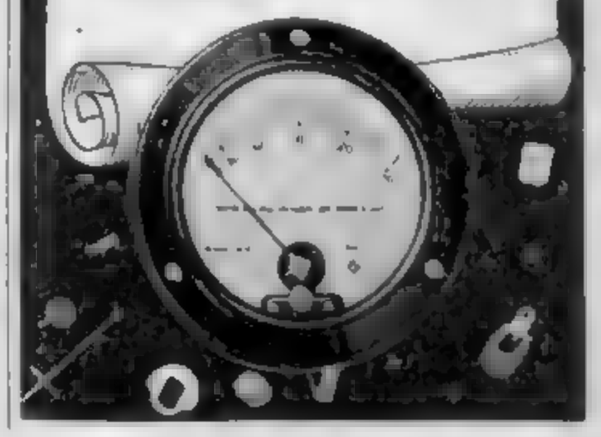

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Plumbing Fixtures

I HAD A HUNCH

(Continued from Page 4)

"What does she look like?"

"She is small and has big brown eyes." This was the limit of my descriptive powers.

I told them a few days later that I had met the young lady and that her name was Jennie A. Wood. They suggested I invite her over to our house so they might see what kind of daughter-in-law they were going to have. I did so, and my parents approved of her; but then I have always felt that this was no great accomplishment on their part, for I believed at that time and have always believed since that they couldn't have done otherwise.

It was fixed in my mind that no matter what else might happen in the world, the one unpreventable thing of the future was that Miss Jennie A. Wood would become Mrs. Arthur E. Stilwell when Arthur E. Stilwell had reached the age of nineteen. And yet I was not impractical. I knew I should have to pave the way for this event by putting myself in a position of financial independence.

School held scant attraction for me. I was eager to learn, but it seemed to me that I could learn more quickly and more soundly in the thick of the struggle for existence than I could in the classroom. With the dawn of this conviction, the city in which I lived assumed a new significance. What did Rochester hold for me in the way of opportunity? Upon inquiry I found I could get a job tending a soda-water fountain at three dollars a week. Not much to enthuse over, I concluded; I could never muster up enough courage to look into those brown eyes and ask their owner to become my wife if I could earn in an entire week only enough to buy one pair of shoes.

So I ran away from home while still on the sunny side of fifteen. My equipment to compete with the task of making my own way consisted of seventy dollars, which I had saved up, and a confidence in myself which might be appraised as having a value of a million or two. St. Louis was my destination. George Darling, who had lived opposite to us in Rochester and knew my people, was then one of the proprietors of the Southern Hotel in that city, his partner being Mr. Breslin, of New York. The Southern was considered the finest hotel in the West and was thronged with wealthy visitors, including many contractors and miners from points farther West. I went to him and asked for a job, and he made me cashier in the hotel billiard room at sixty dollars a month.

A Game on the House

One of the duties of cashier was to play pool or billiards with any customer of the place who happened to drop in alone and could find no other opponent. If the cashier won, the customer paid for the use of the table at the regular rates; if the customer won, it was on the house. This made it quite essential from the standpoint of sound business that the cashier should be a reasonably good player, which I certainly was not. Practically all the games I played were on the house. News of what exceptional attraction the Southern billiard room was offering by virtue of my feeble efforts with the cue spread through St. Louis. Lone billiard experts were always at hand to engage me in a game and thus enjoy an hour or two of diversion at no cost to them.

My conscience smote me, even though Mr. Darling was my friend, and I quit the job, suggesting to my employer that it would be more profitable to get someone who understood billiards as well as cashiering. Within a few days I landed with Bradstreet's Commercial Agency as head of their mailing department at nine dollars a week. In this position I had my first temptation. I had taken a room with three other young men and we paid at the rate of a dollar a week apiece for the accommodations, with a bed in each of the four corners of the room. I was very economical, having a strain of Scotch blood in me, and I limited myself to fifty cents a day for food—breakfast and luncheon at fifteen each and dinner, consisting of a large bowl of vegetable soup, at twenty. One day I mentioned to one of my roommates that even with the exercise of thrift it was no easy job getting along on nine dollars a week.

"You don't have to if you don't want to," he snickered. "Just swipe fifty cents' worth or a dollar's worth of postage stamps a day. That's what I've always done on my job."

I thought the matter over that night and made up my mind that to take postage stamps was not the highway to success and that I preferred to live on two meals a day, or even one, if necessary, rather than to have my conscience prick me all night long and probably keep me awake. My companions were a pretty easy-going crowd whose principles were often at variance with the things I had been taught by my orthodox family. I simply couldn't fall into their ways, and as they looked upon me as a queer duck with a lot of nonsensical scruples, I decided the best thing to do was break away from them. I took the little money I had saved up and went to New York, where I located in a novelty store at Nineteenth Street and Broadway as a floorwalker. Word came to me after I had been there about three months that my father had been pinched in oil speculations in Titusville, Pennsylvania. My mother wanted me to go back to Rochester, and I went.

A Prosperous Business

As the son of a wealthy man, I had always worn made-to-order clothes and had come to look with contempt upon the ready-made kind, which we called hand-me-downs. After my return, father wanted to buy me some of this cheap apparel, but I protested against joining the hand-me-down army. Then he told me that his losses, which I had supposed were not serious, were really terrific and that his income had been reduced to $150 a month. This explained to me for the first time why the family had moved from one of the finest houses in town to one that rented for thirty-five dollars a month. And to me it rather proved the truth of the old saying: "Three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." I had been a little slow in sizing up the exact situation, but once I understood it, I reached a great resolution.

"Father," I said, "if such is the case, you need never buy me anything else and I am going to pay my board."

He smiled a little wanly. "Your runaway trip did not show any such earning power."

To my credit in the savings bank was $400, representing gifts my grandfather had made to me on birthdays, but which I had been unable to draw out when I ran away. With my father's consent, I withdrew it and bought a printing plant, located in Smith's Arcade in Main Street. It had two presses and a good assortment of type. I hired a young man named Fred Reynolds to teach me the printing business. During the day I would solicit work and at night I would stay in the shop with Reynolds to learn the trade.

The idea of my jumping in to help my father out of the bad fix his unwise speculations had placed the family in appealed to a number of people who were in position to throw me work. They threw it, and I had all the printing business I could handle. My net income was from fifteen to twenty dollars a week.

After I had been running the shop for about six months, Williamson & Higby, stationers and law-blank printers of Rochester, asked me to go on the road as a commercial traveler. I did, and had such luck selling their wares that I concluded I was not exactly a misfit as a salesman. But even so, I was discontented—not with the

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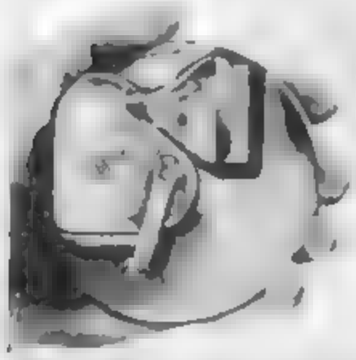

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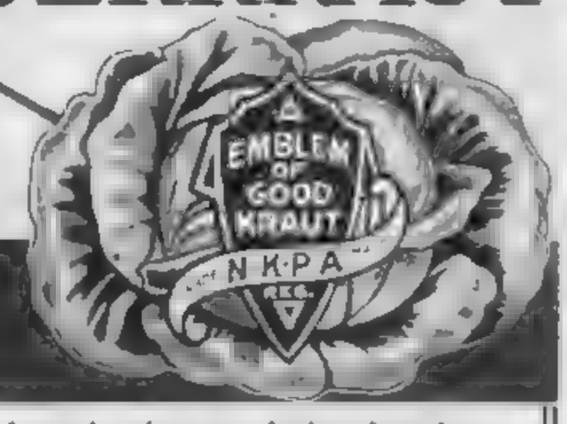

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Look for this Emblem on the label when you buy. Insist upon Emblem Sauerkraut. Your dealer has or will get it.

Sauerkraut is one of the greatest health foods vouchsafed to man. The statements of Metchnikoff, Pasteur, Kellogg, Wiley, Gibbs, Arnold Lorand and scores of others have been quoted in advertisements, describing its wonderful lactic ferments which tend to keep the intestinal tract free from disease-producing germs; its vitamins for general welfare; its mineral salts for bone and teeth building and for the blood. Sauerkraut is becoming a national dish.

Send for our Free Booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food." It gives 49 delicious recipes for serving. If unable to purchase Sauerkraut bearing the Emblem, write the Association.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS ASSOCIATION Clyde, O.

Send for Interesting Booklet FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association
Clyde, Ohio
Please send me postpaid your free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes

headway I was making in business but because the young lady with the big brown eyes had moved to Virginia with her family.

This happening put me between two fires. On one side was the knowledge that the North had ceased to hold any attraction for me and that it might be hard for me to keep pressing ahead in Rochester if my mind and heart were in Virginia; on the other, the undeniable fact that a good job, such as the one I had, was not a thing to play fast and loose with if I hoped to carry out my determination to assume the responsibilities of a married man at nineteen. Thinking it all over calmly and no doubt swayed by that confidence of youth, if not cockiness, of which I seemed to have more than the average share, I decided to head South.

A fortuitous circumstance helped matters. I had noticed that the time-tables of the New York Central carried paid advertisements, and I asked a friend who had just come up from the South whether the railroads down there did that. When he replied that he had never seen any such time-tables it gave me an idea. On my arrival in Richmond I went directly to the offices of the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad, which I believe is now a part of the Seaboard Air Line, and asked to see the president, Mr. Brown. Railroad heads not being so hard to see then as they are now, I gained an immediate audience. I carried a New York Central time-table with me.

"Mr. Brown," I said, "I notice the railroads down here have no time-tables."

"No," he laughed; "the men who work on the railroads are lucky if they get their pay."

"Can I have a contract for printing your time-tables—5000 of them a month—if I give them to you?"

"You certainly can, but why the charitable act of giving them to us?"

"I want the right to have every other page clear for advertising, the proceeds of which are to go to me. And I want an annual pass on your lines."

In half an hour I had a letter from him saying I was the official time-table publisher for the railroad, and he gave me an annual pass which enabled me to use the trains running to Petersburg, where my sweetheart lived. Mr. Brown, now much enthused over the whole idea, before the first interview had ended, offered to help me expand this business I was entering, which was an entirely new enterprise in the South.

"Your plan looks good, Stilwell, and you ought to win out. Why not get the Virginia Midland and other railroads to give you their business? I'll give you letters to their presidents. Then you can do business wholesale instead of retail."

One Hundred Per Cent Velvet

Naturally, I accepted the suggestion, received the letters, and within a week I was the authorized time-table publisher for all the railroads in Virginia. I was then eighteen. It took me about two weeks of each month to get out my time-tables, and I made a fair living. The printing was done in a Richmond shop with which I made a satisfactory deal. Whenever I made a contract with a hotel for advertising space, I always had it stipulated in black and white that the rate was two dollars a month for a quarter page, but that in addition to this I should receive a due bill entitling me to three days' board there at any time I elected during the month. In about thirty days I had enough hotel contracts to take care of my lodging and food for the entire month. There was no limit on the amount I could order in the dining rooms. I ate heartily.

After I had been working my new field a short time I got to thinking that there weren't many young fellows who had pieced out a business which enabled them to live at the best hotels without charge and ride on the railroads free. That was an advantage on which I ought to cash in additional profits. How? Why, it occurred to me suddenly, nothing could be simpler. As a commercial traveler I'd have a running start on any man who had ever entered the profession of salesmanship. With no car fare and no board to pay, the money I could make would be 100 per cent velvet.

Scouting around for a chance to get quick action on this new idea, I learned from a commercial man traveling in Virginia and the Carolinas for D. W. Glass & Co., wholesale stationers of Baltimore, that he was going to chuck his job, as he did not like the South. He was making good money and I thought to myself that if I could land the job he was quitting I could make even better, being ethically entitled to save all I could from the set sum allowed for traveling and living expenses. An employer couldn't possibly object if a freakish turn of events made it possible for a salesman to profit to the full extent of this expense money. Bear in mind, too, that my railroad pass and free board were definitely a part of the compensation I was deriving from the time-table business, and that without these concessions I should have been forced to raise advertising rates.

Putting it Up to the Clerk

So I took the next train to Baltimore and became a commercial traveler for D. W. Glass & Co. The work I did for them augmented my income considerably. Anyhow, I was making in excess of $2000 a year, counting in my board; and as I had now arrived at the age of nineteen, I made up my mind that it was time to get married, in accordance with what I had told my parents. I did not think it necessary to ask my father's permission to take this step, since I was making at least as much money as he was. But I did ask my sweetheart's father and obtained his consent, after bringing to bear all my persuasive powers. My possession of a railroad pass enabling me to travel free to Petersburg was one of the things which carried the day. Mr. Wood regarded this not only as something of an accomplishment on my part, but he realized I would not be handicapped in my courting by the item of expense in journeying back and forth from his home. We were required to go to the Five Forks Courthouse in Virginia for our marriage license. Jennie was worried about complications arising because I was not of age, and she certainly didn't want me to tell a fib.

"Come along and see me get the license and tell no fib," I reassured her a little boastfully.

We rode over to the courthouse, a quaint old building, with no signs of life about it except two or three hayseeds sitting around chewing tobacco and gossiping. Our appearance interrupted their favorite diversion, and presenting the letter from the girl's father, I asked for a marriage license.

The youngish clerk looked at me and asked, "How old is the young lady?"

"Eighteen," I told him.

"How old are you?"

"You look like a pretty smart young man. Guess my age," I answered, with nothing in my tone to indicate that I was being evasive, but with everything to indicate that I was making an honest test of his perspicacity. Looking me over from head to foot, his gaze lingered on the nice side whiskers I wore, which made me appear to be older than I was.

"Well," he drawled finally, "I guess twenty-two."

"You're a bird," I replied, without further comment, and he wrote out the license, much pleased with himself that he had done something a smart cracker from the city hadn't believed he could.

We were married and I continued my travels and published time-tables. The hotel-advertising business had flourished to such an extent by this time that I had enough due bills to provide board for two or three persons, so I took my bride along with me. As wedding gifts the different railroads had sent passes for her on their lines.

Continued on Page 165

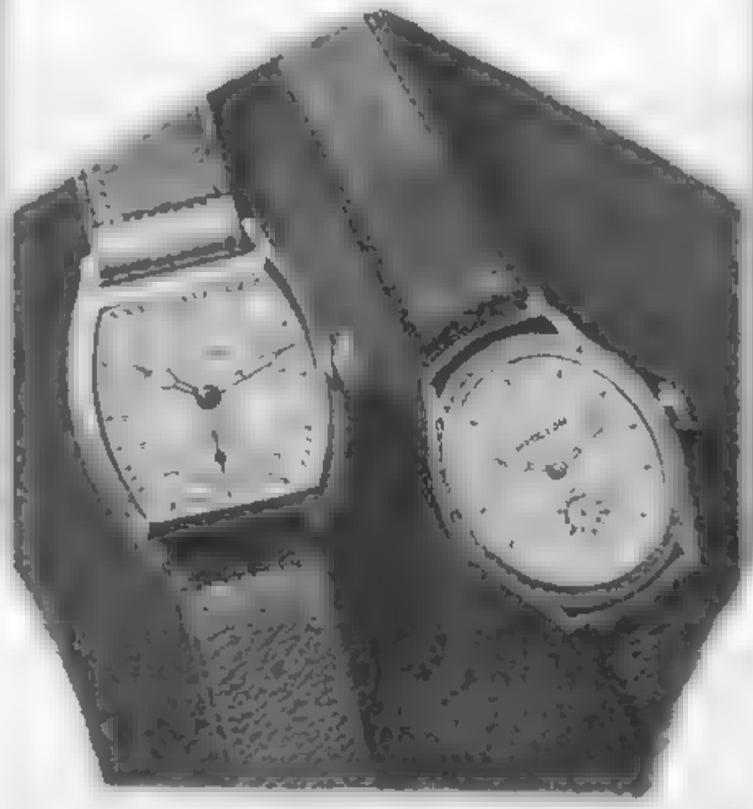
That Christmas-Watch

– it must be *Beautiful*
it must be *Dependable*
it must be *Accurate*

The Hamilton Masterpiece represents the ultimate in watchmaking art. It can be had cased in 18k gold for $250 or, as illustrated, in platinum for $685.

• • •

The Hamilton Square-Cut-Corner Strap Model can be had in a plain or engraved case of 14k filled or 14k green or white gold for $55 to $87.



The Barrel Model Hamilton Strap Watch comes in plain or engraved cases of 14k filled or 14k green or white gold from $55 to $87.

The Hamilton Oval Strap Model is made in plain or engraved cases in 14k filled or 14k green or white gold from $55 to $87.

The Hamilton Strap Model in Tonneau shape comes in 14k, or 14k filled green or white gold, plain or engraved cases, from $55 to $87

• • •

The Fredsham Model Hamilton Pocket Watch is offered in cases of 14k filled green or white gold. Sold with a choice of three movements from $53 to $150.

There is a thrill in the gift of a new watch—for any man—of any age. This is particularly true if the watch is a Hamilton. . . Modern time is measured from the first Christmas. How appropriate, then, is the gift of a fine timepiece—a watch of studied artistry—with accuracy that is nothing short of amazing. . . You may choose from a variety of Hamilton pocket models priced from $50 in filled gold cases upward to $685 in platinum cases; or, in strap watches, from $50 to $400. Your jeweler is now ready to show you a variety of the new Hamiltons for Christmas. See him at your earliest convenience. Hamilton Watches are also completely illustrated and described in "The Timekeeper." We invite you to write for a copy of this booklet.

Hamilton Watch Company, 850 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Hamilton Watch *The Watch of Railroad Accuracy*

Again! FLORIDA CALLS

ONCE MORE Florida trumpets its call to thousands of winter visitors. It is the call of climate, good health, sport, outdoor life, and welcome rest. It is the open-armed welcome of the tropics extended countrywide to those who have never come to Florida. It is the "blue Peter" sent aloft to call back the mighty host which in former years has come again and again for those worthwhile things which this section offers in abundance to its friends.

No spot in Florida presents more advantages for a happy winter vacation than Coral Gables. Just west and south of Miami—the two cities contiguous as to boundaries—contributing to and enjoying all of the rare advantages of Miami—Coral Gables has great attributes of its own not possessed elsewhere. You may bathe in the ocean at Tahiti Beach, or at the beautiful pools of the Venetian Casino and Biltmore Country Club. Golf on three fine courses. Tennis on eighteen courts. Enjoy saddle pony riding on shady bridle paths. The motorist has a hundred miles of paved and parked boulevards for his pleasure, and dances are held every evening at the Country Club and Biltmore Hotel.

Coral Gables is but six years old, but already it has accomplished more in magnificent architecture, distinctive planting and landscaping, and in the achievement of real beauty than cities many times its age. It is the one place to bring the entire family for a winter vacation. The University of Miami at Coral Gables offers wide range of studies; the Military Academy has over two hundred boys enrolled; St. Joseph's Academy has an even greater number of boys and girls as day or boarding pupils. High School, Grammar School, Kindergarten and private schools—all housed in modern, open-air buildings—offer ideal educational advantages. The whole family may enjoy the winter vacation here without sacrifice or separation, and without denying parents their favorite pleasures or children their school duties.

With vastly greater facilities and accommodations which meet every need, Coral Gables is ready as never before to welcome all who respond to the Call of Florida.

The Seaboard Air Line and the Florida East Coast railroads pass through Coral Gables and render exceptional service. The city has six fine hotels, with the magnificent Miami-Biltmore at the top of the list. Also eighty apartment houses, furnished with every convenience for immediate occupation, and hundreds of private homes which may be leased by visitors. For rates, booklets and complete information regarding these or for any other information, write today to the Chamber of Commerce. Or, if preferred, address the Secretary of Kiwanis, Lion's Club, City Club, or the American Legion.

Coral Gables Miami, Fla

(Continued from Page 162)

Married life worked out beautifully from the start. What I had been longing for more than anything else these past few years I now had—the adorable girl who was the complete and sole mistress of my heart, a sympathetic and loving companion to whom my ambitions and my successes were the most important things in the world. If I made little mistakes which others might use to their own aggrandizement or possibly laugh at, I knew there was one refuge where I could always find tenderness and understanding. My wife and my home became in those days the source of all inspiration, and they have never changed their character.

My chief reason for not continuing in the printing business when I shifted the scene of operation from Rochester to Virginia was to improve my health by being out-of-doors. As I picked up steadily in physical strength I turned my attention to the next consideration on the list—the improvement of my education, which had been seriously hampered by the illness of childhood. I felt that contact with the world would work this out in a more or less automatic way, but I was nevertheless constantly on the alert for knowledge. The proper use of the English language and the acquisition of a flexible vocabulary appealed to me as being quite vital elements in the equipment of an ambitious young man. I was what might be called a word hound. Whenever anybody used a word in my presence the meaning of which I did not know, I looked it up in the dictionary and at the first opportunity would fit it into conversation. Sometimes, I confess, these new words fitted in in an odd manner and the people I was conversing with would look at me inquiringly. But I figured it was better to use them somehow or other than not at all, so I kept plugging away with them gayly until eventually they would hit their right groove.

In all this kaleidoscope of gestures toward finding my right business stride, I had not forgotten that remark I had made to my grandfather years before about going West to build a railroad. So I utilized the connections the time-table business had opened up for me to learn everything I could about railroading. I used to go out and ride in the cab of the locomotives and buzz the engineers about the levers and other mechanical devices, and then I would talk to the yard foremen and pump every other worker with whom I came in contact, including the brakemen of freight trains, with whom I would walk the top of the cars. I knew the cost of the ties—which was then twenty-eight cents, as compared to a dollar and a half to two dollars nowadays. I knew the average life of steel rails. Those on the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio had been doing service for about eighteen years at that time. They looked it, and when you rode in the cars you were sure of it.

One Job After Another

A New York friend of mine wrote to me that there was a splendid position open to me as a solicitor of advertising for the United States Business Directory if I could see my way clear to give up my Virginia business and go to the big city. I accepted the offer and moved to New York, but I had been there only about ninety days when my friend went to Kansas City, where he learned of a business opportunity which he thought ought to be of mutual interest to us. A printing plant, quite elaborately equipped, located in a flatlands known as the Bottoms, near the packing houses, was to be sold at sheriff's sale. Under the laws of Kansas the owner had a year in which to redeem after the sale: meanwhile the sheriff wanted somebody to rent the plant. My friend wrote to me that it looked like a fine chance for us. I agreed with him, and we started business together. The rent, as I recall it, was sixty-five dollars a month. In my earlier printing venture I had become a practical hand at the trade and had developed rather artistic ideas in typesetting. The quality of the work we turned out was so good that Armour's and the other packing houses in the vicinity of the shop gave us all their business.

About nine months later the Missouri River became swollen and water flowed into our plant, which was in a basement, covering the floor to a depth of several inches. By standing on boxes while setting type we were able to keep the shop going, but the flood left the basement in bad condition and I came down with typhoid fever. While convalescing I decided the best thing I could do was to get back into work which would again keep me out-of-doors. The fact that our firm had specialized in fine printing, requiring the use of the best quality of paper, had brought us some business from three concerns which demanded high-grade work—Theodore Lenhard, lithographers, of Philadelphia; the New York Photo Engraving Company; and Farmer, Livermore & Co., steel-plate engravers, of Providence, Rhode Island. I wrote to these three houses and asked if they didn't think there was a good chance for a representative to dig up business for them in Chicago. They said there was, and I went to Chicago as general agent for the three companies.

Illustrations on Tap

When I picked out the Southern Hotel, in Wabash Avenue, then the leading family hotel of Chicago, my wife said she thought I was rather extravagant, as the rate was fourteen dollars a week for room and board for both of us, which was considered high. But I overcame her objections by expounding some high-sounding philosophy on the advantage of associating with well-to-do people. The knock-out punch to my argument was framed in this rather stiff line: "The poor of earth cannot benefit us; so it is our duty to make our home where we will come in contact with the rich." Whereupon we plunged into this saturnalia of reckless spending.

I not only made a fair living as the representative of the three companies but enjoyed the experience of being the first person to introduce photo-engraving in Chicago. My customers were publishing houses. With the manufacturing plants I represented located in rather distant cities, I had to operate on a system which would seem cumbersome and creaky in this day of having plates made overnight, and even faster if necessary. A newspaper of these times, for instance, can photograph a scene at ten o'clock in the morning, develop the negative and make the print in fifteen minutes or so, rush the picture through the photo-engraving department in thirty to forty minutes and reproduce the scene in the newspaper in a little more than an hour. Such speed is not necessary for a publishing house, and if it had been in those days they would have gone out of business.

The way we worked it was for my companies to supply me with about 1500 illustrations, covering every situation they could anticipate as developing in the minds of the creators of fiction. In the home offices, plates of these illustrations were on file. So if McClurg & Co., we'll say, were going to bring out a book and wished to illustrate it, they'd send for me and my 1500 illustrations and someone familiar with the story would pick out pictures fitting the subject. For example, in the novel might be this expression: "Our heroine was born in a quaint New England house surrounded by trees." Whereupon we would begin running over my set of illustrations until we came across a scene which could be passed off as a New England house surrounded by trees. Or else the story would say, "Mary and her mother used to go to market in an old chaise," and we would look through the list of ready-made plates until we found two women in an old chaise. They would then order the cuts and I would send to the home office for them.

My theory about the wisdom of meeting prosperous people, even if it did raise our

For fathers~~and those going~to~be

WHO said it was hard to get anything for Dad? If he hasn't a Clark, he'd like one. If he has a Clark already he would appreciate a Windodger (the lighter that works in the wind). There's something about a Clark Lighter that appeals to all men from eight to eighty years of age. It is jewelry—yet it is useful. It is beautiful—but masculine. Wheels go around and something mechanical happens; it is playing delightfully with fire—and all men enjoy *that*. Besides, it prefaces "the story of a smoke" in such a delightful manner. Give Clark Lighters.

See them in shops ($7.50 to $200). Or write us for circular with Lighter portraits.

W G C

W. G. CLARK & CO., North Attleborough Mass. Showrooms: 584 Fifth Ave., New York

Make it Personal!

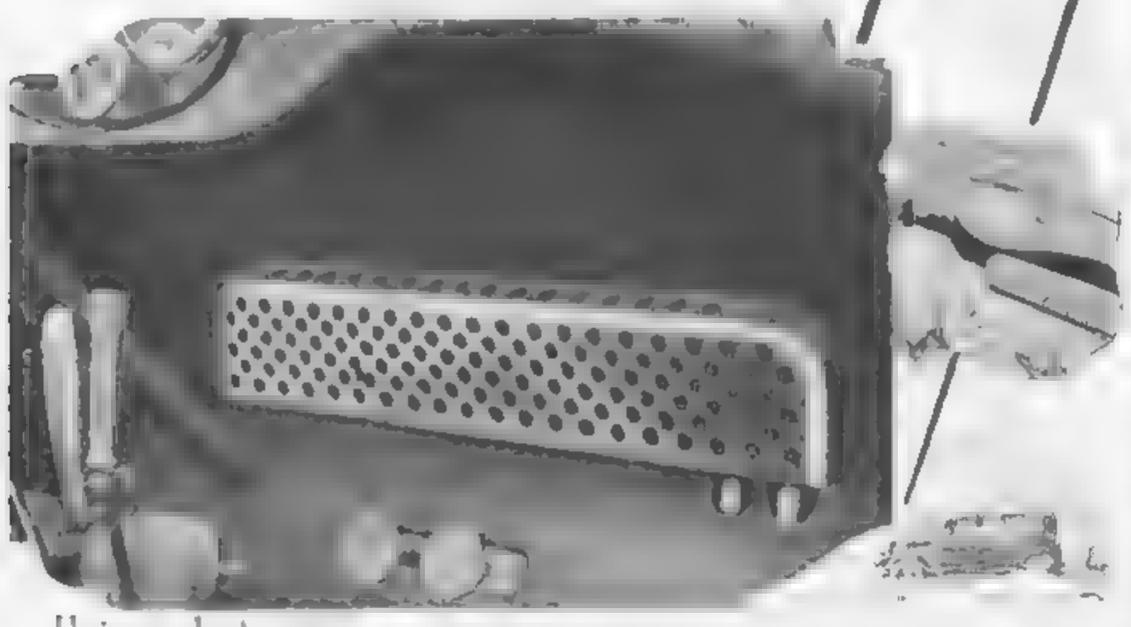
Your hand-written signature makes each Christmas greeting personal!

The oval-pointed Esterbrook No. 988 never tires the hand.

To help you find *your* pen, send 10c for 8 different pens to try. Free: "... Famous Signatures." Esterbrook Pen Co., Dept. S8, Camden, N. J.

Esterbrook

Drive in Comfort!



Universal Exhaust Type $8.50

Universal Manifold Type $8.50

NOW You Need a Kingston!

Ice and snow and wintry blasts—Kingston weather! No matter how cold it is, with a Kingston Heater your car is as warm as toast, you travel in comfort at zero. Kingston Heaters are well made, odorless, easy to install and will not rattle. The Universal Exhaust type, shown above, like the Universal Manifold type, will fit and heat *any* car These two fine universal models, and the special models for Chevrolet and Ford, are keeping hundreds of thousands of motorists warm these wintry days. Hook up a Kingston and get a new joy from winter motoring.

Chevrolet $5.00

Ford $2.50

If your dealer can't supply you—ask us.

KOKOMO ELECTRIC COMPANY
Kokomo Indiana

KINGSTON

What would you give to make $10 a day?

MANY of our established representatives make $1000 or more during spare time in a single day! Take Mr. W. J. Imbaugh, for example He represents us in Alabama—and he's a very busy man looking after a small farm and selling insurance. Yet just recently part time Curtis work paid him $10.00 in one day.

Right now we have openings in your neighborhood for men and women who have spare hours to sell—morning, afternoon or evening—and who will look after our subscription interests.

No Experience Necessary

It's really not at all difficult to sell *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Nearly everybody reads them, or would like to—and by subscription they cost so little! We send complete information to help you begin—and supplies too! You invest not one penny. You've nothing to lose—perhaps much to gain. Mail the coupon for details

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
291 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Please tell me about your money-making plan.

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

living costs, was proved well founded. At the Southern Hotel I became acquainted with C. H. Hammons, Illinois state agent for the Travelers Insurance Company. Our wives also struck up a mutual friendship, and the four of us were together a great deal. Out of a clear sky he put a business proposition to me one day not so many weeks after we had met.

"Stilwell," he said, "where you belong is in the insurance business. In your present line you have to travel all around, up to St. Paul and other cities, and on your own say-so you'd be much happier if you didn't have to leave Mrs. Stilwell so often. Come with me and I'll appoint you assistant state agent for Illinois and give you $1200 a year and your expenses. Then you can be with Mrs. Stilwell every day."

I accepted the offer and resigned the marvelous thing I had with the three companies. I never heard that it injured their business.

A queer thing happened now. Hammons gave me a brief outline of what I was required to do in my new occupation and I went to it, meeting with all kinds of luck and writing up insurance right and left. Not knowing anything about what was expected of an agent in the course of a given period, I had no conception whether the volume of business I was handling was large or small. Hammons didn't comment much one way or the other, but I guessed everything must be at least satisfactory; otherwise he would undoubtedly have made a howl. At the end of the year I got my first real inkling of how I was getting along when Hammons doubled my salary. Then I knew I had made good. The next year he increased it an equal amount; so, after two years, I was receiving $3600.

I had been studying life insurance with as much interest as I had previously studied railroading, and I got to wondering whether the policies we were selling were the most beneficial it was possible to design. In those days the great bulk of insurance business was written on the straight-life principle, which meant that the holder would continue paying, if he were financially able, right up to the moment of his death, when his heirs received the sole benefits. We will say at the age of thirty a man desired to protect his wife and children. By the time he had reached sixty, the weak he had tried to protect had become the strong and he had become the weak. The endowment policy had come into existence, but it wasn't extra popular, and it looked to me as if there was some inherent weakness in the form of insurance people were buying.

A New Insurance Policy

Thereupon I designed and copyrighted the coupon annuity. The plan was that a man paid his premiums until he was fifty-nine, during the productive period of his life, and then received back for himself, by cutting the coupons, one-twentieth of his policy as an annual income, the first coupon being due when he had reached age sixty. In case he died before reaching sixty his family received the full face of the policy, and after sixty the insurance paid to his beneficiaries was the balance of the uncashed coupons. This enabled the policyholder to protect his family during the years they needed protection and to protect himself during the years he needed protection, and at fifty-nine his burden ceased.

Another change I worked out was an accident policy on which premiums were paid until the insured was seventy, at which age all insurance companies refuse to carry accident insurance. Under my plan the insured paid for his protection in annual premiums, or in ten larger sums providing for a paid-up policy, and when he reached seventy the entire sum he had paid in was returned to him. Meanwhile, in case of accident incapacitating him he received the stipulated benefit, and in the event of death, his family the principal sum. I called it an endowment accident policy.

When I had the whole plan carefully designed I laid it before Hammons and he was delighted with it. Mr. Nolan, our Chicago city agent, saw it at the same time and said I had hit upon a scheme which would bring about radical changes in the insurance business. All this favorable comment heartened me so much that I struck out for Hartford to present it to the company heads. I went first to see Major Preston, who was then superintendent of agencies, and he was much annoyed to think that I had dared to leave my position without obtaining his consent. I stood my ground and told him that I intended waiting around until I could see Mr. Batterson, the president of the Travelers. In two or three days I succeeded in gaining an audience with the big chief. That interview with Mr. Batterson, who, with his long whiskers, which he was always petting, looked like a print from an old-time book, is as fresh in my memory as though it had taken place yesterday.

Take It or Leave It

People have always told me I have a habit of coming to the point abruptly. I did this day.

"Mr. Batterson," I said, "I have come to see you about two plans of insurance I have devised which are revolutionary."

"Stilwell," he replied just as abruptly, "whenever we want you to run this company we shall send for you."

"Mr. Batterson," I continued, undaunted, "on my way here I was afraid you might refuse to see my plans and I stopped at the New York Life Insurance Company and introduced myself through a letter I had obtained from their Illinois state agent. I have shown them what I have done for your company in the time I have been with you. They are willing to take me on at twice what you pay. But I am rather attached to the Travelers and prefer to stay with you. The first thing I learned in life insurance, Mr. Batterson, was that no does not mean a thing. If I had thought it meant anything, I would not have done the business I have. Now you are either going to look at these plans of mine or I am going to resign and go with the New York Life."

Mr. Batterson looked at me keenly for a few moments before answering. At last he said, "I guess you're right, Stilwell; no doesn't mean a thing."

He called in Mr. Ellis, the actuary, and A. A. Welch, the assistant actuary, who is now president of the Phœnix Mutual Life, of Hartford. They talked to me very kindly, and at length Mr. Batterson said, "Now you two and Stilwell go into Mr. Ellis' room and talk the whole thing over." We did this, and before the conference was over both Mr. Ellis and Mr. Welch said that if the Travelers would adopt my policy they would each take out one.

A side light on that conversation of so many years ago is a letter from Mr. Welch which I now have in my files, written when he was sixty, saying, "I have just cashed my first coupon on your darned old policy."

It came home to me with pleasing emphasis that if I could succeed within one hour in selling my idea to two hard-boiled insurance men, who could tell at a glance whether figures were foolproof, I must have a good policy. To their amazement I had even figured out the rates on which the insurance should be written. So they knew my plan from beginning to end and were as enthusiastic about it as I was by the time we went back to see Mr. Batterson the next day. They convinced the chief that it was not only a practical policy but a highly desirable one from the standpoint of writing new business.

"Stilwell, what do you want?" Mr. Batterson asked when he understood it all.

"Fifty cents a thousand on all you write."

"That's not an unreasonable demand. All right. But you must have a clause in your contract stating that in case you leave the company your royalties cease."

I was so happy at that moment to think that my policy was to be adopted that I did

(Continued on Page 168

PEMBERWICK CONN 1845

The old plant at Pemberwick, Conn., the birthplace of the Russell, Burdsall & Ward Bolt & Nut Company. The high traditions of honesty and fair dealing with workman as with customer, fostered in this old factory, have been passed on to the enormous factories shown below at Port Chester, N. Y., and Rock Falls, Ill. And they will be the guiding policies of R. B. & W. plants to come.

Since 1845

THE brief space of eighty-two years practically covers the entire span of America's rise to world leadership in the mechanical field

For eighty-two years, Russell, Burdsall & Ward have been making a vital and basic part of all mechanical construction — bolts and nuts

For eighty-two years, the one driving force back of this company's contribution to the progress of civilization has been the constant urge to better the product.

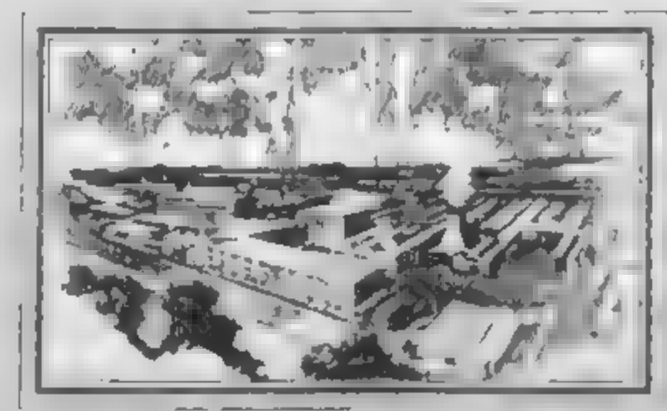
Today the Empire New Process Bolt is the remarkable result of that policy,—a bolt of unvarying uniformity, though manufactured in million lots, with threads as microscopically accurate as those of the finest gauge, with heads so integrally a part of the bolt that they cannot be broken off, and with a tensile strength always in excess of 80,000 lbs.

Manufacturers interested in increasing the strength of their products may have samples for testing

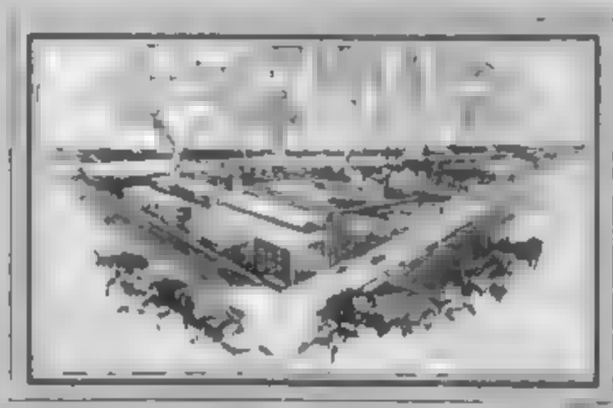
RUSSELL, BURDSALL & WARD
BOLT & NUT COMPANY

Factories
PORT CHESTER, N.Y. ROCK FALLS, ILL.

Sales Offices
Chicago Detroit Seattle San Francisco
Portland Los Angeles



Port Chester, N.Y., Plant



Rock Falls, Ill., Plant

EMPIRE *New Process* BOLTS

THE BOLT THAT HAS CHANGED THE WORLD'S STANDARDS OF BOLT PERFORMANCE, AND THEREBY GREATLY INCREASED THE FACTOR OF STRENGTH AND ACCURACY IN ALL MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS USING IT

A Steadily Increasing Monthly Income
$350 to $600 a month

I H Payne Iowa

The income of one of our men in a southwestern state (name and address on request) is representative of the steadily increasing earnings of Hundreds of men in our organization. In his *first* month with our company he earned $336.70; second month $496.10; third month $539.45; fourth month $670.93 and is still with us, keeping up a high monthly average of sales. Hundreds of other men, in all parts of the country, give further proof of the tremendous money making opportunities now open in the field of Fire Prevention. Louis George, Illinois, averages over $10,000 every year. Neis, Wisconsin, says "My sales in the past two years have netted me over $25,000." Thus, records show our men earning from $7,500 to $12,000 a year in practically every state in the Union!

A $4,000,000 Business will add representatives

This is the organization which now offers an opening at [illegible] one of the highest paid sales propositions in the world. The Fyr-Fyter Company, the largest manufacturer of portable fire extinguishers, will appoint a number of additional representatives to establish branches. The demand for Fire Protection has been greater than our present sales organization can handle.

A National Crisis Insures Your Success

Our nation has just completed a year in which $570,000,000 and 17,000 lives were lost in fires! Now [illegible] is conscious of the ever-present fire peril — the women and better men are stormed by prospects. Many prospects are *forced* to buy because of state and city laws and insurance company demands. Everyone who owns anything that will burn needs a ready protection. The home or business needs every type of Extinguisher, ranging from one quart size to large Chemical Engines on wheels

WITH CUSTOMERS LIKE THESE
a single sale nets as high as $600 profit
Here are a few of our present customers
U. S. Government
Eastman Kodak
General Motors
Packard Motor
Westinghouse
Detroit Street Railways
and Quite a few of other large concerns

Extensive Training

The [illegible] will have [illegible] opportunity of making sales to all [illegible] home owners to the large [illegible] Here [illegible] will be given a [illegible] training in [illegible] Servicing means an added profit [illegible] customers now in your territory.

Immediate Action Necessary

The additions to our organization must be made at once! We have plans for giving exclusive territory pro[illegible] Write at once for the full details of this unusual opportunity

Ray C. Hahn, *Sales Manager*

FYR-FYTER COMPANY
1659 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Ask your dealer for an Eagleknit Cap. It fits well, holds its shape, and is all-wool. Avoid imitations — get the genuine, patented Eagleknit Cap.

EAGLE KNITTING MILLS
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

For Good Weather or for Bad Weather.

Eagleknit CAPS

Also Makers of the popular-priced Eagleknit Eskimo Cap.

(Continued from Page 166)

not give serious heed to the importance of this provision. I agreed to it.

"We will get out policies as soon as we can," Mr. Batterson continued. "They will be identical with the specimen you have worked out. You transfer your copyright to us and go back to Illinois."

"No, Mr. Batterson, that is not what I want to do. I want to be near the home office, where I can instruct your agents when they come here. In this way I can help you and help myself, for I want to be the state agent for Rhode Island and Connecticut. I understand the place is vacant."

"All right, we'll consent to that. Anything more you want? You seem to know exactly what you do want."

"No, sir; everything's now perfectly satisfactory."

In a few weeks the policy was issued, and I never wrote anything else all the rest of the time I was with the Travelers. In one year at least 50 per cent of all the company's life business was written on this one policy. Today insurance companies all over the world are using it on an extensive scale.

Still I wasn't satisfied. It seemed that the more good luck I had and the more headway I made, the keener I was to hit the line all the harder. Youth, energy and an understanding wife do that for a man, and I had all three, plus good health, which had come after a long siege of the other kind. Concretely, the thing I wanted most at that moment was to get a policy in circulation bearing my own copyright. So I devised a new one and called it the annuity draft insurance, in which I accomplished the same thing I had in the coupon endowment, except that this new policy was a book of drafts. It looked like a check book, and upon the arrival of the assured at the requisite age, had the same utility as a check book.

For two and a half years my life rolled on in an even and happy tenor while I busied myself with my agency duties. Throughout this period, and especially in its later stages, I had been reading much about the terrible financial conditions in the Middle West. Kansas and Nebraska were in distress. Mortgages were being foreclosed hourly. Corn was fifteen cents a bushel and being burned for fuel. Wheat was thirty-five cents a bushel. Farmers were having a fearful time keeping their heads above water and many of them were in dire want.

Railroads and Houses

What was the basis of all this suffering? Was agriculture an unsound economical pursuit, that men and women should toil from sunup to sundown and receive less for their investment of money and brains and labor than the hordes pouring into the urban districts from Europe were getting for work requiring nothing but sinew to perform it? Surely, I concluded, the seat of all this misfortune must be elsewhere than in any fundamental ailment with that industry we called the backbone of the country. I analyzed every scrap of data relating to the situation I could obtain and finally made up my mind that the misery of the West was due to the unjust prices the farmers had to pay for the transportation of grain for export.

My life's greatest resolution came to me in this hour. I, a struggling young insurance man, unknown and unheralded, would go West, build a railroad to a Southern port as an outlet for export shipments, reduce the cost of transportation at least one-third and help redeem this great stretch of territory which was staggering under the burden of corporate greed. The magnitude of the resolution did not appall me. I believed not only that the thing could be done but that I could do it. And yet I was not the world's prime egotist or an irresponsible visionary. Let me explain it in the way which seems most logical. Let me say simply that I had a hunch. Some men have hunches that certain race horses will win. I had a hunch I could build a railroad. All the small successes I had gained thus far in life had found their beginnings in hunches. All the more important things I was to do in later years came about in the same way.

I had saved up about $25,000. Of course it seemed to me a colossal sum. But I knew I could not build a railroad with any such capital as this and that I could not start laying ties the first day I arrived in the West. So I decided I would create a trust company to finance my railroad through, and as a means of making the trust company a profitable enterprise from the outset, I designed a plan for building houses. My plan was to sell the projected house for 20 per cent cash and the balance payable in monthly installments during ten years. The houses and lots would average from $2500 to $5000. In case the person for whom we built the house died the debt was canceled. Thus, to interpret it in terms of the insurance business, every person who lived in one of our houses was living in his own endowment policy and raising chickens in the back yard. That idea became my slogan, which I turned to good advertising advantage subsequently.

A Man of Mighty Whiskers

Having perfected my plan for my trust company, although I knew nothing about banking, and having perfected my plan for building houses, although I knew nothing about building houses, I went at once to Mr. Batterson.

"I'm going to resign," I told him. "I'm going West to form a trust company and build a railroad."

He looked at me as though I was joking or had gone insane. "Go on; what comes next?"

"Nothing but my resignation," I assured him.

"Stilwell, what in thunder do you mean? You have a marvelous contract, your business is going fine and you're headed for the presidency of this company if you stay."

"Mr. Batterson, I know I'm headed for the presidency of this company, but you look pretty good, the people next in line look pretty healthy, and I have thought it all out. I have looked up the expectation-of-life tables as they apply to all of you, and it seems to me that if I should succeed, as you predict, and you all live out your expectation tables, it would be about eighteen years before I get there—and I can't wait."

"If it is the amount of salary which is troubling you, we can fix that up. How would double the amount do?"

"Truly and honestly, Mr. Batterson, I have thought this thing over night after night, and I can assure you the only thing that would keep me would be for you to resign and let me take your job."

"You are a pretty young man."

"Yes, but you can't find any man of forty who has any better whiskers than I have. So that is settled."

"Of course you lose your contract with us," he said in quite a tone of disgust. "Frankly, I think you're a fit subject for the asylum, and if I had any legal way I'd have you examined to see if you are sane."

"Here is my resignation, and it takes effect the first of the month."

And I packed up and started for St. Louis. Mrs. Stilwell was fearful that I had been a little precipitate. But she knew that if I was working on one of my hunches, nothing but death could steer me from my course; and as she did not care to see me pass on, she acquiesced. I was then twenty-seven years old. Within one year, after an eventful introduction to the life of the West, I had formed my trust company, a $1,000,000 organization and the outpost of my new career, which was to bring me into intimate association with the leading financiers and railroad men of the country and was to take me through a maze of rather startling experiences.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Stilwell and Mr Crowell. The next will appear in the issue for December 17th.

A COOK'S TOUR

(Continued from Page 41)

out on all occasions, the hotel adds 10 per cent to your bill at the end of the week. This really amounts to 20 per cent, for you have to tip just the same if you expect service. Although France has not installed the 10 per cent system, yet in that country you must tip the waiter, the bus boy, the head waiter and the *vestiair* who checks your hat. And the *caviste*—the man who supplies the table water or wines—also horns in at the finish of the meal. If you forget him your next bottle will be poisoned. Leaving the hotel at the expiration of your visit means running the gantlet of a thousand itching palms. You don't realize how many servants are employed in a French hotel until you try to escape from one. Then the boys and girls line up in two long files and you play London Bridge is Falling Down. A lot of these servants have not done you one service, but that doesn't prevent them from getting into the pay-off line. And as all Americans are considered to be rich and vulgar, it is pretty tough on one who isn't rich but is just as vulgar.

Complete With Trimming

When Europe starts treating Americans as human beings it will help a lot to solve international problems. Any man or woman hates to think that he or she is being trimmed. The feature of hotel hospitality is the many quarrels at the desk over enormous bills. I have still to win my first argument with a concierge over meals I never ordered or telegrams I never sent. The boys have you in the vise and delight to put the screws on. During my week in Rome the Americans were evacuating the city at the rate of five hundred a day, due to the fact that the hotels were maintaining their prices fixed when the lira was selling twenty-six to the dollar. When the city of Rome got that last thirty million from Morgan the lira rose to eighteen to the dollar. But the hotels refused to adjust their rate to meet the new quotation. I was paying two hundred lire, or about eleven dollars and ten cents, a day for my room when, at the old rate, it would have been but seven and nine-thirteenths dollars. They were taking me for more than three dollars a day on the room. I was simply unfortunate enough to be in Rome when Morgan loaned some money to the city. As the thirty million will be spent on fixing up ruins, I think I am entitled to some of it, for it ruined me. The hotel keepers' side of the argument is that the lira has changed so often and suddenly that they must keep an average price the year round, thereby benefiting one flock of tourists and scalping another.

It was a relief to get into Florence out of the spring tourist lanes and meet Signor Chiari, the only European who seems to be for revision downward. Through him I met the Marchese Bufalini, a direct antithesis to the theory that noblemen are nonproducers. The *marchese* operates the lower half of the Florence market, having installed the refrigerating plant and ice boxes for vegetables and meats. He is on the job before six in the morning and is a hustler. I will travel a long distance before I see another marquis in overalls helping to fix a damaged dynamo. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of food supplies depend on his ability to keep his refrigerating plant in running order.

If I ever hear of an American girl marrying another nobleman, I hope she will be Marchesa Bufalini. The marquis and I got along like a couple of long-lost poker chips. He invited me to dine that night at the famous Buca Lapi. Buca means "hole in the wall," and Lapi is the name of the three brothers who dug the hole under the historic Antinori Palace.

You go into this restaurant backward, as the entrance is down a flight of flat-footed marble steps. The first man you meet is the dishwasher, scrubbing away at ancient pots and battered chinaware. Then you walk through the vegetable department, and after that you must pass through the kitchen before you skid down another flight of steps to the restaurant proper. The remarkable thing about the Buca Lapi is the smallness of the kitchen, for everything is prepared and cooked on a flight of steps and a landing.

But their food is wonderful and Buca Lapi is one place in Europe where you can sink your teeth into a genuine T-bone steak, the primest of prime beef. The Florentine T-bone steak is from the Tuscan steer and is the finest meat ever broiled on a flight of steps. It is cooked over charcoal on a small grill. I remember that grill because it is located on the third step from the bottom. It is the fortune of the Lapi Brothers. There is no special recipe for it, as all you require is a good T-bone steak and a charcoal grill.

That was the entrée for the dinner which started with Tortellini al Lugo. This dish is a *pasta* unlike *ravioli* or *fettuccine*. It is strictly Florentine. The oldest of the Brothers Lapi gave me the recipe in his own language:

Prepare a paste made with flour, eggs and a little salt, and then rolled flat. Let it stand like this for about half an hour and then roll it as thin as possible. From this paste cut out small half ovals and in each put a teaspoonful of stuffing made of cooked chicken, liver of chicken and fat of bacon, the whole well minced and forced through a sieve, and season it with salt, pepper, cinnamon, *noce moscada* and grated cheese. Then roll up these half ovals from the straight end, seeing that the stuffing is kept well in. Afterward put together the two ends, forming a ring. Have these rings—*tortellini*—cooked for about twenty minutes in plenty of water.

An Italian Banshee

On the side, prepare a good sauce made of the extract of beef, a little butter, just a little onion, carrots, celery and garlic. When this is cooked add a little red wine; later add a little flour to thicken it, and some tomato sauce.

The Buca Lapi is also famed for its white asparagus from the Tuscan Valley. This asparagus is much bigger than the California brand, but I find that the Tuscan stalk is only one-third edible, while you can eat practically all of the California stem. But that one-third is a jewel, especially when it is served swimming in hot butter and garnished liberally with grated cheese. The inevitable Chianti is utilized as liquid transportation to float the huge logs of asparagus downstream. Hand a citizen of Florence a glass of water and he may pull out a shaving brush and soap and lather you, but I guarantee that he will not drink it, except a few mouthfuls before his spaghetti.

Another big feature of the Buca Lapi is its music, the loudest and strongest in all Italy, for it is furnished by Little Caruso himself. Little Caruso is sixty years of age, the father of five children, the owner of a banjo, and has a neck like a bass drum. It is this neck which enables him to broadcast the most gigantic voice of Nature, even exceeding that of a walrus sighting a zoo keeper with a bucket of fish. Little Caruso is assisted by Little Titta Ruffo and Petit Toscanini, two more leather-lunged singers

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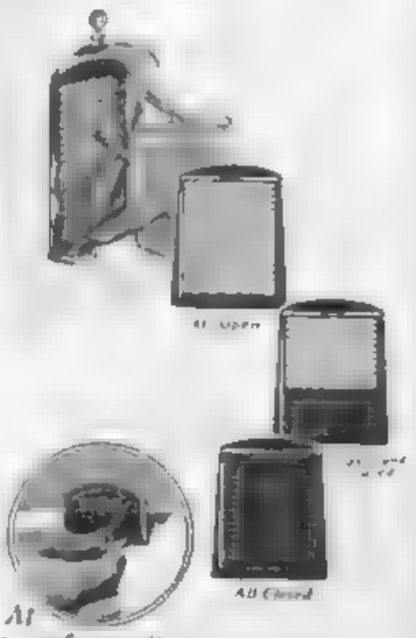

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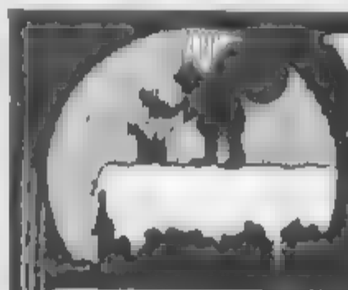

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We have a plan by which, in your spare time, and without leaving your own locality, you can make many an extra dollar representing the subscription interests of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. It's a most interesting offer—and all the details may be yours, entirely without obligation, if you send the coupon below.

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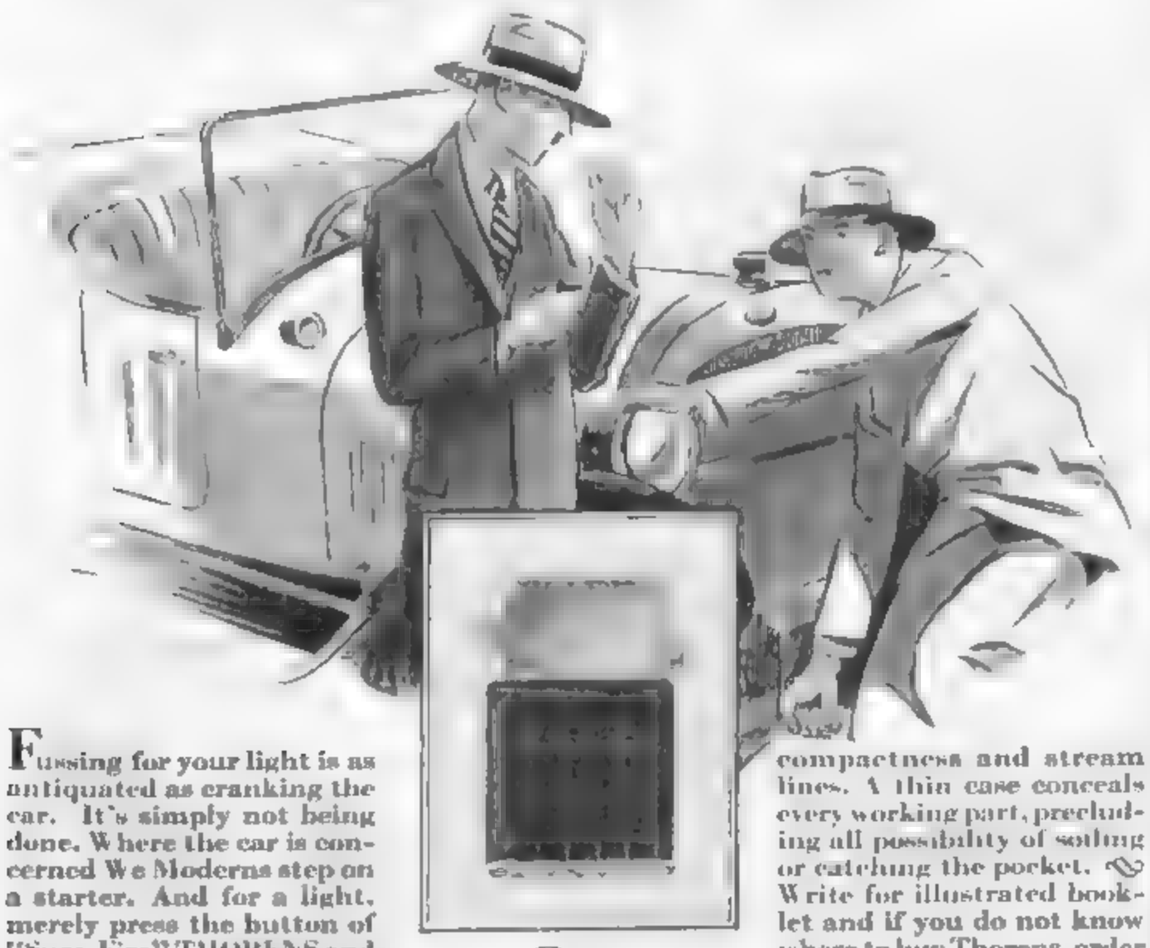

Fussing for your light is as antiquated as cranking the car. It's simply not being done. Where the car is concerned We Moderns step on a starter. And for a light, merely press the button of "Sure-Fire" THORENS and behold, a fertile flame dances at the tip of our cigar or cigarette. THORENS, indeed, is modern in every detail. In performance it is dependable, for *it always lights!* Appearance runs true to current ideas of compactness and stream lines. A thin case conceals every working part, precluding all possibility of soiling or catching the pocket. Write for illustrated booklet and if you do not know where to buy Thorens, order from us direct. Prices are $3 for plain nickel plated; $5 decorated or leather covered; $8 silver or gold plated, leather covered or decorated; $20 plain Sterling; $25 Sterling, decorated or leather covered.

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and banjo players. When Little Caruso throws back his head, opens his mouth and roars a machine-shop lullaby, he proves that he can hold a European note longer than anybody but Uncle Sam. He has one high note that makes the weather vanes swing around and causes little children to pull the bed covers over their frightened heads. Applause is compulsory, for without due appreciation Little Caruso would sulk and the food would not taste quite so good without his tremendous song, a cross between tenor and a factory whistle. Should Mussolini ever allow Little Caruso to come to America, a fortune awaits him here as a musical train dispatcher.

A typical Tuscan menu was prepared and served by Giovanni Pisani, *capo cuoco*, or top chef, of one of Florence's leading hotels. He started off with Pizza alla Paesana:

Prepare a large, flat *brioche*, unsweetened, about ten inches in diameter and an inch thick. Place the *brioche* in a shallow baking pan. On top of *brioche* place a layer of sliced tomatoes. Scatter on top of the tomatoes about ten or fifteen filets of anchovy. Over all place thin slices of cheese similar to Mozzarella. Spray a little olive oil over it, season with salt and pepper and cook in oven for about twenty minutes.

Mozzarella is purely a native cheese, and I do not think it can be found in America. It is something like full-cream American cheese from Herkimer County, New York, being very fat in its properties, while Parmesan cheese dries quickly, due to its lack of fats. Oregon and Wisconsin cheeses are also famous for their fats and cream. The next dish on the menu was *Tortino di carciofi Ossibuchi con Piselli alla Fiorentina*. That's a mouthful of subtitles, so the picture must be good:

You take six artichokes—*carciofi*—and remove the hard leaves, trimming very close to the heart of the artichokes. Cut each plant into six parts from the top down. Sauté in a frying pan, with olive oil. Aside from this, beat up about twelve eggs and season with salt. Then add the eggs to the artichokes in a low casserole and cook slowly on top of stove for about ten minutes. At the last minute put same in a hot oven and allow to cook until it hardens. You must remove before the eggs get too tough and stringy.

This accounts for the *Tortino di carciofi Ossibuchi*. Now for the *Con Piselli alla Fiorentina*, which means ordinary peas in the Florentine manner:

Place in a saucepan a tablespoonful of oil and the same amount of butter. Chop finely a small onion and fry in pan. When onion is brown add several ounces of small pieces of raw ham. Now add a half pound of shelled peas. Fill the saucepan with water to cover all the peas and let it cook until the water has evaporated and the peas are all dry.

A Strain on Etiquette

This will not be a popular dish with Americans, for artichokes at their best are stringy, and get worse when forced into a foreign mixture of eggs. And the Florentine method of cooking peas until they are dry seems almost like the Detroit recipe for preparing ball bearings for axle cups. Trying to spear dry peas with a knife is like playing three-cushion caroms on a dish. The next wasn't so bad, for it was *Cassata alla Toscana*, the Tuscan idea of Neapolitan ice cream.

Pasticcini assortiti almost explains itself as assorted pastry and *Cestini di frutta* is your old friend, bananas. I speak Italian better than I eat it. Giovanni Pisani was very proud of that menu and seemed to regard it as his masterpiece. I ate everything, but I hope I never again have to chew artichoke leaves which have been weatherproofed in an egg batter. It tastes like a buggy whip fried in oil. However, as Signor Chiari was my host, I went through the entire dinner without a whimper. The anchovies on sliced tomato, reenforced with Mozzarella, didn't taste quite so antique, but I hope never to peel an artichoke that I cannot throw away. The guest at a dinner is in a tough position, for he must enjoy himself at all times and smile through his tears. The host has an easier job, for he can complain once in a while.

When I thanked Signor Chiari for his hospitality I meant the anchovies and not the artichokes, but he gave me an elaborate bow for both. He was at the station the next morning to cheer me off for Venice, the land of queer sea food. Of all the provender that man stuffs down his gullet none has such a fascination as that which comes out of the sea. And the Adriatic is the piscatorial museum of all the oceans. Orthodox fish and exotic crawlers and creepers too fearsome to mention are netted by the Venetian trawler for Venetian tables. A list of their hors d'œuvres will give you a clew to the many quaint marine dishes of the lagoon city:

Pickled eels, fennel bulbs, sea cockles, octopus salad, small and huge crabs; flat, long crayfish; shrimps, sea worms, or solen, and tiny white snails are only a few of the exhibits. The octopus is not so hideous as it sounds, as they are never bigger than a tea saucer and only the tips of their tiny tentacles are served. The Venetian considers them a great delicacy, which is fair enough, for the giant squid has the same idea about a Venetian. The best of the Adriatic fish is the sea bass, which is boiled in water seasoned with olive oil and vinegar.

Sea Food on its Native Heath

The Venetian chef cooks in a manner different from the chefs of other Italian cities. Where the Neapolitan cook prepares his asparagus with butter and grated cheese and the Milanese chef bakes his in the yolks of eggs and cheese, the Venetian simply boils his asparagus in water, the height of culinary simplicity. He serves it with a sauce of vinegar and oil, which is mixed at the table under the guest's supervision. All Venetian cuisine is on the same plain lines. There are two species of small shark which are broiled with oil and parsley. The playful cuttlefish is stewed in its own fluid and served with Indian corn pudding. When the Venetian wants a change in diet he eats tiny squids which are fried. He can also get scallops, snails and fishing frogs. The fishing frog is a queer animal and only his tail is edible.

In addition, the native of the city of canals has a choice of all the known fish of the civilized world. Sea bass, tuna, sole, whitebait, sardines and anchovies are but a few. And to top it off, he has a prize which no other country knows. And that is the *scampi*.

No wonder that D'Annunzio personally went over and captured the city of Fiume some years ago. He couldn't get an army to help him, so he started out alone on a one-man expeditionary force and bombarded the enemy with highly explosive poetry. He wanted to restore an orphan province to Italia, but he also wanted to regain Fiume, for that town is the market of *scampi*. If you have ever tasted *scampi*, then you can sympathize with D'Annunzio, for there is no other place where *scampi* may be found. It is something like a large crayfish or the tiniest of lobsters, and only its tail is eaten.

The native way to prepare *scampi* is to remove the transparent armor in the same manner that you shuck a shrimp. A light egg batter is prepared and the *scampi* is dipped gently into it. Then the *scampi* is dipped in flour. A deep pot of boiling olive oil is made ready and the *scampi* is tossed into the oil to sink or swim. He sinks. The procedure is the same as frying doughnuts in hot fat. The *scampi* is so tender that it cooks immediately, and emerges a golden brown. Americans who are familiar with the famous scallops of Great Peconic Bay, Long Island, will have an inkling of the delectable taste of *scampi*. But the *scampi* is even better than the Peconic scallop, and that's saying something. I guess the only meat comparable to *scampi* is the flesh of

(Continued on Page 173)

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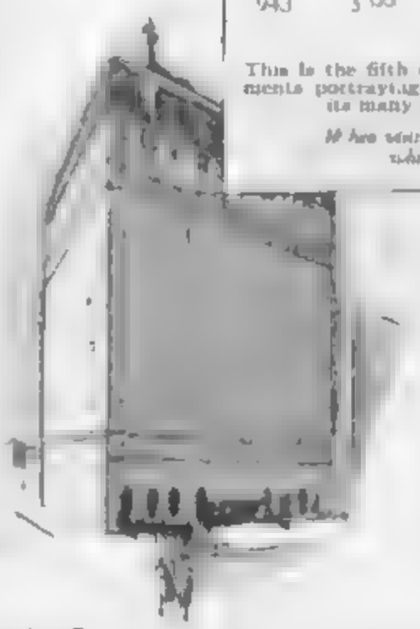
1242	4.00	6.00	181	7.00	10.00
943	5.00	7.50	93	10.00	15.00

This is the fifth of a series of full page announcements portraying the World's Greatest Hotel and its many features of public interest

If you are visiting The Stevens ask for a guide who will be supplied gratis



Hotel LaSalle

LaSalle at Madison Street

Centrally located, Hotel LaSalle is ideal for the man of business who demands the best. Throughout its famous restaurants fixed prices prevail. Those who know its famed hospitality return year after year. Directed by the same management as The Stevens, Hotel LaSalle provides for a distinguished clientele accommodations and cuisine unexcelled.

THE STEVENS IS THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD

Now perfect toast 365 mornings of the year

You can leave the room . . . read the paper . . . forget the Toastmaster entirely

It *always* makes perfect golden-brown slices of toast

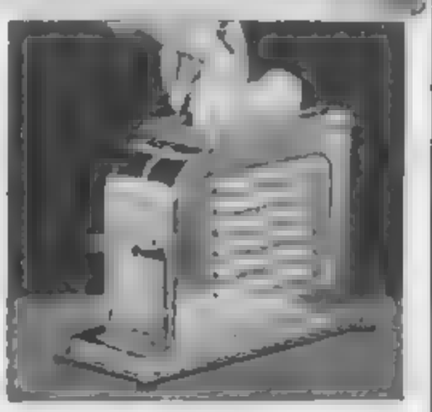
You've never seen such an ingenious device as this new Automatic Electric Toastmaster. For it takes a piece of bread, quickly transforms it into the most delicious slice of toast you've ever eaten—then *automatically* delivers it and turns off the current.

You can leave the room. You can read the paper. You can forget the Toastmaster entirely. And yet every slice will be done to perfection. Golden-brown, crisply crunchy and piping hot.

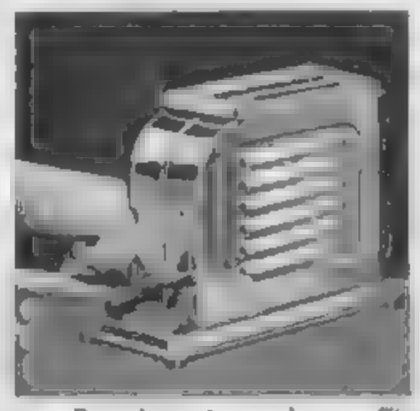
Fascinating to use

This is how the Toastmaster works: First, you drop a slice of bread into the oven slot. Second, you press down the two levers. This lowers the bread into the oven, *automatically* turns on the current, and regulates the length of time the bread is to be toasted. Third, —Pop! up comes the toast when it's done to your individual liking, and the current is *automatically* turned off.

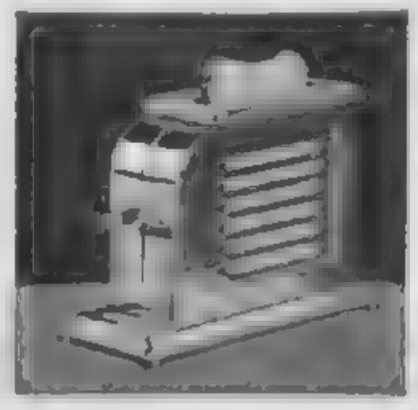
Both sides are toasted at the same time in an enclosed oven. Thus all the goodness and flavor of the bread are sealed in—and the toast is so hot when served that the butter melts and disappears in an instant. And it takes only half the time to make toast this way that it does when each side is toasted singly.



1 *Drop a slice of bread into the oven slot as illustrated above*



2 *Press down the two levers. This lowers the bread into oven and automatically turns on the current*



3 *Pop! Up comes the toast when it's done, and the current is automatically turned off*

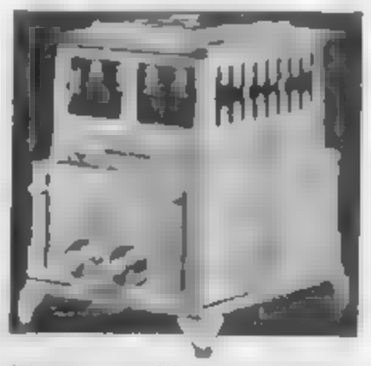
An ideal Christmas Gift

The Toastmaster is a small brother of the big Toastmaster, used for years by famous Restaurants, Hotels and Sandwich Shops. It's a little beauty. Finished in flashing nickel, it makes an attractive piece for the server or dining table. So you can make toast right at the table the minute you want it.

Give at least one Toastmaster for Christmas. Your Electric Light Company, department store or electric dealer now has it. See how it makes perfect toast every time. In case your dealer cannot supply you, simply send us your name and we will tell you where you can see the Toastmaster in your town.

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
231 No. Second Street
Minneapolis • • Minnesota

NOTE TO DEALERS: Sales indicate that the Toastmaster is proving a most popular Christmas Gift this year. If you haven't stocked this item, order from your Jobber at once.



The commercial Toastmaster has proved to be a gold mine for Hotels, Restaurants, Cafeterias, Coffee and Sandwich Shops . . made in four sizes—3-slice, 4-slice, 8-slice and a new 2-slice. A post card will bring full details without obligation

The TOASTMASTER

(Continued from Page 170)

the baby lobster, which is now outlawed in American waters.

They are also cooked in boiling water flavored with vinegar and served cold with mayonnaise or tartar. When served hot it can be garnished with tomato sauce. The Venetian never uses curries nor would he sauté *scampi* in black butter. The simplicity of modern Venetian food is due to inheritance of countless sieges which the Venetians endured during the wars of the Mediterranean cities and the Turkish invasions. There was one municipal silo in the center of the city which housed enough corn to feed the entire population for a year. Water was secured from artesian wells bored right down into the bed of the Adriatic Sea, for the first thing a smart enemy did was to destroy the town's source of water supply. Although they tell me that Venice has perfect water, brought eighty miles from the mountains, I advise all tourists in Southern Europe to stick to bottled waters. It costs from forty to sixty cents a bottle, but it is better than getting the heebie-jeebies. The next time I see the Great Lakes I intend to jump into them and drink my fill. I may drown, but it will be free. The water bill is an expensive item in European traveling.

Taxi Tactics in Venice

Eating in Venice is romantic. If you want to walk and know your way through a maze of blind alleys and are fortunate enough to find the correct bridges, I guess you can travel all over Venice without wetting your rubber heels. But the right way to go anywhere is to hire a gondola. The concierge whistles for a gondola just as a taxi starter in front of the big Chicago hotels pages a taxicab. You jump in and proceed to get yourself rowed past a lot of rheumatic-looking palaces. My gondolier was Number 204, an old man of eighty. He spoke Grand Canal English and told me he was one of the Venetians chosen to row gondolas in the lagoons of the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. He remembered the Café de la Marine, run by my father next to the Fisheries Building, very well, for he had whipped his gondola past it a hundred times a day. He much resented the fact that he was not among the six gondoliers chosen to lend local color to a Florida real-estate operation last winter, and assured me that he would be present at the next World's Fair in America, as he expected to live another fifty years. If you could have seen that old man of eighty swinging a ponderous oar you could well believe that he would live until the breeze blew him away. His shoulders and arms were as muscular as Dempsey's. I went down the next day to see him at his allotted space off Salute Station. It was dinner hour and he was making a meal off boiled tripe and red ink. Boiled tripe is a great delicacy among Italian workingmen. I saw many tripe venders selling from pushcarts in Florence and Milan, while in Venice the pushcart is a gondola, of course. If you want to see a Boy Scout of eighty, look up 204 at Salute Station. Any time that the United States needs a gondola he is ready to paddle his across the ocean.

He charged me thirty lire for sculling me from somewhere near the Taverna La Fenice back to the Royal Danieli, which I considered small enough, as we wound and slid past miles of palaces and wharves. The next time I made the trip was on foot and I walked the distance in five minutes. It was then that I realized that Number 204 had given me the well-known run-around in a gondola. The Taverna La Fenice is a fair example of canal restaurant. It is located back of the Fenice Theater and can be reached on foot from the famous Piazza San Marco. It specializes in fried *scampi*, Venetian bean soup and chicken with tomato sauce. There is nothing startling about Venetian bean soup, excepting the tremendous size of the beans. It would require very bad golfing to lose a Venetian bean in the rough.

Take some beans and wash them in running water. Add oil, butter and chopped bacon according to taste. Then add some raw minced ham and cover the beans with water. Allow it to boil slowly for three or four hours.

This recipe was written by young Alfredo Zoppi, son of the proprietor, and is written as a boy of twenty would write. I guess that Alfredo will not bother with cooking for quite a while, as he told me that he was leaving the next day to join Mr. Mussolini's army at Verona and wouldn't be back for a year. Alfredo's recipe for *scampi* was the same as the one given to me by Cavaliere Roberto Salin, chef of the Royal Danieli.

Venetian chicken with tomato sauce is simple. Slice a few onions and brown them in butter. Place the breast of chicken in the pan and add a couple of sliced fresh tomatoes. Allow same to cook for about fifteen minutes. If you want to make it hot, add some *peperoni*, which is equivalent to our Cayenne pepper. One whole peperoni will burn the buttons off your vest. I warn you not to order chicken croquettes or cutlets in Italy unless you like veal, for that is what you will get. The veal is milk-fed, perfectly white and a splendid substitute for chicken; so good, in fact, that the Italians cannot resist substituting it for capon at every opportunity

Venice is one place where sea food seems to blend with meats. The Venetians think so much of their tiny shrimp that they use it as a garnish on chicken dishes. The shrimp is about the size of a dime, as it curls up in cooking. It is a hard-and-fast rule in American cooking that all fish must be kept separate from meats, but it was surprising to see how well the shrimps blended in with the chicken dish.

You can get about any dish that is served in other, inland, cities, in spite of the fact that nothing grows or grazes in Venice. No chicken lays an egg within miles of the city and no cow nibbles a reflective cud, for there is no grass. You never hear the bleat of a sheep or see a goat, an animal that can live with three feet in water, provided that it can get a toe-hold with the fourth hoof. It is a remarkable place when you figure that every piece of meat and every grain of corn and rice is ferried in by boat. Groceries are delivered by gondola. Incidentally, corn is Italy's big problem. If the country can raise enough grain to support itself, then Mussolini will be able to husband millions of lire now being spent abroad. But in order to do that the Duce will have to persuade the Italian farmer to give up his beloved grape in favor of corn. And when you start doing that the Italian farmer will take plenty of persuading.

Where the Little Pigs Go to Market

There are more than two hundred thousand people in Venice, which makes quite a problem in food. All of its smoked meats, sausage, *salami* and Bolognas come from the famous town of Bologna, about four hours away. Bologna is the packing center of Italy. All the little pigs go to market there and come out again in the shape of long pork sausages. Every known farm animal reaches Bologna sooner or later and is smoked, minced or deviled. If Italy could live on meats, then Bologna would be its capital, but the country is most in need of wheat, corn and other grains. That is why Italy pays so little attention to the tourist, who is so important a factor to French hotels. When I told an Italian banker that the strengthening lira was driving five hundred tourists a day from Rome to Paris, he said.

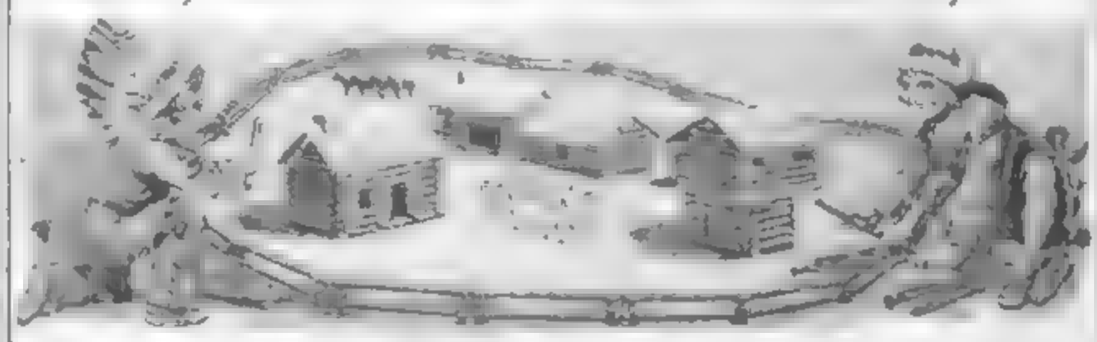
"What are tourists compared with wheat? The difference of a lira a bushel means millions to Italy."

So France can have her tourists, provided that Italy gets the grain, for the Italian is a great grain consumer. He needs the flour for his *pasta*, of which there are a thousand varieties. He eats bread by the yard and manages to gulp it down without butter. If you want butter with your meals you have to make a special squawk for it. The best hotels and restaurants would not

LINCOLN LOGS

"Another Redskin Bites the Dust"

The defenders in the Blockhouse behind the rough-hewn Logs are the Pioneers whose handiwork is duplicated in miniature by LINCOLN LOGS—"America's National Toy".



"Let's play Indians"—"Let's build a Stockade"—"Let's make a Fort"—"Let's"—but why go on? There's no end to the things which can be made with LINCOLN LOGS—the "All-American Toy". The LOGS are made of hardwood cut in multiple units, stained a natural brown. Practically indestructible themselves, they do not hurt fingers or furniture or floors.

Always a Welcome Christmas Gift

"More LINCOLN LOGS" is the most appreciated Christmas Present for the child who already has a set. In addition to Cabins, Forts, Churches, Blockhouses, etc., our Design Book shows many examples of elaborate Log Construction, easily built if the child has sufficient LOGS.

ORDER EARLY FROM YOUR DEALER

If you have any difficulty mail us the Coupon

LINCOLN LOGS
Room 43, 232 E. Erie St., Chicago, Ill.
Please mail at once, postage prepaid
☐ Big Combination Sets 334 logs etc. at $5
☐ Triple Sets of 166 Logs at $3
☐ Double Sets at $2 ☐ Single Sets at $1
Enclosed is $____ for Logs specified. Money
Name
Address
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The Thoughtful Gift
An American Waterless Cooker

Give her a gift which will be enjoyed every day in the year—a gift of healthfulness and helpfulness. Give her an American Waterless Cooker this Christmas.

This cooker preserves the vitamins and minerals in vegetables and meats because it cooks them in their own juices *and without the addition of water*. It makes home-making easier and more economical because it prepares an entire meal at one time over one low burner—while its owner rests or is otherwise occupied.

A million happy, healthy owners endorse the convenience and health value of the American Waterless Cooker. Write today for *Free* information.

West Bend Aluminum Co.
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

The BEST COOKS use Aluminum

American WATERLESS COOKER

Gentlemen: Please send me your booklet describing the American Waterless Cooker and containing recipes.
Name
Address

YOUR Hardware Store Has HIS Christmas Gift!

REAL men and boys want good tools. ATKINS "Silver Steel" Saws in holiday gift boxes make practical presents for a lifetime of use. The ATKINS name on the blade means added years of wear, as well as faster and easier cutting—the best saw you can buy. Ask about the "Ready" Household Kit.

E. C. ATKINS & CO.
Established 1857

Leading manufacturers of High-est Grade Saws for Every Use; Saw Tools, Saw Specialties, Plastering Trowels, Machine Knives, Grinding Wheels and Files.

INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A

dream of placing butter in front of an Italian diner. They are slowly recognizing the fact that the Americans want butter with their bread. But there is plenty of butter in the kitchen for sautés and frying. The Italian chef is very liberal with it in his dishes and doubtless thinks that no more is required after the food reaches the dining room.

I haven't seen a baked potato since I have been in Europe, and that's two months. You can get them fried and in the form of Saratoga chips, but never baked. I guess the spaghetti takes the place of the potato. I saw an exhibition of various forms of spaghetti in the market place of Florence that was as beautiful as a collection of carved ivories. There was spaghetti as fine as spun glass, thick as elephant ankles, as delicate as maiden fern, and sheafs of spaghetti waving in the sun like goldenrod in October. There was elbow spaghetti and spaghetti jointed in fantastic shapes like steam pipes in a foundry. Some was the shape and size of quoits, while others were small and round like wedding rings. I saw it chopped into kernels, pounded into maize and shaped like lodge pins. The smallest was like a needle and the largest was the size of bamboo shoots. Prizes are awarded annually to the macaroni bender who can twist dough into the most fantastic figures, and I saw one noble chunk of contorted *pasta* that had won soggy medals at all the international expositions. I checked off eighty-five different styles of *pasta* and then got tired with three stalls still to inspect. There was some filigree spaghetti that was beautiful enough to make a necklace for a queen. That baker must have been a jeweler in his youth.

Like other Italian towns, the hotel dining rooms play second fiddle to the famous old restaurants of Venice which are hidden away in the old residential section. And like other Europeans, the Venetian loves to dine out under the open sky. His style of juggling macaroni is cramped inside of four walls. But give him room to swing his arms and he will show you startling gymnastics. The only trouble with old Venice is that the restaurants are up blind canals. There is very little tide in the Adriatic, therefore the water in these blind canals becomes stagnant.

On the Sidewalks of Old Venice

The sidewalk café is popular all over the Continent but reaches its flower in Venice. The Frenchman eats on the sidewalk because he wants to observe, be observed and to flirt. The Italian dines on the street because he wants to eat. He brings the entire family with him—wife, parents and children. The pigeons join him later, for no sidewalk café would be complete without the pigeons. I thought I had seen the climax of sidewalk restaurants in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, Florence, where there are no less than seven cafés crowded around the square. The sidewalks are jammed to a standstill with chaired pedestrians sniffing *apéritifs* and nibbling thumb-nail sandwiches. Business is so heavy that the *restaurateurs* lease the streets from the municipal government and pay an annual tax for the privilege of placing chairs all over the landscape.

Venice goes Florence one better on the sidewalk café. The historic and vast plaza of St. Mark's is one big outdoor dining room. I am not quite so good a judge of crowds as Tex Rickard, but I should say there are five thousand chairs packed around the plaza at twilight. There are four restaurants and each one has its little chugging orchestra plunking away at damp banjo strings. The Italian does not dance with his meals. He is perfectly satisfied to linger five hours over his coffee and a newspaper. Therefore all the music is soft and classical. But the restaurant orchestras put on the silencers four nights a week when the music is furnished by the famous Municipal Band of Venice. There are eighty pieces in the band, which plays no jazz. It is then that the Venetian saucers his coffee in content and stretches forth his ears to inhale the melodies of the Italian masters.

Incidentally, there is one thing that I am sure is secured from the canals, and that is the Venetian coffee. You could grow better stuff than that in your hall umbrella rack. It is terrible. Wood alcohol would only weaken this coffee and carbolic acid would be an improvement. It is black with the blackness of despair and tastes like a saddle blanket on an army mule. Dropping lump sugar into it brings no sweetening results, for the coffee turns the sugar to charcoal. You could get a better drink out of the drip pan of a motor truck.

Too Much Dough for Your Money

Outside of the coffee, dining in the shadow of the Campanile is very pleasant, for all Venice gathers there on band nights. There is no drunkenness, as it is very dangerous to stagger home in a gondola. For obvious reasons, there are no street orators and no corner gangs. A pedestrian is safe at night unless his gondola strains a tendon. I advise all tourists addicted to rheumatism to lay off this town, for the hospital is flanked by four canals and the ambulance is a motorboat. The Austrian aviators wasted a lot of bombs on this town, for their unexploded missiles still repose at the bottoms of the canals. Only one smacked solid ground and that spot is marked by a tablet in the plaza of St. Mark's. The bombardment brought no results, for the coffee is as bad as ever.

Summarizing the food of Italy, I should say that there is too much *pasta* and too little variety in menus. You get tired of even the best spaghetti, and after a series of doughy contests you begin to long for some American dishes. It is then that all roads lead to Rome, for at Peroni and Aragoni's on the Corso Umberto you can get real homespun ham and eggs served piping hot in a little copper casserole. You may turn up your beak at this ordinary provender, but I'll wager that after two months of European cuisine you will seek this dish as eagerly as Jiggs searches for corned beef and cabbage. Another feature about travel is that you have got to get accustomed to eating breakfast in bed. It's *l'habitude* again. All meals are at a certain hour and there is no buffet for the belated. Breakfast usually consists of coffee, *brioche* and marmalade. You can vary it with bacon and eggs, but the bacon is as salty as the English Channel. The best way to get breakfast is to ring for the waiter and tell him to bring in the bad news. The meal-hour rule is an institution and even the restaurants serve nothing between dinner and supper. None of them is open for breakfast.

The food on the trains is table-d'hôte. If you want anything à la carte you must wait until all the other passengers have dined, and then the head waiter may serve you. If he is in a bad mood you haven't a chance. To those who enjoy filling out complaint blanks, I advise that they forget this luxury and save their pens, inks and breaths. The only answer is: "It is company orders."

I tried to get a special order of three eggs on the train from Venice to Vienna, and didn't do it. I argued for two hours, made a hundred trips from my compartment to the dining car and was checkmated each time by *l'habitude*. I finally gave it up and sulked in my seat. We must have passed thousands of hens by the wayside and every one seemed to be cackling at me. My food on a sixteen-hour run from Venice to Vienna consisted of oranges bought at small stations. I could have eaten three table-d'hôtes in that time, but I had become stubborn and was unwilling to concede to the conductor that three eggs had the right of way over a free-born American citizen.

I filled out the complaint blank addressed to the president of the railroad. I was as mad as a potato bug that had been sprayed with arsenic, but I will say one thing for that train crew: Everybody in the outfit, from the flagman to the engineer, helped me to fill out the complaint sheet. That's real service.

It is something a man would appreciate

THE gift of a Krementz Dress Set invariably wins his deepest appreciation. Perhaps this is so because his evening jewelry serves him when he is at his best—in formal attire. Or, it may be because Krementz Jewelry itself is so distinguished and conventionally *correct*!

Whatever the reason is, you may be sure that here is a gift worth giving. And at the better shops you will find Krementz Jewelry for Men in a wide selection of gratifying designs and shapes, each set contained in its rich case—the perfect gift background.

Write us for booklet illustrating full dress and tuxedo sets, cuff links, chains, knives and a host of other gift suggestions.

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NEWARK, N. J.

Set No. 2433—3 studs, 4 waistcoat buttons, each with bodkin-clutch back; pair links. Borders in Krementz quality rolled white gold plate; centers genuine onyx. Complete . . . $17.50
Others . . . . . $8.50 to $50.00

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With a Lionel 100% Electrically Controlled Railroad you can operate your train at any speed—start it, stop it and reverse it at any distance from the track.

Real enough for a man to enjoy—simple enough for a boy to operate

YOU'RE the Traffic Manager, sitting at the Lionel Switch Tower, your hand at the control levers. Dad's down the line—he's the Section Boss. Everything is ready—*let's go!*

Touch the control lever in the Switch Tower and presto!—down the gleaming Rail goes your beautiful Lionel Train, its powerful Super-Motor Locomotive pulling life-like Passenger Cars, Diner, or as many of the twenty-nine different Lionel Freight Cars as you choose. There she goes—over the Bridge! Watch the Crossing Gates automatically raise and lower as the Train whizzes by. And *watch that Lionel Train-Control-Semaphore at the far end!* Red light shines and halts the Train—then flashes green after a few moments and the Train is on its way again.

It's marvelous! The crossing bell rings as your Limited speeds by the Station! Look!—there's the Switch ahead. Back in the Switch Tower you touch another lever—the Track-Switch is thrown, the Train glides into a Siding—touch another lever and the Train stops. But—wait! You are building a freight yard down the line. You call to Dad—he couples on the new Lionel Derrick Car with operating boom and tackle, and the new operating Dump Car filled with sand! Again you touch a lever—your Train backs out onto the main line. Throw the Switch again and she's off on her way! Just think! You can do all this at any distance from the track.

It's amazing—almost magical—the way a Lionel Railroad operates. So real!—*all* the Equipment, Locomotives, Cars, Stations, Semaphores—*everything* is real! The only difference between Lionel Trains and real trains is the size!

See Lionel Products demonstrated at the leading department stores, toy, hardware, electrical, sporting goods and furniture stores.

Lionel All-Steel Tunnel No. 1201. Has interior illumination. Picture expertly decorated in natural colors.

* Lionel Switch Tower No. 437. Equipped with 6 operating levers. Operates the Lionel 100% Electrically Controlled Railroads at any distance from the track. Illuminated. Realistic

Lionel Electrically Controlled ... attached to Switch Tower Switch can be thrown at any distance from the track.

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Lionel Operating Dump Car ... Body tilts and dumps by means of worm gear. Steel construction ... handsomely finished.

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See for yourself just how wonderful the Lionel Railroad System really is! Our book is the most elaborate ever published. In full colors it shows the great variety of Lionel Trains and Equipment. It describes the Lionel 100% Electrically Controlled Railroads for "0" Gauge and "Lionel Standard" Track. This great 46-page book shows the supreme quality and built-in excellence of all Lionel Products. Sets from $5.75 to $300. Send for the book today.

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LIONEL ELECTRIC TRAINS

MODEL RAILROAD ACCESSORIES

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You can't
SEE IT
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CLEANLINESS is the hand maid of purity. It should be in every loaf of bread, in every bottle of beverage, yes, in everything you buy. But without clean hands, clean methods, clean machinery and spotlessly *clean floors* there can be no cleanliness. Cleanliness begins with CLEAN FLOORS.

Notice the floors wherever you go. You can rely on makers and merchants who keep their floors clean, using up-to-date methods. It is evidence that their wares are clean—evidence that their service to you in every way is conscientious and complete.

Make your floors pay dividends

Business men! FINNELL cleaned floors in your office, store, factory, hotel, will pay you dividends in increased patronage, greater public good will, improved employee morale. The FINNELL Electric Floor Machine pays, too, in dollars and cents saved. It scrubs, waxes and polishes floors of all kinds—wood, mastic, tile, terrazzo, linoleum, etc.—cleaner and faster than hand methods. Ten thousand satisfied users.

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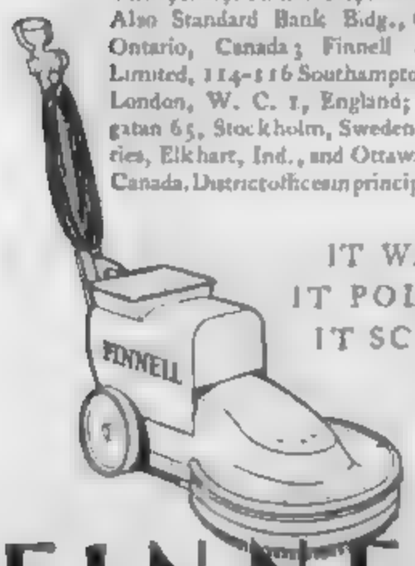

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FINNELL
ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE

HOUSEHOLD FINNELL—If interested in small FINNELL for home use, ask for booklet, "*Beautiful Floors.*"

THE BRAGGART

(Continued from Page 29)

asking in a loud voice and with profane phrase what was the matter. There was now no lack of sound and commotion. Into the narrow stony road automobiles had pushed their way, strange men walked about. Close to the plane was backed a small covered truck. Here were mountain folk, here were many strangers. A woman uttered hysterical shrieks until a man, presumably her own man, bade her in the name of the Creator to be silent. There were voices different from the mountain voices, more cultivated, quieter, but none the less shocked and excited. Hearing the neighing of a horse, Stark cocked his head and saw a large white mare tied to a sapling; it was the horse of Miss Valliant, the state nurse.

"Of course!" said he with contempt. "She'd be here!"

The voice of Miss Valliant penetrated the chorus of other voices, low, deep, immensely tender and concerned. "Gently! Ah, gently, boys!"

"Yes, Miss Valliant."

"Yes, Miss Valliant!" mocked Stark.

The clear tones of another woman penetrated the mutter of voices, rose a little above them, silenced them. Mrs. Suttler stood facing a stranger who was questioning her. Her hands were folded, not in the attitude of prayer, but across her body.

"I was walkin' thither," she said. "I heard it from the far distance. I heard it crashin' from the skies. I ran, an' here I stayed by them poor, poor bodies."

"There was no sign of life?"

"Oh, no! They was gone to God above."

"You were the first to get here?"

"The first."

"You didn't think of going for help?"

"Oh, no, I thought only of stayin' by them. The sound was like the day of judgment. I knew help would come."

"I guess you spent your time a-prayin'," said the woman who had screamed.

Stark gave a little jump. A man had stepped in front of him, a camera in his hands. He was taking a picture of the broken plane, of the little covered truck, of all the throng but Stark. Having clicked his camera several times, he motioned them all aside, and without her knowledge, photographed Mrs. Suttler standing by the plane. An automobile horn blew loudly; they were getting ready to remove the bodies, to abandon once more to silence the lonely dell. The storekeeper, stepping from the narrow road, collided with Stark.

"Hello!" cried he. "Where were you?"

"Where I said I was goin'—the clubhouse."

The storekeeper grinned; he forgot for once to be afraid of Stark. "Too bad you wasn't in at the death." He had ancient English idioms and hunters' idioms as well. "Prayin' Tillie beat you to it. She'll have her picture in the paper."

"The paper!" repeated Stark.

"Sure! Town papers, city papers, all the papers."

In the morning Stark made his slow way down from his cabin toward the Lincoln Highway. He had eaten his supper in silence, he had slept restlessly, he had departed without a word. Manda did not dare to question him, but a neighbor, his tongue loosed by the excitement of yesterday, asked where he was going.

"I may get far's Chambersburg."

"You might bring a paper along."

"A paper? What paper?"

"So's we can read about the accident—what else? They say we all had our pictures took, and Tillie Suttler, she had hers took alone, standin' by the plane what she discovered the first."

"I ain't got time to look at papers. I'm goin' to buy me a gun."

"A gun!"

"A gun. Ain't I got the right to buy a gun?"

"If you got the money, you got the right."

"Well, I got the money."

Stark proceeded deliberately along the concrete road. No one invited him to ride; some thought him a farmer walking from field to field, others were frightened by his powerful figure. He passed through a village extending for a mile along the highway, the highway its only street, then through open country, and at last through suburbs into the center of Chambersburg. On a news stand he saw papers with large headlines and pictures. Many persons stopped to buy and he bought also, but until he had traversed again the suburbs and the village and had entered the woods, he did not read the headlines or look at the pictures. At last, sitting on a log, he unfolded the paper.

"Lost Aviators," he read in tall letters. He saw portraits of two young men, portraits of two young women; he read the names of two men, of two women, of little children—one son, "Paul; . . . a daughter and a son, Betty Ann and Norman." He saw the picture of the ruined plane, and standing beside it, Mrs. Tillie Suttler. Beneath it were other large letters: "Mrs. Tillie Suttler, first to reach plane, remains in prayer beside bodies. Heroine of horrible tragedy on South Mountain."

"Liar!" he cried. "Liar!"

He tore the paper into a hundred pieces, then collecting them hid them under a stone. Suddenly he grinned.

"People can get too smart," he said aloud. His face darkened. "I'll hear it in the store, I'll hear it in the road—'Mrs. Tillie Suttler, Mrs. Tillie Suttler!' I'll hear it"—he could not bring himself to say "at the Vimy Club."

Thoughts of the club distracted him for a moment from thoughts of the accident. There was a great deal of work to be done. It was possible that the falling plane had injured the cover of the spring; that must be looked after at once. Mrs. Tillie Suttler's day of fame was past; she was again only an insignificant old woman.

When the Vimy Club assembled on the last day of November the clubhouse was in order and the shower baths completed. Quantities of supplies had been sent up from Harrisburg, arms and ammunition had been shipped thither, and all had been disposed under the direction of Stark. Magnificent in his flannel shirt and khaki trousers and high boots, he was once more himself. He was the director of all—the driver of the truck who brought the goods, the cook and his assistant, who were new and had to be shown their equipment and informed of hours and customs.

They were also informed about other matters; they heard that before them stood the best scout and the best shot on the mountain. The club members had been in France—that was true—but they were not deer hunters. Some were learning, some never would learn. Stark had a new and expensive gun. He had also a new coat, lined with sheepskin, and his boots were new. There was, moreover, a new loftiness about him, as of pride of position or possession.

The club members themselves deferred to Stark. It was, as he boasted, "Lafe here, Lafe there." "Nothing stuck up," he often said proudly. "I eat with them, I sit with them in the evenings round the fire. Those doctors and lawyers aren't a bit too good to sit with me."

He sat with them on the night of their assembling. A great fire blazed on the hearth and round it in comfortable chairs sat twenty men. Outside, a light snow was falling, laying over the whole mountain a bed for tracks, as deadly in its effect as a trap. Stark was well acquainted with all but one man. The newcomer, a visitor named Howell, was, he guessed, a schoolteacher. He had not much respect for school-teachers—they were a poor set. All the hunters seemed to be drowsy, as though affected by the high altitude. They would not talk long, since they meant to be out before dawn.

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Stark expected they would speak of the accident; they might even speak of Tillie Suttler. But their conversation on those subjects would probably be brief; they were more interested in guns and hunting. Tillie was still in her home, apparently unvisited by any mysterious punishment for smartness.

Stark was standing by the mantelpiece when they began, his elbow on the shelf, a cigarette between his fingers. At home, at any other time but the hunting season, he smoked a pipe, but in the hunting season he imitated the majority of his companions. He took the cigarette from his lips with a lofty wave of the arm and blew the smoke toward the ceiling. He smoked slowly, but he finished one cigarette, and another, and they were still talking about the plane. He said, in answer to a question, that he had seen the bodies taken away, but the conversation was a long time getting to the taking away of the bodies. He lit a third cigarette and they were still talking.

"Think of the shock to that little woman!" It was the newcomer, Howell, who did most of the talking, soft fool that he was! He talked, like Tillie Suttler, of the wives and children, even of the mothers. Stark answered every question and remark to himself, contemptuously. His emotion excited him, the hand with which he flourished the cigarette shook. Tillie Suttler was not a little woman—she was a large woman. Howell's sentimentality disgusted him; he could not stand still. He was about to step past the man sitting nearest the corner of the fireplace and leave, but he realized that his knees were weak.

"I knew one of those young fellows," said Howell—"the one that was piloting."

"You did!" exclaimed a chorus of voices.

"Knew him from boyhood. I went to see Mrs. Tillie Suttler. His people naturally wanted all the information they could get. She told her story well. She used queer words for a woman of these parts. 'Ill-doomed' was one, and she spoke of running 'across the commons,' by which she meant her potato patch."

"English blood," explained a voice. "There's a great variety of race in these hills."

"She actually dodged from under the plane," said Howell. "Think of being the sole witness to such a catastrophe! She said there was nothing to do but lay the matter before the Lord. I guess she was right."

"I stopped at her cabin once to get warm," said another man. "They say she has a great gift for praying."

"She insists she was the first to get there." Howell smoked not cigarettes but a pipe. He filled it and continued to tamp down the tobacco with his thumb.

At this moment Stark reached the limit of endurance. He began to speak and to choke. A liquor long imprisoned and effervescing does not flow smoothly.

"She wasn't the first!" he declared with a loud laugh.

"She said she was."

"Well, she wasn't. It was me was the first." He began to speak rapidly, gesticulating with both hands. "It took place at our spring. I'd been inspectin' the spring and was just leavin'. The airioplane was just above my head. It was me dodged it. I put up my hands like this. Prone I fell on the ground. It was me who seen they was dead as dead. It was me that found them, not that boaster."

With one accord the hunters turned their heads.

"What did you do?"

"Well, I didn't waste time prayin', that's certain. I went for help."

"You were sure they were dead?"

"Dead!" He held the word until he had met every eye. This was like old times. "Sure they were dead!"

"You got help?" asked Howell. He tried to light his pipe, but the tobacco was too solidly packed.

"No call to get help," Stark answered sharply, even a little uneasily. "Everybody was on the run."

"And you let the old lady take all the credit?" The voice was that of the oldest man; he was a nice man, humorous, easily amused, and a lover of Stark's accounts of his own prowess.

"The women must talk," said Stark. "What did I care who got the credit?"

Howell rose lazily and crossed the room. He had apparently used all his matches and he took one from a box on the table and remained standing, still trying to light his pipe. He put it unlit into his mouth and his hand into his pocket. In his eye was a gleam and a glitter, as of one who discovers a nugget of gold or some quarry long sought and at last unexpectedly found. His hand, when he took it out of his pocket, held a short, thick revolver. He spoke lightly, his pipe between his teeth:

"Now tell us the rest, Stark."

Unmoved by the quiet voice, the eyes of every man in the room remained fixed expectantly upon Stark. Stark did not proceed with his story—he straightened his shoulders, he opened his mouth. The deathly paleness of his face startled the men who were looking at him; they turned their heads and saw, astounded, Howell's lifted revolver. It was held carelessly, but it was too businesslike a weapon to be regarded lightly.

"I'll pay it all back," said Stark hoarsely.

"Pay what back?" asked a puzzled voice.

"Spent any?" asked Howell.

"I tell you I'll pay it all back!"

"And the watches?"

"They're sold. I'll pay that back too."

"And the papers?"

The jaws of Stark parted with a click. He could produce no other sound.

"And the papers?" repeated Howell.

"Tore up."

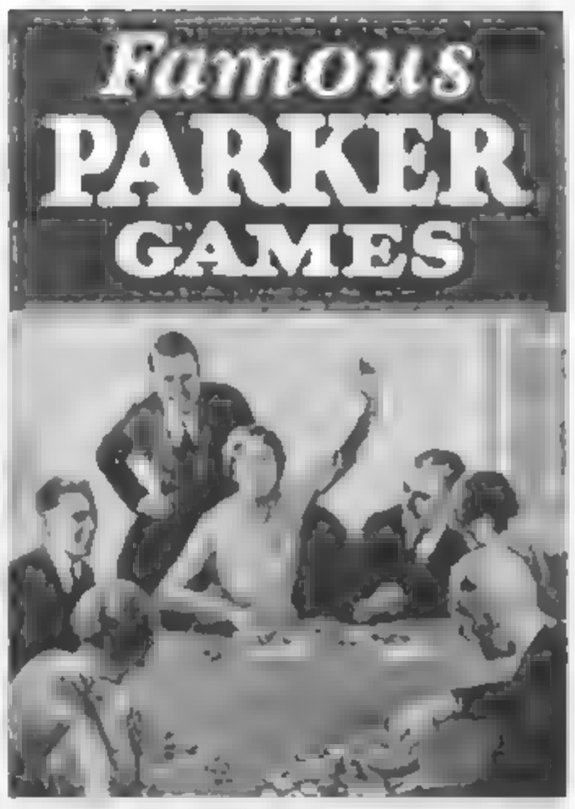
With his left hand Howell emptied into a tray on the table the pipe which he had so carefully filled. He appeared not in the least like a schoolmaster; his authority was rather that of the law.

"Come," he ordered. "I have a car out here. Where's your hat?"

"I have it almost all at home," cried Stark, as though he spoke of his hat. His eyes bulged, his great frame shook like a leaf. "I'll pay it all back. Let us go there."

"No," said young Howell. "Someone else will go there. You come with me."

Lake Kampeska, Watertown, South Dakota



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DO YOU CARRY A SPARE?

Continued from Page 43

auto-body builder to steel office partitions, a mining-machinery concern to an oil locomotive for heavy freight service; a shipbuilding plant to fabricating and erecting oil and gas storage tanks; a car builder to power lawn mowers; a lock company to electric baggage trucks; a chain of grocery stores to green vegetables; an agricultural-implement company to sleds; a candy manufacturer to bottling chocolate as a cooling summer drink; a tire company to hip boots and beach sandals; a plate-glass company, its profits cut by foreign importation, to paints and brushes.

If, then, men in groups donate time and money to the proposition of making hay when the sun's not shining, why not the individual? Certainly most of us have the leisure.

Some 500 miles and a generation in age separate two men I know. I cite them only because the younger, at thirty, is toting a spare, the elder, at sixty-eight, using one. The hobby one grooms, the other rides to market, is prosaic as work. That neither does so because he must proves them passing successes in their major crafts.

Enter the home of the younger, and if your observation tower is in gear you will note well a dining table of beautifully grained cherry, a serving table ditto, a bookcase and secretary of mahogany, a pair of maple four-posters, a linen chest of walnut that might be worth two grand but isn't. Every room holds something bought for a song and restored by a youth who has a leisure-hour interest that the world pays men to exercise. A machinery salesman by choice, but an artist in woods, shades and lacquers. Hand-carved brigs and galleons, too, attest his after-hours energy.

Hobbies With Commercial Value

How he will earn his living at fifty-odd is a guesser's free-for-all. I for one wouldn't say the chances of his then working for his present company are glowing. Twenty years is a tolerable period for a company to hold the pace of this ingenious age. The wagon, harness, bicycle, ice and coal, feed and grain, and even hairpin businesses are not what they used to be a few years back. And organizations, too, like mortals, have a habit of changing their base or retiring. Or men fail in health; they need under-cover jobs or they can't go where their full-time crafts call them and must dig in near by at work they are next best fit to do.

If then the halfway post of the present century finds him marooned through a turn of fortune's wheel, I don't prophesy what he'll turn to, but I know that he won't have to look far to find a port.

"I wonder if we can get Dora's father to make us a mirror to go over that hall table—one like hers," ran a monologue I heard evenings back. "I almost hate to ask him—he charged so little for restoring this rocker. Did you see that miniature bedroom suit he made for the twins at Christmas? Even the footstool was upholstered, Dora said Mrs. Shaw told her she'd give anything if he'd make a doll's house for Myra, but she didn't know him well enough to ask him; afraid he might be—well, you know—he really doesn't need the money. It's just a hobby with him."

He doesn't need the money, it's true, this artisan of sixty-eight; but if he hadn't acquired a competence in his years of railroading, he would and could get his price and a comfortable living at an age when the vast majority of men live as best they can at such tasks and wages as may be offered them.

Some can afford to do the things they wish to—raise dahlias, fancy stock, dally with speed boats, and if they had to, could make a commercial success in the art; but most of us are fairer to our futures if we dovetail our excess time and faculties with vocations that fill a widespread business want rather than a restrictive taste or fancy.

Certainly it is saner to follow at thirty a hobby that requires years of work and study, though it pays slimly, than to assign our surplus energies to mastering one that will lead us years later into competition with younger men.

Before me rests a stack of cards on which are written the business backgrounds of the men whose names they bear. They are applications for employment by men past middle age—if you know what I mean. On the front appear with other data the positions they held five to ten years ago; on the reverse, those they hold today. I don't know how much of foresight each gave rein to in years past. The fact that today they are able to hold certain positions for which they seem peculiarly well equipped interests me more than any quality they may possess.

An ex-foreman of construction is, at fifty-eight, superintendent of a terminal office building. Where did he garner his cursory knowledge of oil burners, elevators, air-compressor motors, steam lines and electric refrigeration—on or off the jobs he'd worked on? It doesn't matter which.

After Fifty—Where?

An ex-molder in steel, a trade in which men gray fast, at fifty-one is an electro-dental mechanic. An ex-shop timekeeper at sixty-seven is foreman of the pattern storage vaults of a car-building plant. Mention any one of 4500 patterns by number, and without referring to his card index he can tell you whether the pattern is wood, brass or aluminum; how many cores it has and the use to which the casting itself is put. An ex-highway inspector at sixty-one is manager of a chain of commissaries that feed and house thousands of road, track and power-plant builders. An ex-shovel runner from the Isthmus at fifty-six is today sanitary engineer for a copper-mining company. A heavy-fires blacksmith tempers tool steel for a ship-building plant, at fifty-nine. An ex-steam fitter is grand pasha of a Turkish-bath establishment—his age, fifty-eight. An ex-bookkeeper at fifty-four buys meat and poultry for a chain of stores. An ex-chef, past sixty, conducts an employment agency for hotel and restaurant help, while a former civil engineer, his health impaired, now administers a community's civic planning program.

Did these men drift casually from their former jobs into those they now hold? I can't underwrite an answer, but surely more than a thread of foresight spurred them to fortify themselves against the day they could no longer do with facility the work they had been doing, and toward vocations better attuned to their years.

The work they transferred their energies to—given an even break in health and fortunes—they will be physically able to do for some time to come. As I scan their cards I wonder where they'd be today had they staked their futures on the turn of a single card. For do you in your rambles meet many construction men batting 300, or even in the game, at fifty-eight? I don't, although I meet quite a few who tell me they're as good as they ever were, yet can't land work in their old league. They are perfectly willing to take something else, but what else have they done? True, they might in many instances do well in something else; but when a man can't get a job at what he's long done, the tide is strong against him when he seeks a grade of work he's never done.

And molders past fifty—do you see many of them when you amble down a foundry gangway? You don't; but rather youths who with the help of air and strong vertebræ lay a floor of molds that in number and quality make an old-time sand pounder beg for day's work. And timekeepers at sixty-seven, highway inspectors at sixty-one, shovel runners at fifty-six, blacksmiths at

(Continued on Page 181)

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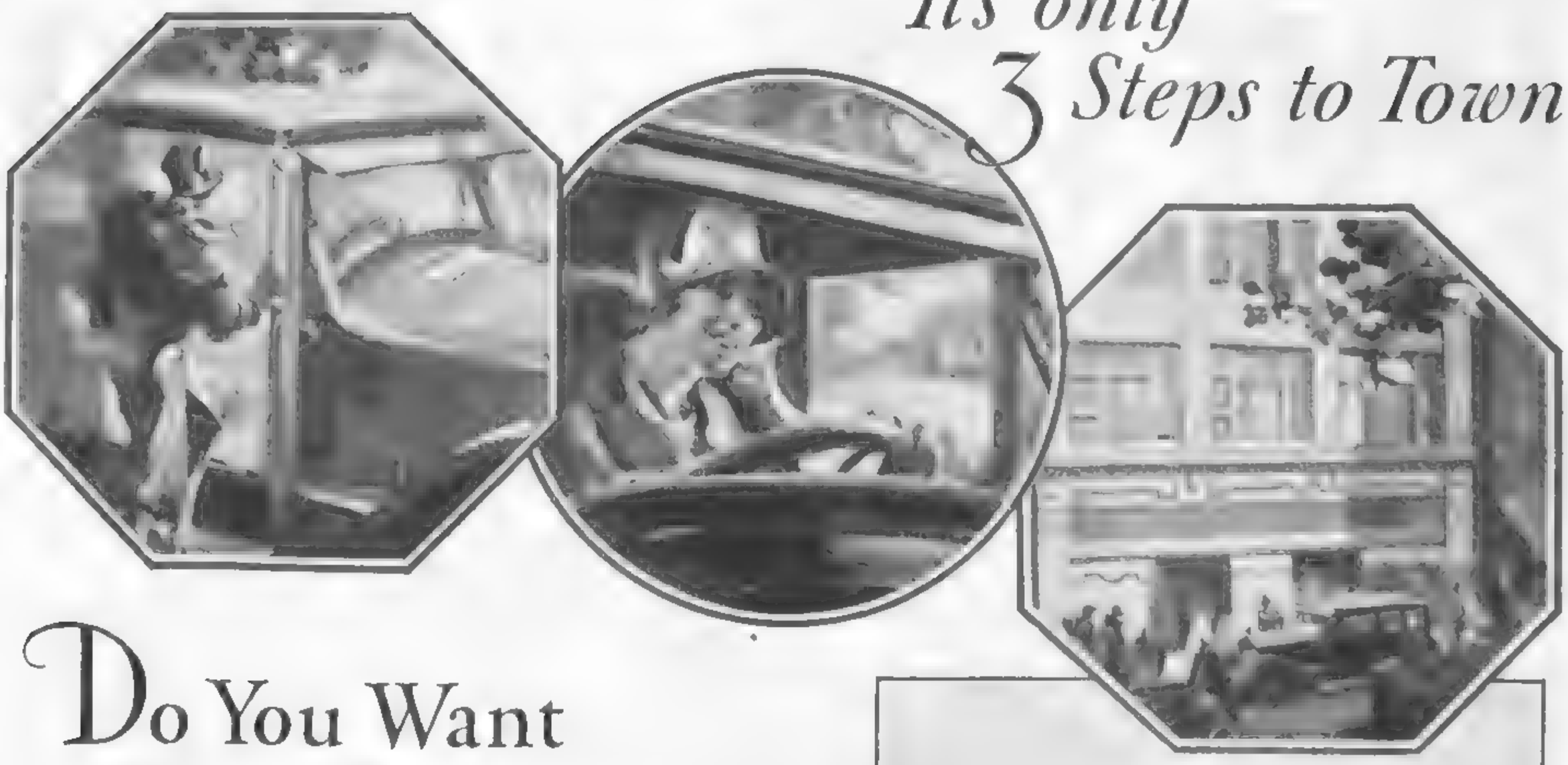

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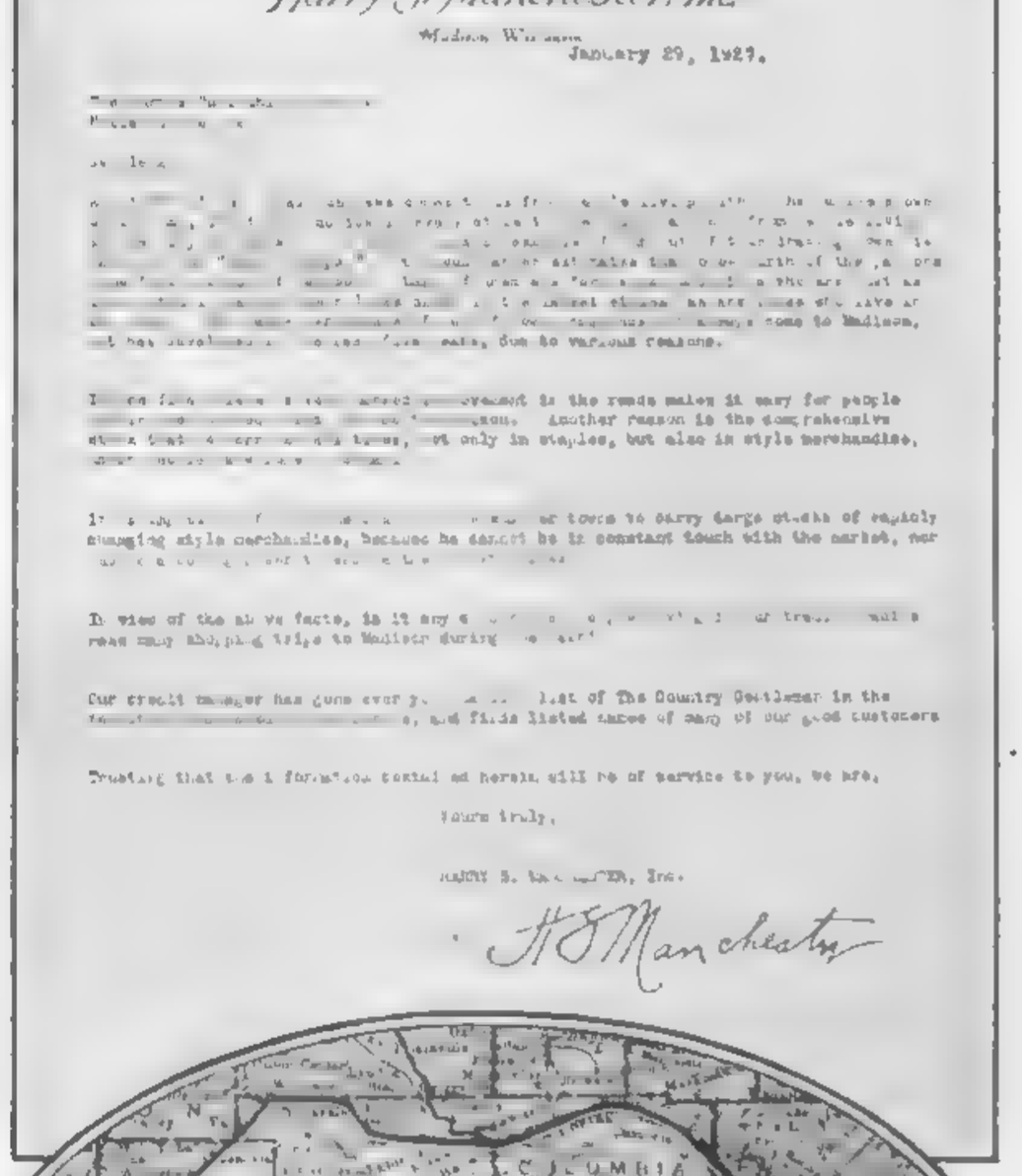

Harry S. Manchester, Inc.

Madison, Wisconsin
January 29, 1927.

[illegible]

[illegible] movement in the roads makes it easy for people [illegible] Another reason is the comprehensive [illegible] not only in staples, but also in style merchandise, [illegible]

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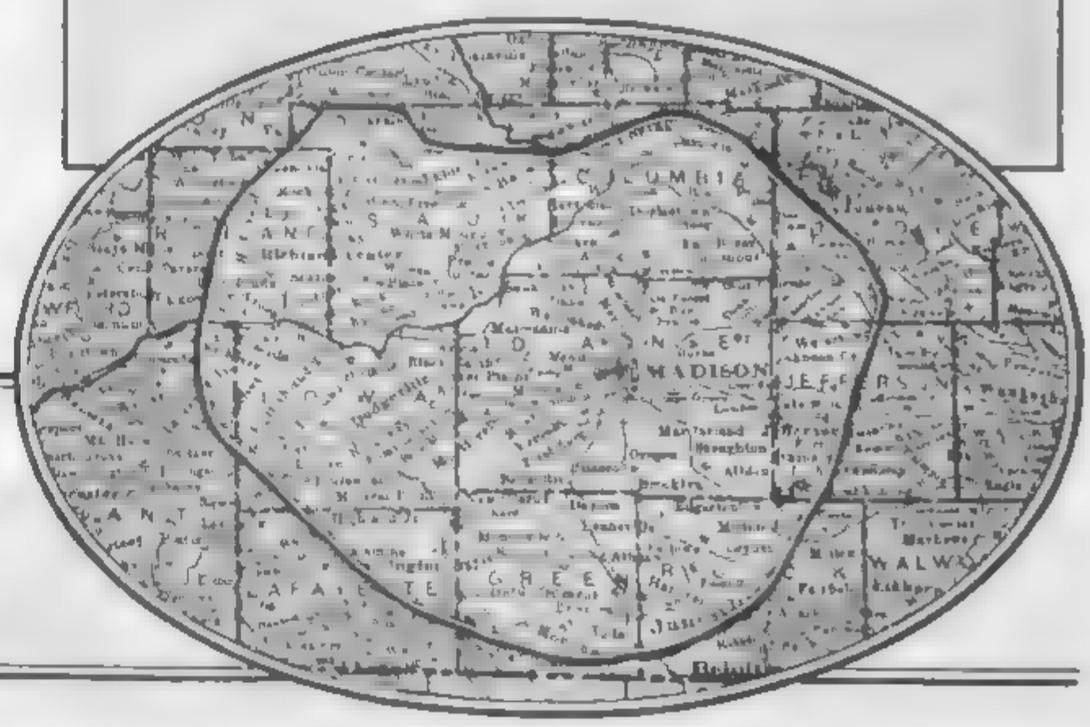

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Enclosed is [check / money order] for $7.50. Please send me by prepaid parcel post a 6½ lb. Lady Dover Iron, and the 2½ lb. Dover Boudoir Iron *free*

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... *State* .....
My regular dealer is .....

From Hollywood Movie World Sweets

ALL MOVIE FANS and lovers of fine candy will want a box of Movie World Sweets. *A delightful assortment* of 35 pieces, right from the heart of Movieland—California fruits and nuts, caramels, creams, nougats, brittles and chews. Wonderful quality—guaranteed to please.

On every box of Movie World Sweets is an actual group photo of 413 leading movie stars, directors and producers, including Billie Dove, *"The American Beauty." The only picture of its kind in exitence.* Every head is numbered. Amuse yourself and friends. How many can you name?

Send $1.50 with correct name and address and a box of MOVIE WORLD SWEETS will be sent post-paid to any place in U. S. or Canada.

[[*THE IDEAL GIFT*]]

JEVNE'S LOS ANGELES

H. Jevne Co., *Los Angeles*

DEALER CONTACTS SOLICITED

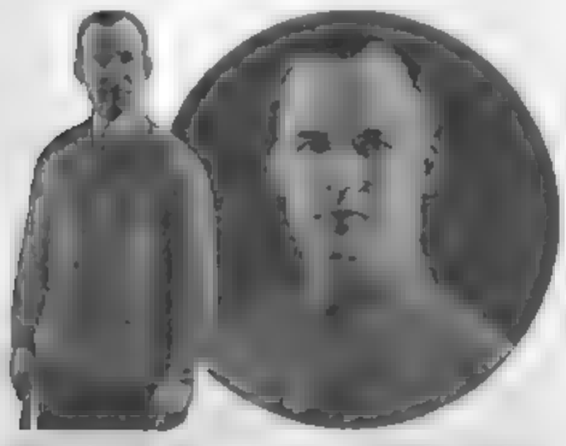
Hi·Lo·V DOUBLE DUTY COLLAR

A Five-Dollar Christmas Gift for Men!

. . . . . it's just what its name implies. Wear the collar low and you have a smartly tailored sweater coat with a snugly fitting V neck. Turn its patented flat muffler high and presto—you have *real* protection for chest and throat.

Hi-Lo-V isn't just another sweater. It's a dual purpose garment for Dad, Husband, Brother, Uncle, Son—it makes no difference—it's a gift for EVERY ONE in your family.

In Brown, Oxford, Blue and Tan heather shades. All sizes at your haberdasher's, or write direct to



Chaton Knitting Co., Chaton, N. Y. Manufacturers

Owen Coogan Corp., 93 Worth Street, New York City

Regent Knitting Mills, Ltd., Montreal, Can.

I WANT TO GO HOME!

Send me, with your name and address, to The Curtis Publishing Company, 303 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and I will tell you how their representatives make spare time pay up to

$25.00 EXTRA EVERY WEEK

(Continued from Page 178)

fifty-nine, steam fitters at fifty-eight, bookkeepers at fifty-four, club chefs at sixty plus—do you see many of them?

But it is with the present all of us are most concerned—where we would turn if today's job blew or we decided it wise to try our luck elsewhere.

To a goodly number of the nation's population, it's a commonplace adventure, this changing one's means of livelihood. For generations men in large groups have migrated from one sphere of work to another as the seasons came and went. From industry to agriculture men have always moved during the open-weather season, to return in the fall for further hibernation. For decades, too, they have gone from shop and office to the realm of building and construction, as many an upcountry employment manager can testify. The country is studded with machine shops, foundries, assembling plants, whose most desirable mechanics and machine hands check out when summer comes to work with a road gang, where, through overtime and the substantial pay that goes with time-limit contracts, they are able to make considerably more than at their major crafts. The call of out-of-doors and the longing for a change of environment account as much for their industrial touring as does their natural desire for a fatter pay envelope.

"I hate to lose them," the personnel man for one such company told me. "Turnover is always expensive, yet in our case it has certain compensations, for they do better work when they come back. They're completely content—until the next spring comes."

Parenthetically, it may interest the student of industrial relations to know that 78 per cent of the company's shop force own company stock purchased on the convenient payment plan. I asked my friend what percentage of the vacationists were stockholders. Offhand, he could not answer; but a month later came a note stating that a search of his records for the previous five years showed that only 8 per cent so far as he could determine had been stockholders.

Men With One Cartridge

Though with them a dual vocational equipment is not essential, as they could have stayed where they were, with thousands of others it is altogether vital, because the industry in which they learned their first-line trade is of high seasonal activity. Textiles offer an eyeful example. Men and women by the thousand each year step from its colorful portals with bird-migration regularity to make a living, even a better one, in cigar, cigarette and candy factories, summer hotels, harvest fields, chemical-fertilizer plants, vineyards, glass works, packing houses, bottling works, fisheries. They change not alone because their first-line job has ceased to exist but because the industry that maintained it has run into its customary seasonal calm. Hunting for a job in the same trade elsewhere is therefore futile, so they board a train or flivver and head for a business mart that is going strong yet calling for help. The work they there do cannot always be dignified as a trade, yet it is in many instances far more practical than trades other men engage in that do not grant a living.

Where it calls for a degree of skill, men are all the more fortunate when they've mastered it. For the able-bodied skilled man always carries a spare; he can, if he wishes, work at unskilled tasks.

"And if he happens to be a journeyman machinist who has served his time, before the war preferably, he still has as good an opportunity of getting a well-paying job as he ever had," I was told recently by the employment manager of a shipyard, in its activity second to none on the Atlantic Seaboard. He knows ship construction from steel yard to wet basin.

"The jobs offered him today are different from the ones he held a few years back, because production is different. The high-pressure production methods that some economists decry have created for him several highly specialized jobs which he is capable of doing by being on top of his trade. Take our line, for instance.

"Every clear morning 100 to 300 men are at the gate when we start interviewing. About 40 per cent are common labor, 55 per cent one-operation men—bolters, chippers, drillers, reamers, calkers, regulators, welders. Each man has one and only one cartridge. If he doesn't hit us, he's through until his next call or we send for him.

"But the remaining 5 per cent—and that's high—are all-round machinists who can read blue prints. If I tell one of them there's nothing doing at the moment in his favorite line—boring-mill operation, say—he comes right back at me for something else—running a lathe, planer or slotter, machinery installation, sometimes ship fitting—all because he's served his time."

I have seen his contention fortified in fields other than the metal trades. Woodworking machinists take their choice of working as sticker hands, band and circular sawyers, shaper and lathe hands, house or concrete form carpenters, ship joiners and cabinetmakers, and auto mechanics who, because they'd done many things on many cars in small shops, had larger opportunities come their way to work for larger shops as specialists.

Their general fitness had developed in them specific fitness for several jobs.

Serving His Time

All of which may be a matter of gratification to the graying artisan in metal, wood and gasoline alley, but what of the younger generation that professes an eagerness to serve its time? In the years ahead it will have opportunities galore to learn and work at definite tasks that require but an ephemeral apprenticeship; tasks, they'll do well to note, that have been simplified for them by others who have served long apprenticeships. Where lies their way out?

I unloaded that question upon the door sill of a trade school whose head I know. His judgment has always gone a long way with me, for I have seen the tangible results of his somewhat diffidently expressed convictions.

"I know only two ways out, as you express it," he told me. "One is for a boy to serve his time literally and continuously while it's his to give without interruption. The more sporadic his application to the job in hand, the less sustained will be his interest. If he's to become a grainer in wood, he might as well realize at the outset that his first lesson won't be on a mahogany panel.

"If he finds an employer that offers an apprenticeship course in the electrical-equipment field, for instance, it will be better for his progress and peace of mind if he submerges all thought of what his services are worth to his employer as well as the money he might make at different work elsewhere. It's far better for a young man to go where he'll learn most than to go where he can make most. Apprentices often tell me they can make a good deal more driving a truck or at pick-and-shovel work. It's true—in many cases they can; but the amount one man earns building a road shouldn't disturb another who is seriously concerned about building his own future.

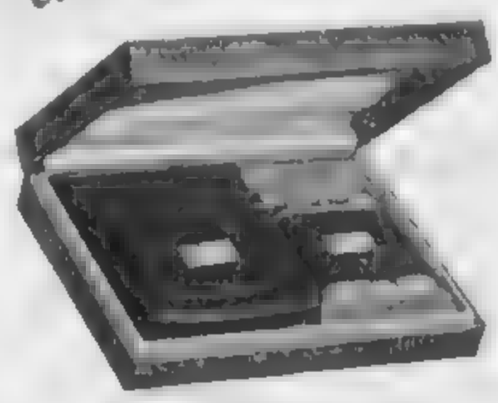
"Serving his time when he has it to donate is one way out," he continued. "The other is to do as boys and grown men are doing here; what has become a commonplace in American life—take the time to round out their usefulness through night courses at personal-attendance institutions and through reliable correspondence courses."

Thousands of young men yearn to become proficient in certain of the building trades, such as bricklaying and plastering. I have met a number. They've made the rounds of builders' offices in vain endeavor to persuade contractors to underwrite their apprenticeship, to give them a chance to learn. They are willing to serve their time

For Lighter Xmas Shopping

WHEN it's as easy as deciding which Golden Wheel Lighter will please Cynthia or whether Charlie wants his in leather or plain, don't blame us if you weary yourself with needless shopping. Any smart shop can help you make half a dozen crosses on your gift list. This dependable lighter will make anybody's Christmas happier.

"SUREST thing you know!"



Sets $18 and up

Lighters $7.50 and up

GOLDEN WHEEL *Approved Lighter*

U. S. Patent 1637855

HENRY LEDERER & BRO., INC.

Providence, Rhode Island

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.

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Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s Earn $2,000 to $10,000 a Year

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When you are stuck — Wheel ordinary chains can't be put on — when you're "digging yourself in" instead of "digging yourself out"—then's the time you're glad to reach into your car pocket, snap on your Woodworths and whirl on your way with a smile.

WOODWORTH
Snap-On—"Easy Ons"
TIRE CHAINS

THE PATENTED exclusive feature which tips the cross bars partly on edge when the wheel slips in mud, snow, sand or ice, holds them flat on the tire on pavements or other hard road surfaces and makes them ride without bumps. The added convenience of instant attachment without jacking up the car is leading to the wide use of these Woodworths for all road conditions. The smooth rounded surface of the Cross Bar where it comes in contact with the tire cannot injure the rubber. If you are not sure of your chains put Woodworth's over them. Don't let your wife drive without them in the car.

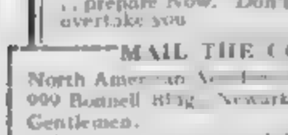
SOLD by the following chain stores: Kresge; W. T. Grant Co.; Kellner Bros. Co.; McCrory; Metropolitan; F. & W. Grand; Michigan Newberry; Steel's Consolidated Green Stores; Murphy; Lerner; Gosselins; M. W. Savage; Montgomery Ward & Co.; Butler Bros., and Auto Dealers, Metropolitan Distributors, United Specialties Associates, Newark, N. J.

Prices—For Tires 3.35" or 4.40"—and 4.40" for Ford wire wheels—35c ea.; For 4" to 4.50" tires 40c ea.
For 5" to 6"—45c ea.; For 6.20" to 7.50"—50c ea.

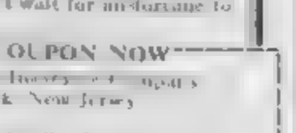
Better get six or more now. If your dealer has not stocked these yet we will send chains parcel post prepaid at these prices

WOODWORTH SPECIALTIES CO.
Binghamton, N. Y. Established 1905

Two Men Digging Themselves In



Or One Man Digging Himself Out



A $10 BILL

Buys a New and Improved Insurance Policy with most liberal Coverage for you and your family for a whole year. Protects up to

$10,000

No Dues or Assessments

Reliable Old-line Insurance against

ACCIDENT
AND
SICKNESS

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Anyone 16 to 70 Years Accepted

$10,000 Principal Sum
$10,000 Loss of Hands, Feet or Eyesight
$25 Weekly Benefit for Stated Accident or Sickness

Doctor's Bills, Hospital Benefit, Emergency Benefit and other new and liberal features to help in time of need all clearly shown in policy.

LOOK OUT! Serious automobile and many other kinds of accidents happen every minute—few escape them. Suppose you meet with an accident tonight . . . would your income continue? Pneumonia, appendicitis and many other ills in the policy, which cost little now, can cause serious financial loss. . . prepare Now. Don't wait for misfortune to overtake you.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW

North American Accident Insurance Company
909 Bonnell Bldg., Newark, New Jersey
Gentlemen:
At no cost to me, send details of the "NEW $10 PREMIER $10,000 POLICY"

Name.....
Address
City State

AGENTS WANTED for LOCAL TERRITORY

provided they can earn as they learn. But the verdict is usually against them, and the reason is simple—an employer can teach a young man a trade and pay him something for his labor, but no law runs south of 53 that compels the youth to continue the mutual relationship once he's passed the tyro stage.

"I've got enough to do with the present; why gamble with futures?" says the builder. "When a young man has completed his apprenticeship—provided he does he's free as air to take the best job in sight. I can't stop him. And if he's given me value received for the wages I've paid him while he's learning, the score's even. I can't guarantee him employment just because he wants to work for me. Then why kid myself into believing he'll stick to me just because I happened to give him his chance to learn? The slate's clean if I've paid him all he's worth. If I haven't, then certainly I can't blame him for going where he wants to."

Yet, though he is chary about undertaking such a venture himself, you find him often giving his money and time to fostering outside agencies steeped in programs for injecting young blood into certain anæmic veins of the building game.

"What's good for the industry is good for me," he says, and sends his check to the vocational instructor of a builders' exchange, a privately endowed trade school, or instructs his secretary to see that a consignment of lime, cement, paint or a truckload of lumber is delivered to a public school that is giving building-trades courses to its pupils during the day and to all who are qualified to take extension courses at night. "What account? Oh, charge it off to general expense," he tells his bookkeeper.

The areas of manufacture, commerce, finance, however, present a greener field, in that young men there obtain more continued employment after they complete their courses, for there business has reached a higher notch of stabilization. The world can get along for a time without building new houses, plants and skyscrapers, but it has to eat, clothe itself and ride around a bit.

Small Things Done Well

But upon whatever sea a young man launches forth, now more than ever is his mastery of one calling as much a matter of self-determination as will be the acquisition of a spare one. If, in addition to his current means of livelihood, he's determined to become a tile setter or cost accountant, he'll somehow find the time to learn to be it. Employers may afford him the opportunity to learn as he works at one substantial trade, but they'll never hand him a spare, for it's a little too much to expect of humans that they will train a man in a craft for which they cannot utilize his undiluted services. They may, like our building friends, assist outside interests to take up the burden, but it will probably be because they see in the move something good for the industry.

But aside from how men get their spares, there's another sanely simple reason why they should get them: The large enterprise in its upper strata of finance, sales and administration, and the smaller enterprise in nearly every stratum, is crying out loud for men who carry them—where there's a vacancy to fill. It is the day of the man who, having done many small things well, is able to do the larger thing preeminently well. And from what these past six months have shown me, it matters little where he did the small things—a lot how well he did them and his capacity to do them on a larger scale.

Only this morning my phone brought an order from the boss of a five-man shop, maker of locomotive whistles and metal specialties, asking for an electric welder who can operate a punch press and stamping machine.

"There's not enough welding work for me to keep a welder going full time," he said. "And this fellow we got won't ——"

And within a month, from others came Macedonian calls for "a blacksmith who can work a bit in sheet metal," "a stenographer who can keep books and who has a smattering of general insurance. I thought you might know of a young fellow that's been taking the night course out at —— The man we have " "a chauffeur who can milk and tend one cow," "a physical instructor who can teach the boys swimming and basket ball and at the same time has a knowledge of woodcraft," "a printer who can go out and sell when things are dull with me," "a general handy man who'll live at the club the year round and do odd jobs of painting, cement work, carpentering, make screens, do a little pipe fitting, do all kinds of running repairs we've been paying outsiders to do."

"The old game—making one man do two men's work," I hear a voice protest.

True, I see it played now and then, yet in the main it's a game that is just as old as that—making one man do all the worthdoing work that two men used to do.

The Salesman's Oyster

But a spare, after all, is worth only the ease of mind it gives and the mileage we get on it. One spare of perennial quality is worth a dozen of transient usefulness.

In the realm of business I know of one, and only one, that is perennial, puncture-proof and within the reach of all. Neither presidential years, cyclical depressions, seasonal slumps nor bilious bosses can take it from him who totes it. Jobs, business units, entire industries walk the planks of time and progress, but the need for his service goes on forever.

If a man can sell, the world's his oyster. Jobs here, there, everywhere are waiting for him 300 days the year. Whether they register high or minus with him matters little. The fact stands—a living, bare, adequate or bountiful, is his for the asking. Memory is porous, but I do not recall having ever asked a trade-marked salesman stalking a selling job what else he had done or felt he could do. But I have asked of a battalion of privates and chevroned veterans from every other vein of business if they have ever sold anything for a living—anywhere, any time. Nor do I recall an instance when a job or the refusal of one did not depend upon their answer.

Why some men sell and others can't or won't, why some refuse to try to sell one thing because they once failed to sell another thing, why salesmen of material things often flivver when they essay things less tangible, and why some, regardless of their faith in it, can sell any old thing, are bones the world is free to hack at. I'm only sure that salesmen get jobs as salesmen while others must often hunt far afield and vainly for the jobs they've patterned themselves to fit.

What else have you done? What else can you do?

Here's hoping you're never asked these questions. But what today is passing before our eyes in dim miniature, won't we see in even sharper relief and on a magnitude far greater in the years to come—plants, offices, whole industries move their bases to where they will get a better break; companies and firms merge, scrap antiquated equipment, discard mills, drop lines, take on new ones, cut overhead and dispense with the service of those who do not fit in? Won't we, in short, see them do about as does the individual who is determined to stick in the game?

Today you hold a good job in a good line. And yet—if it's not too personal a query:

Just what else can you do?

That Stops the Pain
-then Corn Lifts Off!
FREEZONE
Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot callouses, without soreness or irritation.

How Much Extra Cash Do You Want?

WHETHER you need $5.00, $10.00, $100.00, or more, the coupon will bring all the details showing how you can make it right in your own locality, during spare hours.

Many years' experience prove that there is no better time to make these extra dollars than in December.

Speed the Coupon!

Box 1624 %
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
301 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

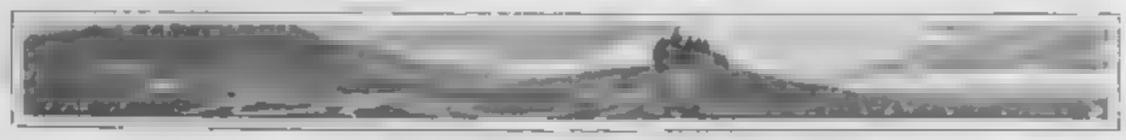
I want $. How can I get it?

Name.....*Age*.....
Street
City.....*State*.....

LUXOR SIX $26.95

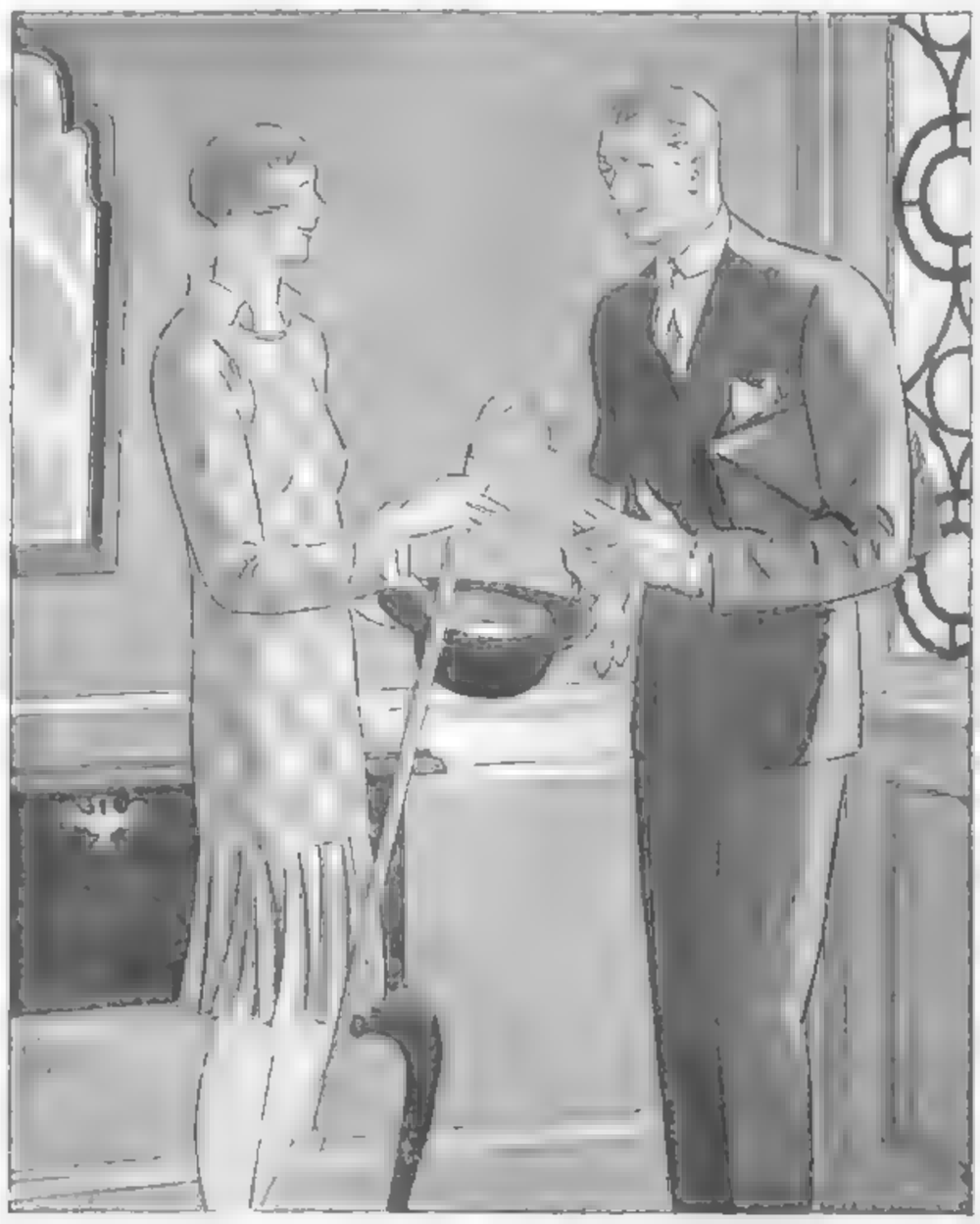
ONLY by ordering direct from manufacturer can you get such remarkable radio value at such a low price. Powerful six tube long distance receiver. Fully guaranteed. One dial (illuminated) control. Great volume. Exquisite tone quality. Six guaranteed meter tested tubes. Send no money. Pay on arrival. Write now (free book).

LUXOR RADIO CO. 72 Grand St., Dept 10 New York, N. Y.



WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn $20 to $50 a week retouching photos—men, women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you at home, furnish working outfit and employment service. Write today. Arteraft Studios, Dept. J, 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago



WHEN your husband or son leaves in the morning . . .

Does it ever occur to you . . . that he does not seem, somehow or other, dressed just as he should be, or look as if he intended to do a good job?

Are his clothes clean and pressed, his shoes shined, his scarf nicely tied? Does he wear a soft mussy collar?

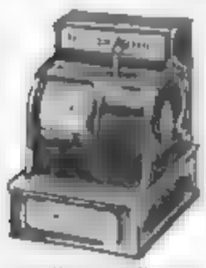
Generally the men who succeed in the big jobs in life are neat in appearance—and that means starched collars to business.

Get HIM to put on a starched collar and notice the improvement in his appearance . . .

It adds to his comfort to select right size and style and a good collar laundry.

ARROW COLLARS

SAVE YOUR SMALL CHANGE!
In
UNCLE SAM'S
3-COIN BANK



6½" High, 4" Wide
6½" Long; Weighs
2 lbs.

The quick, easy, fascinating way to accumulate sizable sums that buy the extra little luxuries every woman wants! Fine for children, too. Instills the thrift habit early in life. Not a toy, but a practical savings bank. Rings, Registers and Adds nickels, dimes and quarters. No keys. Locks automatically. Opens at $10 total. Holds $50. Opening at bottom for bills. All steel. *Guaranteed for 10 years.*

Single coin models also!

FUN FOR THE KIDDIES!

UNCLE SAM'S
"Cash Store"
REGISTER

4½" High, 5½" Deep
4½" Wide. Weighs
1½ lbs.

Every child likes to play "store" and this is just like a real cash register. 5 keys—5¢, 10¢, 25¢, 10¢, 5¢ bell rings, drawer springs open amount in Banks. "Make believe" money furnished. Takes real money, too. FOOL PROOF MECHANISM. All steel. Mahogany finish. Instructive, Entertaining, Educational.

If your stationery, toy, drug, hardware or department store cannot supply you—

SEND THIS COUPON TO US!

DURABLE TOY & NOVELTY CO.
869 Broadway, New York City
I enclose $2, $5 for
3-COIN MODEL @ $3.00
(Takes Nickels, Dimes and Quarters)
SINGLE-COIN MODELS @ $2.00
CASH STORE" REGISTER @ $2.00
Send Descriptive Booklet and Free Handy Expense Book.
Name
Address
City State
Dealer's Name

Does he sing *for his supper?*

If your little feathered pet is mopey, if he doesn't sing as cheerily as usual, change to

French's Bird Seed

Made of selected seeds in scientifically correct proportion for bird health, and air-washed to free it from dust and [illegible] in our [illegible] of unvarying quality.

And a French's Bird Biscuit *free* in every package

At your dealer's or full size package mailed postpaid for 5¢

THE R T FRENCH COMPANY
Mustard St., Rochester N. Y.

Your Q for Quality

Capitalizing Kindness

By BOYDEN SPARKES

THE unshaven man who had rung the doorbell of one of the largest brick residences in Chillicothe, Ohio, lifted his weather-beaten derby from graying hair and began to uncork his rehearsed speech the moment the door was cracked by the mistress of the house.

Her own hair was covered by one of those utilitarian ancestors of the boudoir variety, a dusting cap. In Ohio a dusting cap is to the initiated a code signal as pregnant with meaning as the special flag that is hoisted when an admiral boards a ship or when a king is in residence. In fact, almost anywhere in the Mississippi Valley and the valleys of its tributaries a dusting cap means "cleaning time; beware of temper."

"Lady," said the man at the door, talking fast, "I've come to ask you to help some crippled children. I jest want you to look at this here picture of some of 'em. All them children's got maimed, twisted legs, lady, and we're pledged to equip the poor little things with crutches and braces and wheel chairs so's they can get about. Now, lady, we don't ask you to give anything, although your name was mentioned to us as one of the most charitable in town.

"Jest look over this list of articles that you use every day, lady; pick out some of those you need. Part of the money you pay goes to help these poor handicapped children."

"Well, now, just look at that poor child's leg," clucked the lady of the house, drying the palms of her hands against her apron and then taking the printed sheet held before her by the solicitor. "It'd almost be a blessing if—but I guess I shouldn't say that. Is this the list? I suppose I could use the soap. Seems pretty expensive though."

"How about laundry blue, lady?" It was Monday and the solicitor had interpreted correctly the vapor-borne odors escaping from the windows of the basement.

"Well," temporized the lady of the house, "you say part of the money goes to these children."

"Yes, madam. We're the only friends they got."

"You can give me a dozen bars of the soap. We never have enough soap, seems like, and I guess we can use a few cakes of that laundry blue. My, my, those pictures make my blood run cold!" Then, suspiciously, "You don't want any money now, do you?"

"Certainly not, lady. You couldn't make me take your money until the goods have been delivered to you."

What Reaches the Charity

That was true enough. In this instance the solicitor, one of a crew of half a dozen, filled his orders and collected for them about two or three hours later. From the mistress of the large brick house he received four dollars and fifty cents, of which precisely half was his by reason of the agreement under which he was working.

He was working for an establishment of a type of which there are more than a dozen in the metropolitan area of which New York is the heart. These concerns are not manufacturers. They are jobbers. Each of them is engaged in a commercial proposition with selling costs higher than would be possible economically if the arrangement were not hinged on a charity appeal. There are other similar jobbing houses scattered over the country.

This particular one stated in its printed catalogues and sales literature that it was devoting a part of its proceeds to an organization for the aiding of crippled and deformed children. It went further and named the particular society to which it devoted its philanthropy.

For the lady of the house out in Ohio who paid considerably more for a dozen bars of soap than she would have been asked to pay by her neighborhood druggist or her grocery, it would have been difficult to investigate the solicitor's story of what was being done for the crippled children. There was no such difficulty in the way of an investigator of a bureau maintained in New York by a group of responsible social organizations for the purpose of checking upon the multitude of charitable solicitations that are ever and without end sucking money out of the stream of America's good intentions.

It would come as a shock to the woman out in Ohio to discover how many times her money was divided and apportioned before some bookkeeper in a New York office entered a few cents before the name of the crippled children.

There are in the United States about 264,000 crippled children. A good many of these unfortunates are the offspring of parents too poor to afford them the best of orthopedic care. The glib solicitor, selling what you need, may not be concerned with these crippled children except to the extent that their existence is sufficiently well known to his clientele to make them susceptible to his sales argument.

The Charitable Instinct

This tie-up between charity and business is often one of the most offensive charity fakes. It cannot be disputed that the commercial arrangement cheapens both the philanthropy and the business enterprise. Even where the philanthropy supposed to be benefited serves a worthy purpose, it is subject to misrepresentation through the operations of salesmen whose sole interest is to sell goods.

Many of the concerns using this form of sales appeal frequently change their beneficiaries. Even the most honestly administered of them can give but a small part of each dollar to the charity with which they are affiliated. An actual computation made in New York showed that one charity which was lending its name to such an enterprise was receiving about three or four cents out of each dollar. There is one organization, sponsored by reputable persons doing an excellent work, that has entered into such a partnership with a firm that gives an honest reckoning, but it is certainly debatable as to whether the good done by this well-meaning combination is not offset by the harm done charity as a whole by less scrupulous imitators.

There are certain facts about the charitable instincts of America that are well known to the social workers of the country. Some of these facts are equally well known to the unscrupulous parasites who make a fat living by standing between those who would give and those who need. They know, for example, that it is easy to get money when you appeal for children, for old people or for the disabled. They know also that it is next to impossible to get money for preventive work. A man will give $100 for the blind who would not give a dollar to be applied to methods for preventing blindness. It is unreasonable, but it is perfectly human. It is not easy to get up a glow of satisfaction through a gift to a research fund calculated to reduce human misery, but a little silver tossed into a beggar's cup is as stimulating for some people as hot, black coffee.

The Department of Public Welfare of New York City, seeking to control certain pseudo-charity schemes, discovered that it faced an issue difficult to define. In no field are workers more vehement in demanding liberty than almoners. Freedom of the press? Freedom of speech? A curfew on them! But let someone suggest that there should be legal restrictions on the administration and operation of charity, and

A WONDERFUL
XMAS VALUE

RADIO
KNIT JACKETS
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

A useful gift—a good looking gift—one that will be appreciated.

Remembered every day because it is an all-year round sweater.

Full Guarantee—A new jacket for one that is not satisfactory.

THREE BIG PATENTED FEATURES
1. Reinforced at armholes.
2. Tape at shoulder prevents sagging.
3. A hanger that lasts.

High quality Wool and finest Workmanship.

Anywhere $5 *Everywhere*

RADIO KNIT JACKET
PARAGON KNITTING MILLS
Philadelphia, Pa.

TUCSON
Land of Blue Sky and Sunshine

Write for free picture book of life and recreation in Arizona's Sunshine City. It tells about outdoor sports, vacation trips, nearby scenery, Old Mexico. Authoritative information about climate, living conditions, costs, hunting and fishing trips, etc.

Write "Sunshine Club"—a non-profit organization. Personal service to visitors: meets trains, assists with hotel reservations.

[illegible] *Rock Island or Southern Pacific* [illegible] *winter rates. Stopovers all routes.*

TUCSON
Sunshine-Climate Club
ARIZONA
708 Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona
Please send me the "SUNSHINE BOOKLET"
Name
Address

CUT ALONG THIS LINE AND MAIL

RHAMSTINE
WIRELESS CIGAR LIGHTER!
An appreciated Christmas Gift
—a cordless cigar lighter—for his car. Works Instantly. Can be passed around like a box of matches. De[illegible] in Bar[illegible]

For six volts only. Order yours today. *As accessory stores, or read down to*
J. THOMAS RHAMSTINE
50[illegible] East Woodbridge St. Detroit, Mich.
Clip This Adv. Mail Order Today
Price Complete
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All of the thrills ··none of the danger

If you know a youngster who longs for a gun—and what normal youngster doesn't? —give him a Fox Play Gun and watch his eyes light up!

This brand-new toy is a true-to-life miniature of the famous Fox Shot Gun. With its glistening double barrels, double triggers, hardwood stock and attractive finish, it looks for all the world like a real gun. Loads and works like a big gun, too, but it's

Perfectly safe—even indoors

Because the ammunition consists of small wooden balls, so light they will not injure anybody or do any damage. The realistic shells are spring powered. No powder—no danger. Won't even break glassware, but it's fine for target practice and playing games.

Get a Fox Play Gun today for your youngster. If your dealer can't supply you, order from us. $3.75, complete with ammunition and target.

A. H. FOX GUN CO.
4750-60 N. 18th St. Philadelphia
Makers of the famous Fox Shot Gun

FOX PLAY GUN

This folder tells all about the Fox Play Gun. Send for your free copy.

Extra Money For Your Church!

No doubt one of your church organizations could use some extra money this very month. We have a new and proven money-making plan for churches. Why not find out about it?

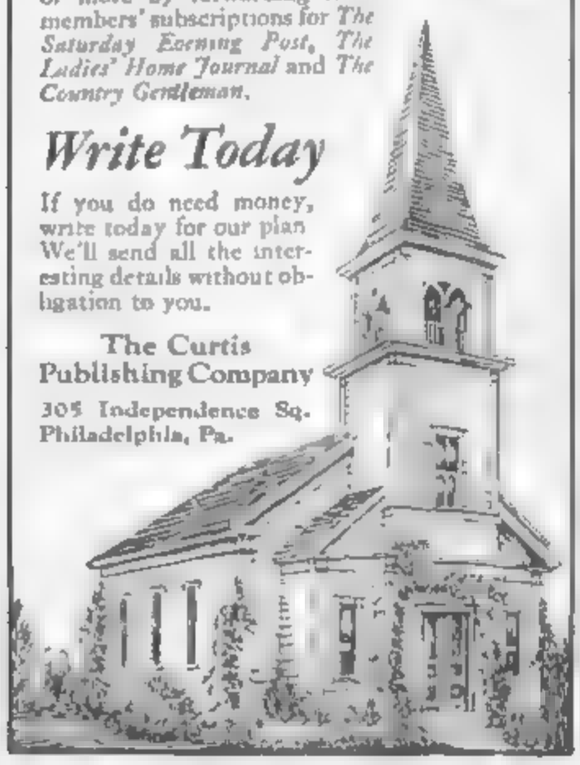
$100.00 or More

Other church organizations have made $100 or more by forwarding local members' subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Write Today

If you do need money, write today for our plan We'll send all the interesting details without obligation to you.

The Curtis Publishing Company
305 Independence Sq.
Philadelphia, Pa.



a howl is raised that stays the action of lawmakers. For one thing charity is so welded to religion in the minds of most people that any attempts to hedge it have always been resisted, and resisted most vociferously, as a rule, by those who are literally devoting their lives to charitable purposes.

Many people in the United States have probably charged off on their income-tax returns gifts they have made to an orphanage supposed to be in the South. For years it has been a vision in the brain of the man who has been selling the idea. Inquiries about him, his extravagant claims and his supposed orphanage have come from Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Toledo and many other cities to the National Information Bureau, which is a coöperative organization of representatives of the contributing public and national social agencies. This bureau sent investigators to the town where the orphanage was supposed to be, but they all found only a small crossroads settlement, the inhabitants of which had no need of an orphanage and no knowledge of any.

As a rule that man calls in person on the people to whom he looks for support, and he works a full eight-hour day at his trade of soliciting.

"No salaries are paid," he told one of the charitable persons he recently honored with a call. "We pay no salaries and so we keep no accounts, but the tide has turned for over 10,000 orphans. Last year in Chicago the Salvation Army found 150,000 waifs. One institution found 1560 in ash cans at its back door. But the tide has been turned for 10,000 orphans."

In all the United States there are only about 125,000 homeless children in institutions, but this man's wild assertions go unchallenged. One of the investigators who caught up with him hazarded the opinion that the man was insane, but it would take a great deal of charity in one's soul to credit him as more insane than the people who give him alms.

The war was a time of feasting for the charity fakers, and yet at first glance it would seem that the organizations which are above reproach, such as the American Red Cross, which since 1914 has disbursed abroad a sum in excess of $238,358,000, could not have left more than gleanings for the fakers. Any such conclusion would be faulty though, for unquestionably the fakes lured fabulous sums away from the legitimate, worthy charity enterprises.

The Ride Downstream

There was one uniformed couple, who drove an ambulance, hauled out a stretcher, placed it on the sidewalk and without bothering to make an appeal began to poke dish pans in front of the throngs that passed. The ambulance, the uniforms, ah, yes, and an American flag, were enough for the cheerful givers. Money, green and yellow bills, silver, a flood of it, began to fill the pans and weight down the fabric of the stretcher. Some member of the service in whose uniform the woman was dressed went for a policeman. Before he arrived they had gone with their ambulance.

That is the great trouble with sidewalk solicitation. It is the reason many of the reliable organizations are opposed to its use as a means of contact with the generosity of the public.

It takes a prosecuting official with more than the ordinary amount of devotion to duty to risk unpopularity by pursuing malefactors into any such shadowy legal ground as that inhabited by charity. At best a prosecuting official can frighten the timid ones, but after a few scares even the timid ones grow bold. There are instances of persons who started out as charity workers with the best of intentions, who grew careless about their account with the higher authority and finally reached such a state of mind that they were willing to argue brazenly that so long as they merely got their living they were doing the Lord's work. The meanest of this sort of fraud always decline a salary. All they want is their bare living expenses, with, maybe, an automobile and something for a rainy day.

"Why don't you leave me alone?" humorously protested one individual in a charmingly frank letter of vituperation addressed to the head of one of the large social-welfare organizations. "I'm just a little fellow. Don't bother your heads about me all the time. I've been going for thirteen years and I have no present intention of stopping. You fellows can swim against the current if you want to; I'm going to continue to ride downstream."

Timid Money

The last sentence is illuminating when interpreted. This man enjoys teasing his enemies in legitimate charity organizations by pretending that they are all in the same game as he is for the same motive. His use of "downstream" is a reference to the ease with which the public can be induced to give to little children, the blind and the disabled.

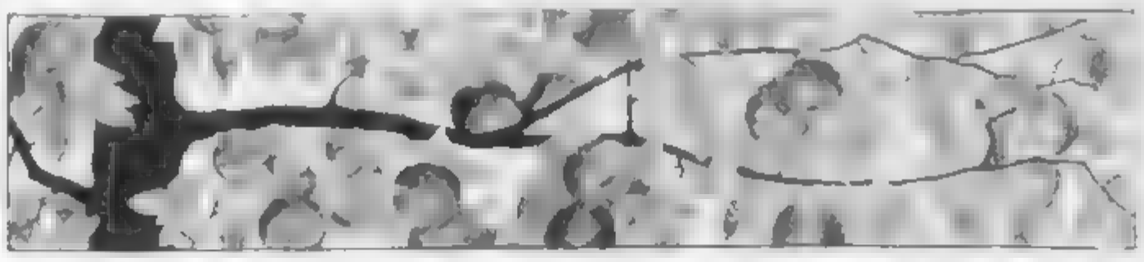
Why don't the legitimate charity organizations drive him and others like him out of business? If you should ask the chairman of the board of one of the organizations of charity societies he would explain that charity money is timid money. His board is afraid to start a drive on the crooks for fear such action will tighten the purse strings of the public against worthy organizations prepared to cope honestly and efficiently with real misery.

As for the persons who give money to charity without knowing something about it, it must be that they operate on the theory that drives Tibetan priests to grind away at a prayer wheel in a conscientious effort to acquire merit. When there are so many, many worthy charities in America, all struggling to cope with some of the unnecessary misery that exists, the careless giver of charity, the person who gives without investigating, cannot be regarded otherwise than as an accessory of the charity faker.

Most of the fakes become standardized after some years of operation. In every town the chamber of commerce is in touch with some organization able to identify them and indicate to the inexperienced philanthropist which organizations are performing meritorious work efficiently and which are trading on the generous impulses of the public.

As a rule the good organizations have an active and responsible governing body holding regular meetings, or some other satisfactory form of administrative control. They have legitimate purposes with no avoidable duplication of the work of another efficiently managed organization. Normally they have no solicitors working on commission, nor do they, generally speaking, resort to any other commission methods of raising money. The cost of their money-raising entertainments—when they give them—is not permitted to exceed 30 per cent of the gross proceeds. Their solicitation methods are ethical and, finally, they have a certified public accountant or a trust company make a complete audit of their accounts every year.

Some of the largest and the best offer a capsule of advice disguised as a slogan. "In giving," they suggest, "do good as well as feel good."



For All the Family

OF ALL the gifts under the Christmas tree, none will meet with greater enthusiasm than a *Health-O-Meter* automatic bathroom scale. It's a Christmas present that the entire family will appreciate for years.

With a father who keeps his weight right and mother who safeguards the children's health with it and the [illegible] Weight Control Course the over or underweight member of the family can [illegible] cash, or lay off or put on weight. Besides, a *Health-O-Meter* gives such an ultra-modern touch to a bathroom!

Your Hardware, Department, Physicians' Supply or Drug Store can furnish a *Health-O-Meter* with Christmas wrappings. Write for literature describing the many benefits given by this ideal Christmas gift.

Health-o-Meter
[illegible]

Continental Scale Works, Dept. 6-M
5703 So. Claremont Ave., Chicago, Ill
Send me literature about the Health-O-Meter.
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Address

Buy One for Dad's Car
Mansfield Slip-on Motor Clock

$5.00 Complete

No cutting of dash needed to attach this remarkable clock—not even a single screw hole to mar the instrument board. No drilling or cutting whatever. Ready for instant attachment to any car, and the car owner can do it himself

Heavy clamp insures rigidity, and tightening screw bites under instrument board. Runs 30 hours at a winding, has radium dial and is guaranteed for the life of the car. Finished in bright nickel

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J. F. Mansfield, 15 Maiden Lane, New York
Send me one SLIP-ON clock. When it arrives I will pay postman $5.00. I reserve right to return in ten days if not satisfactory and you agree to refund my money.
Name
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KLUTCH holds False Teeth tight in the mouth

[illegible] Don't endure loose plates another day. Klutch will end your troubles. 50c at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you. If he will not, don't *waste money* on substitutes but write us for a box. Send us 60c when satisfied.

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Now Let Us Establish You in a Well Paying Business

We furnish:

1. A complete initial outfit for immediate profitable work, *without charge.*
2. All the supplies and equipment you need, at all times, *without cost to you.*
3. A series of illuminating booklets on just how to succeed and, each month, a sales magazine devoted to tested money-bringing plans, *without charge.*
4. Personal coöperation in correspondence of trained sales directors.

You furnish:

Only a few hours of your spare time when convenient.

No Investment, No Experience Needed

Earn cash profits from the first day in a permanent ever-expanding business. Like other subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman,* you may make as much as

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Name ..... *Age* .....

Street

City *State*

Excel Electric CORN POPPER

EVERYBODY LIKES POP CORN

Makes Hot Fresh Popcorn *New Easy Way!*

HERE'S the newest way to pop it—by electricity. In five minutes you have half a gallon, ready to eat while it's hot and fresh. Beautiful nickel finish, quality made throughout by the originators of electric corn poppers. Complete with cord and plug, only $2.75. SEE YOUR DEALER. If he can't supply, order direct. Tear out this ad, fill in name and address below, and enclose money order for $2.75 ($3.00 in far west and southwest), or pay postman. Your money back if not satisfied. Order now. The Excel Electric Co., Dept. W-12, Muncie, Ind.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Here's an Amazing New Business THAT PAYS UP TO $1,000 A MONTH

A SURPRISING new profit opportunity is now offered to every ambitious man and woman! A sensational new kind of food business has been invented that can be operated by anyone in either full or spare time. Now, almost incredible as it may sound, $400 to $1000 a month is possible in even the smallest cities!

We supply you with equipment and plans for making and selling a delicious new *greaseless* doughnut that is cooked in a remarkable electrical device. Easy to digest and more toothsome than old-style doughnuts ever were. This delicious new dainty—Brown [illegible]—costs less to make and sells four times as fast. No wonder so many people without one bit of experience are literally cleaning up fortunes with this new money maker.

You can open a shop, rent cheap floor space in a grocery, delicatessen, lunch counter, drug store, etc. Or start at home—and make good profits your very first week!

Men and women start in this business [illegible]

$3,000 to 3 Months
"I made $1000 in 3 months from my greaseless doughnut business!"
[illegible]

FOOD PRODUCTS MACHINE CORPORATION
Dept. 18-19, 330 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

Getting On in the World

The Will to Succeed

IT WAS to James Simpson, president of Marshall Field & Company, in his office in Chicago, that I put a very old question:

"What is the greatest factor in personal success?"

He answered simply: "The will to succeed."

The interview had been attended by certain difficulties. Some of Mr. Simpson's subordinates had been arranging, or trying to arrange, an appointment. "You see," they explained to me, "Mr. Simpson is sort of hard to hold still for very long. Our business is pretty big and complex—manufacturing, importing, wholesaling and retailing—and the business, of course, demands much of his time. Besides that, he is active in civic and public matters."

He is. He is chairman of the Chicago Plan Commission, which is working big changes in the city's map. He is a director, and the deputy chairman of the board, of the Seventh District Federal Reserve Bank. He is on the directorates of a children's hospital, an old people's home, a medical college, the Chicago Chapter of the Red Cross, and the famous Field Museum.

My appointment with him was for a Wednesday afternoon. Wednesday forenoon, however, I was asked if, just as conveniently, I couldn't see Mr. Simpson before lunch.

"Because," it was explained to me, "he has been invited, for this afternoon, to fly in a new airplane and take a party of men for an inspection tour over the city. Maybe you'd better catch him while he's on the ground."

Fair enough.

I had expected to meet a whirlwind in a business suit, something surrounded by push buttons and wild-eyed, leaping lackeys. Instead, I found a soft-spoken gentleman, seated behind a broad brown desk in a big brown room. In the lapel of his plain dark-gray coat gleamed a little flower.

Worthy of His Hire

"Success?" he said. "That's a pretty big order, isn't it? There's no formula, no recipe, no prescription that I know of by which a person can succeed. Life really is so individualistic. Each of us, if he is to amount to anything, must make his own way.

"For instance, take two men out there in those offices. As to natural endowments, we'll say, they're exactly alike. They're alike in aptitude, in education and in opportunity. But one of them gets ahead and the other doesn't. Why? Because, I think, of the difference in attitude. The one has in him the will, the determination, to succeed; the other hasn't.

"And really, that difference is something that you can see. There's nothing mysterious or occult about it. Even in a big organization like this, if there's a fellow who is determined to climb, who has in him the will to succeed, the men above him soon discover him. He reveals himself."

Not a word had he spoken about his own career. But I thought about what I had learned of his life. He was born in Glasgow in 1874. When he was six years old his parents brought him to America; and when he was seventeen he joined the organization of Marshall Field & Company as a clerk in the office of the cashier. His salary was six dollars a week—but not for long.

Without ceremony, one day the young clerk in the cashier's department stepped into the office of the head of the business.

"Mr. Field," he said, "I've got to have a raise."

"And," Mr. Field inquired, "what are you getting now?"

"Six dollars a week."

"When I was your age, young man," remarked the famous merchant, "I was getting five."

"Well," said young Mr. Simpson quietly, "maybe that's all you were worth."

The upshot of that conference was not only a raise for Simpson but a different job. He became Marshall Field's confidential clerk. At the age of thirty-two he was elected second vice president of the concern. In 1917 he was advanced to the first vice presidency; and in 1923 he was elected president. The will to succeed!

In Spite of Obstacles

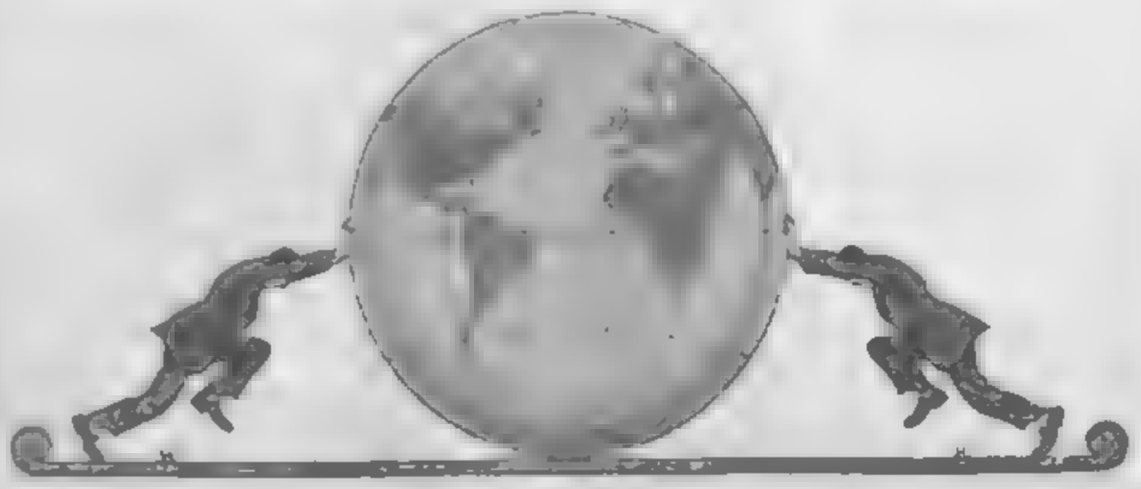
"But," I asked, "aside from determination, don't you think anything else is necessary?"

"Of course," he said, "a man needs other qualities. But many of the other qualities he acquires. If a man really is determined to climb, he'll learn how. If he knows where he's going, he'll find out how to get there. He'll learn the methods, the technic. For instance, if salesmanship is a requisite, he'll learn how to sell. In my belief, selling is a fine art. It's a most fascinating study, that meeting of minds between the salesman and the customer. And, by the way, one of our theories, here in this enterprise, is that unless a man is a good seller he cannot be a good buyer. Selling experience and a knowledge of what salesmen have to contend with are highly valuable equipment for the man who deals with salesmen. Without selling, there is no need for buyers, executives, office help, or physical labor.

"But, if you'll notice, the fellow who succeeds at selling is the one who is persistent—not arrogant, not overbearing, not domineering—but determined that his merchandise shall be given its full chance and that no obstacle shall prevent the prospect from knowing as much about the merchandise and its qualities as does the salesman himself.

"Personality? Well, that's a tricky subject. On the average, the fellow who progresses is the one with what we call an agreeable personality. He dresses well; he has poise; he is genial and courteous and firm. But I've known men—salesmen—who, from the standpoint of personality, were most unattractive. They were men who couldn't have sold me a nickel's worth of anything. And yet they have been good salesmen. Obviously, they have succeeded not because of personality but in spite of it.

(Continued on Page 190)



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Victor announces

A NEW PORTABLE TYPEWRITER WITH 25 REMARKABLE FEATURES

Victor announces a new portable typewriter embodying twenty-five advanced features that mark a distinct epoch in portable typewriter operation.

Your Victor representative will gladly show you the new machine and explain its remarkable superiorities. He will afford you the opportunity to test its features and learn at first hand what they mean in smoother, faster, finer performance.

Quiet operation and perfect presswork epitomize the superior design of this sturdily-built new-day writing machine. For booklet, "The New Victor Portable Typewriter," address Victor Typewriter Co., 3900 No. Rockwell Street, Chicago, Ill.

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New York CHICAGO Philadelphia
Makers of the Victor Standard Adding Machine

VICTOR
PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

In Colors
$60
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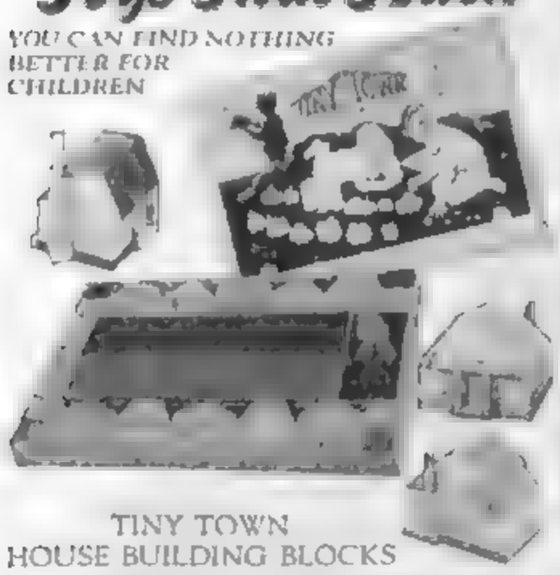
TOYLAND

Outstanding Creations of the Holiday Season

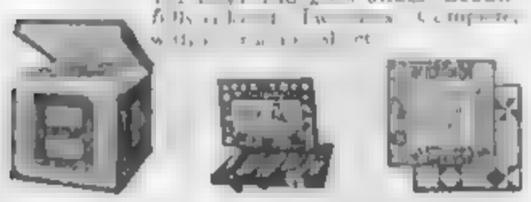
"Toys That Teach"

YOU CAN FIND NOTHING BETTER FOR CHILDREN



TINY TOWN HOUSE BUILDING BLOCKS

A most fascinating toy. Develops creative instinct. Keeps youngsters amused for hours at a time building real houses. Older folks enjoy them, too. There [illegible] different styles of [illegible] with TINY TOWN HOUSE BUILDING BLOCKS. A pleasing Christmas gift for boys and girls alike. Beautifully colored. Complete, with [illegible]



We have a large assortment of toys for children of all ages and especially recommend No. 64 Toy Blocks, No. 44 Color Cubes, Wonderwood Flowers, Eveready Modelling Sets, Stabuilt Blocks, Architectural Blocks, Prism Color Building and Designing Set, Magna Dominoes, No. 60 Kolor Dot Dominoes and Enameled Interlocking Checkers. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Look for our trade mark "TOYS THAT TEACH"

THE EMBOSSING COMPANY

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Teddy Marching Soldier [illegible]

Teddy Acrobat [illegible]

and all the others at the Ted Toy family are rollicking, sturdy, colored metal toys beloved by children everywhere. Sturdy strength to stand abuse, bright colors, and a finish that simply won't [illegible] off—these are the Ted Toy qualities.

At all stores, or write us

The Ted Toy-lers INC.

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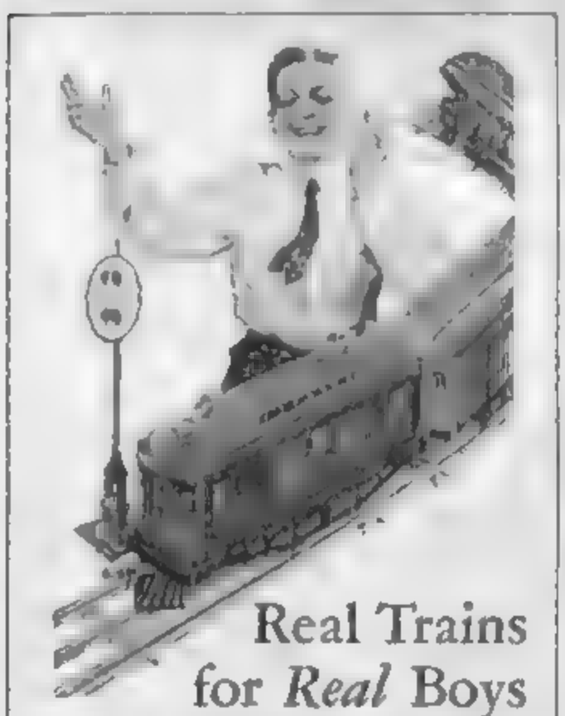


Real Trains for *Real* Boys

NO CHRISTMAS gift will give your boy so many hours of glorious, lasting fun as an Ives Electric Train.

Ives Trains have every feature that makes these miniature railroads follow lines just like their models, the famous transcontinental flyers. The only difference is in size. They're the most realistic toy trains made—and that's what boys want.

There is an almost endless variety of passenger and freight cars, automatic signals, tunnels, bridges, stations, etc. Prices range from the $1 mechanical trains to the big, complete $50 electric outfit. Sold by leading stores.

Free Catalog with beautiful, life-like illustrations of Ives Railway Lines sent on request. Write today. The Ives Manufacturing Corporation, Dept. P 1, Holland Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

IVES TRAINS

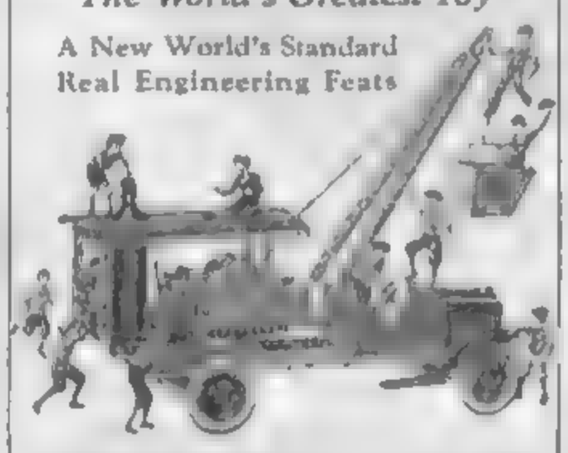
Electric and Mechanical

Hello boys!

ERECTOR

"The World's Greatest Toy"

A New World's Standard Real Engineering Feats



CHRISTMAS will soon be here. Ask Dad to get you an Erector Set. It is loaded with fun. Hundreds of parts that will build Bridges, Aeroplanes, Steam Shovels, Automobiles and hundreds of other models, duplicating any famous engineering feat.

[illegible] giving full information.

A. C. Gilbert

The A. C. Gilbert Co. [illegible]
401 Peck St. New Haven, Conn.

[illegible] my copy of the book "Erector Structural Engineering."

Name [illegible]

Street [illegible]

City [illegible] State [illegible]

On Sale at Department Stores and Wherever Toys are Sold

ALLIED TOY MANUFACTURERS

420 Lexington Avenue New York

Organized for the purpose of preventing through advertising a selected assortment of toys

The [illegible]
The [illegible]
The [illegible]
The [illegible]

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INDUSTRY HAS ADOPTED MONEL METAL

MONEL METAL on the 20th Century Limited

Photograph shows one of the Monel Metal equipped kitchens on The 20th Century Limited of The New York Central Lines, running regularly between New York and Chicago.

WHAT MONEL METAL IS AND WHAT IT'S USED FOR!

Millions of years ago, Nature alloyed one-third copper and two-thirds nickel and made the material that in 1905 was named Monel Metal. The metallurgists in the laboratories of The International Nickel Company are constantly testing—analyzing controlling—to make sure that Mother Nature continues to keep her mixture uniform

Monel Metal now has hundreds of uses in the home—thousands in Industry

Your local sheet metal worker can install you [illegible] with Monel Metal sinks, drainboards, table tops, kick plates, laundry chutes and stove hoods. Consult your architect about using Monel Metal in your new home

Industry uses Monel Metal for food handling equipment of every kind, for hospital, laundry, steel mill and power plant equipment, for valves and [illegible] In fact, wherever there must be cleanliness, great strength, toughness, [illegible] and protection against rust, all combined in one metal

A request from you will bring a sample of Monel Metal together with an interesting booklet—"Where Monel Metal Shines".

INCO MONEL METAL

How Monel Metal makes your meal more wholesome on *"The Greatest Train in the World"*

A FLEETING glimpse of "The Century's" kitchen would tell you better than any words just why The New York Central Lines uses Monel Metal.

Cleanliness of equipment and wholesomeness of food generally go together. Attractive and permanent cleanliness, so essential for food service equipment, is assured by Monel Metal. Under conditions that are most trying to men and metals—in the severe service that disfigures inferior materials—Monel Metal retains its silvery sheen of newness.

Monel Metal is so easy to clean and keep clean—so hardy under use and abuse—that it has been called "the metal that never looks old".

If Monel Metal can insure the cleanliness and attractiveness of The 20th Century's kitchens, it can insure the cleanliness and attractiveness of yours. For refrigerator trim, for sinks and drainboards, for table tops and laundry chutes—wherever you must have lasting cleanliness—there is no substitute for Monel Metal.

Your architect and sheet metal worker will gladly help Monel Metal-ize your home. When you buy standard equipment, ask for Monel Metal.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY (Inc.)
67 Wall Street New York City

MONEL METAL

A PRODUCT OF THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY (INC.)

Victorious Romans—*Paid In Salt*

IN THAT first great period of Roman supremacy, 509–264 years before Christ, salt was the treasured allowance of the soldiers. Later a "salarium" of coins for salt purchasing was given—thence our own word "salary".

Yet history is no stronger in praise of salt than is modern science. Salt is indispensable to human life. Men need find no worthier work than making fine salt. So we of Mulkey's freely give our best, our all, to the perfection of our product.

For All Choice Home Uses
And to Prevent Simple Goitre
Buy It At Any Grocery

MULKEY SALT COMPANY
Detroit, Mich. Lafayette, La.
Also Makers of Bakers' Salt, 3 B Butter Salt, Meat Packers' Salt, Water Softener Salt, Free Running Table Salt, Jack Frost Table Salt—each perfect for its purpose

MULKEY'S
Iodine
SALT

New Spout
Pours a
Thin Stream

(Continued from Page 186)

What could they have had to fall back on? Probably the will to succeed, the determination to win in spite of handicap. That matter of determination goes pretty far back in the individual's life; it goes back into his youth and even into his boyhood. Maybe it's something that becomes a habit that the boy forms deliberately and carries with him through school and out into the world.

"Business, I implicitly believe, needs college men; and as business becomes more complex and more and more of a science, its need for college men will increase. More and more, business will need men who are trained, prepared for life. Unfortunately, however, for many a young man college isn't a preparation for life at all. The four years are a sort of vacation. Many a chap goes away to school because it's the thing to do, or because his chum goes, or because he hopes to make the football team or a fraternity. And he experiences his first contact with business when he leaves school and collides with his first job—a job that, he speedily discovers, is something very, very different from skimming textbooks and bluffing recitations.

"As many of our universities are coming to realize, business really is a profession. Today, many of our universities operate schools for business preparation. So far, I feel, their work is more or less experimental. But they're driving in the right direction. Upon a foundation of broad education they are teaching their students something about business. They are teaching them many of the facts of business: how to relate these facts to each other and how to arrive at logical conclusions. They are giving young men and women a proper appreciation of business and a proper attitude toward it. They are bringing these young people into practical contact with business and business problems, not after graduation, but right in the classroom. They are showing them that business is real and earnest.

"And the young people in those classes really work. The young man or woman who goes through and wins a degree in one of these schools of business preparation is a person in whom, in all probability, there is that fine quality of determination, the will to win. And the graduate, when he comes out, has a pretty good idea of what confronts him; and he knows, besides, that he has in him the spirit to encounter—yes, even to invite—the problems of business and solve them.

"The rewards? They're limitless! A moment's thought, just a glimpse at the world of business, will convince you that the returns of success are infinitely high. And there are other rewards just as important as money. Men and women in the business world, engaged in the production and distribution of goods, touch most intimately the lives of the people, contribute most directly to the people's comfort and health and well-being and happiness. We who are in business reap much of our reward from the consciousness that, while we are benefiting ourselves in a material way, we are giving large service to others."

—ARTHUR H. LITTLE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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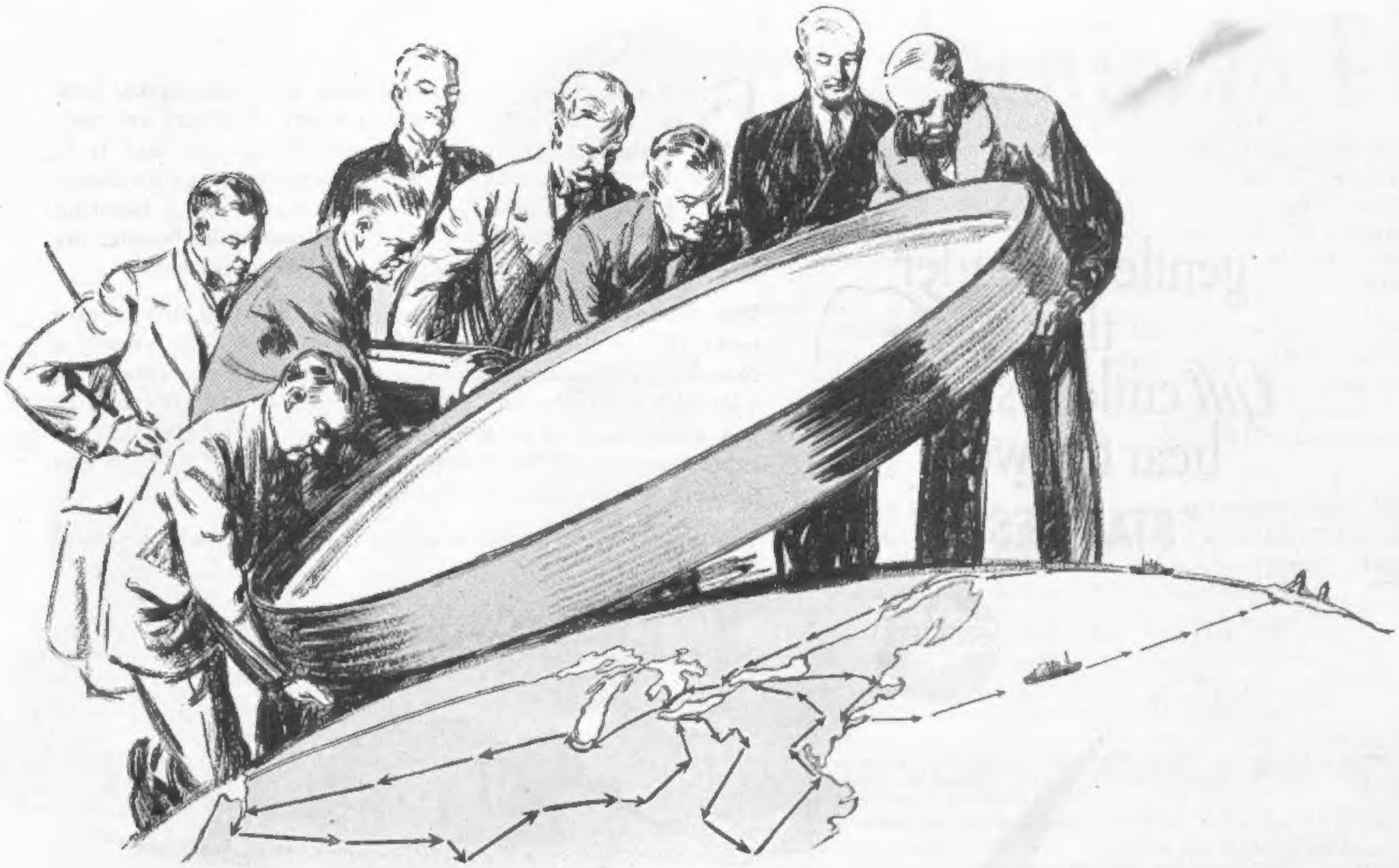

Eight men travelled 16,000 miles

They were British business men—sent by the Ministry of Labour to learn why the United States is showing her commercial tail lights to the rest of the world.

They visited 52 cities. They studied 36 industries. And in their report they expressed amazement at the cooperative spirit of American business.

The principle of exchanging ideas, experiences and vital information between competitors has been largely adopted, they found. Data and statistics are pooled through the medium of trade associations for the common good. Local Chambers of Commerce play a real and active part in community business life . . .

Thus they reported to Parliament and to Britain's business leaders. Thus they confirmed identical findings of previous visiting commissions. Thus they described that spirit in American business which caused a great Italian industrialist to exclaim, "If we in Europe could only learn to pull together as you do!"

Eight men travel 16,000 miles . . . and learn, not some subtle secret, but what is common knowledge to all far-seeing business men; what Nation's Business is pointing out in its many and varied phases to its 250,000 readers!

Business is growing in its intricacies. A new competition has arisen—a competition which is pitting whole industries against each other. Strange and perplexing problems are developing with ominous regularity and being solved not by individuals, but by team work—a movement in American business which benefits by the counsel and support of America's keenest business leaders.

Nation's Business is the magazine through which these business leaders speak. It is published by the largest business organization in the world. Read it monthly and you keep abreast of modern business thinking!

NATION'S BUSINESS

25 cents a copy at important stands

Subscription rate $7.50 for three years

Merle Thorpe, Editor

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

A gentle reminder that *Gift* cutlery should bear the word "STAINLESS"

HAVE you noticed, perhaps time and time again, how the joy and appreciation in a gift of cutlery are multiplied many fold upon the discovery that it is STAINLESS? It's much like finding the name Sterling on a choice piece of silver or the signature of a master on a beautiful painting. Such gifts carry a value that goes quite beyond the article itself, and point the way to a *happy* Christmas.

You can find in Stainless Cutlery just what you'd love to give —whether it's a carving set for "the-head-of-the-house," a complete table service for "she-who-loves-to-play-hostess" or a jack knife for the boy who likes to cut and whittle; and as you watch the first flush of joy give way to the spontaneous expression—"and it's Stainless"—you, too, will be glad that the cutlery you gave *was* STAINLESS.

You'll find "STAINLESS" in all the better stores where cutlery is sold.

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY · COMMONWEALTH BUILDING · PITTSBURGH, PA.

from Soup *to* Pie

THE cream soups made with Pet Milk will have a texture and flavor that nothing else will give. The creamed vegetables will taste better—they'll be better. The turkey dressing, the gravy, the salad dressing and the pumpkin pie—every item on the Thanksgiving Menu will have extra goodness because of the quality of Pet Milk.

More than twice as rich as ordinary milk—Every drop uniformly rich—the cream always in the milk—protected by the sealed container from everything that could impair its freshness and purity—always safe and wholesome—these are the qualities which recommend Pet Milk for every household use.

Rich enough to use in place of cream—Pet Milk costs less than half as much as cream. Diluted to suit any milk need, it costs less than ordinary milk. Every grocer has it. You will like it for everything.

Stuffing for the Turkey

4 cups soft bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon celery salt
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
¼ cup melted butter
½ cup Pet Milk

Mix bread crumbs with salt, pepper, paprika, celery salt and poultry seasoning. Add melted butter and Pet Milk and mix lightly together. NOTE: Through the use of Pet Milk the amount of butter is less than is ordinarily required.

The above recipe will serve as a base for the following variations.

Oyster Stuffing
Add 2 cups oysters, whole or cut in halves, ½ teaspoon extra salt and a few drops onion juice.

Parsley and Onion Stuffing
Add 2 tablespoons minced parsley and 1 small onion, chopped fine and cooked in 2 tablespoons butter for 5 minutes.

Chestnut or Peanut Stuffing
Add 2 cups boiled chestnuts, chopped, or 1 cup finely chopped roasted peanuts.

Raisin and Nut Stuffing
Add 1 cup raisins and ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Celery and Olive Stuffing
Add 1 cup chopped celery and ½ cup chopped olives.

We want you to have our free book telling about Pet Milk—how it will give you better food, and at the same time make your milk and cream supply more convenient and more economical. *Send address to*

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
821 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Wherever she goes *that* SMILE WINS *for her*

Even on crowded trains, conductors always find a seat for HER.

Traffic policemen are no exception. Wherever she travels . . . north, south, east or west . . . They give HER smile the right of way.

At the opera, glasses are trained her way the moment she enters the box. That smile is like a magnet, its flash instantly attracting admiring eyes

It is so confident . . . so sparkling . . . so bright . . . and CLEAN

YOU'VE heard the expression, "a winning smile." You know how true it is. You yourself must have yielded many times to the wonderful charm of bright, engaging smiles.

Watch those smiles more carefully . . . notice that back of them—flashing and sparkling—are gloriously clean teeth.

When you envy brilliant teeth, do you realize that the great difference may be due entirely to a dentifrice? That there is no reason now why *your* smile should not be radiant, too?

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write to us. Some send their photographs also. Each day the postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file.

Most of these letters come from users who have brushed with Colgate's for at least a decade. We could fill the pages of this publication with quotations from them—sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself. They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

In such a vital matter as the care of your teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of people like yourself? On the one hand you have Colgate's, the chief and only feature of which is thorough cleansing. On the other you have the fact that countless people who have used Colgate's for years now have exceptionally fine teeth.

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice YOU were using was the one which dentists recommended most frequently?

So, for lovely teeth . . . for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be . . . ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, try the free sample offered in the coupon.

CLEAN!

Your dentist will urge you to use a dentifrice for one *reason only—to keep your teeth* clean. *If you think your teeth or gums need treatment for any disease, don't expect a dentifrice to cure you—go to your dentist at once.*

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 214-L, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y. **FREE**
Send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name _____

Address _____

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